

SCOTT'S

# LADY OF THE LAKE

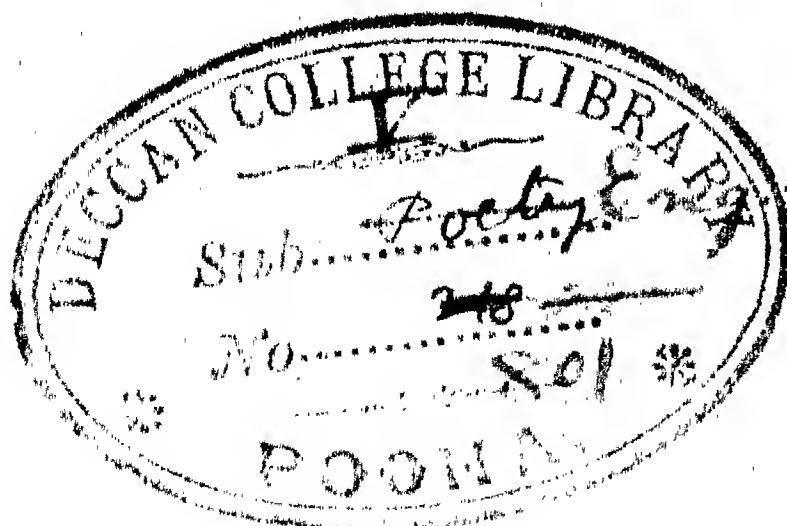
WITH  
INTRODUCTION AND NOTES



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## PREFACE.

THE language of Scott's poetry is in general so clear, and the ideas so simple, that little is needed in the way of explanation. The notes therefore consist chiefly of such remarks on grammar and etymology as are suggested by the words and constructions in the text. At the same time I have tried to bear in mind that the series, of which this edition forms a part, is intended mainly for Indian students, most of them imperfectly acquainted with the English language, and almost entirely ignorant of Scotch and English habits and customs. I have therefore been obliged to enter into explanations of some matters that would be perfectly clear to an English school-boy. I have, as a rule, not given the meanings of ordinary words, unless I had something else to say about them, because I think that school-boys, English or Indian, should be encouraged in the use of the dictionary for themselves.

I have made free use of Scott's own notes to this poem and to the *Border Minstrelsy*, and have given illustrations from the latter work and from the novels wherever I could. For etymology my principal guide

has been Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*; I have also made use of the new English dictionary of the Philological Society as far as it has gone, and of Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary* for purely Scotch words. For points of grammar, I have made references to Bain, *Higher English Grammar* (1884), and to Morris, *Historical Outlines of English Accidence* (1880), while I have occasionally consulted Maetzner, *English Grammar*, which is an excellent storehouse of examples.

I have been greatly assisted by the suggestions of Mr. E. H. Elliot, Assistant Professor of English at the Presidency College, who has freely placed at my disposal his long experience in teaching Indian boys.

PRESIDENCY COLLEGE,  
MADRAS.



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## INTRODUCTION.

SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, on the 15th August 1771. His first serious attempt at poetry was *William and Helen*, an English version of a popular German ballad, Bürger's *Lenore*. This was published in 1796: it was followed by a few other translations from the German, published in Lewis' *Tales of Wonder*, in 1801. But Scott's first great literary success was the publication in 1802, of *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, a collection of old Border ballads, upon which he had for some years been employed. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* was published in 1805, and became instantly popular. It was followed by *Marmion*, in 1808, *The Lady of the Lake*, in 1810, *Rokeby*, in 1813, and *The Lord of the Isles*, in 1814. In the same year *Waverley* was published anonymously; its great and immediate success pointed out to Scott the path into which his genius might most advantageously be directed, and from that time forward he practically abandoned poetry for prose, and devoted himself to the composition of that long series of romances upon which his fame principally rests. In the next fourteen years he wrote twenty-three romances, besides shorter tales, a rate of

composition at that time unprecedented, though it has been equalled, if not surpassed, by more than one novel writer of our own time.

Scott died at Abbotsford, on the 21st September, 1832.

The chief source of information about Scott, besides his own writings, is Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, in ten volumes, a convenient abridgment of which, in one volume, is published in the 'Chandos Library.' An excellent short account of Scott's life, containing a just criticism of his work, by Mr. Hutton, forms one of the volumes of the 'English Men of Letters' series: and, for the use of the student, this is perhaps the most convenient work that can be recommended.

Scott has given a full account of the inception of *The Lady of the Lake* in his introduction written in 1830, to the edition of 1834, from which the following extracts are taken:—"The ancient manners, the habits and customs of the aboriginal race by whom the Highlands of Scotland were inhabited, had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted to poetry. The change in their manners, too, had taken place almost within my own time, or at least I had learned many particulars concerning the ancient state of the Highlands from the old men of the last generation ... I had also read a great deal, seen much, and heard more, of that romantic country, where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. This poem, the action of which lay among scenes so beautiful, and so deeply imprinted on my recollections, was a labour of love, and it was no less

so to recall the manners and incidents introduced. The frequent custom of James IV. and particularly of James V., of walking through the kingdom in disguise, afforded me the hint of an incident which never fails to be interesting if managed with the slightest address or dexterity ... After a considerable delay, *The Lady of the Lake* appeared in June, 1810; and its success was certainly so extraordinary as to induce me for the moment to conclude that I had at last fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant wheel of Fortune, whose stability in behalf of an individual who had so boldly counted her favours for three successive times had not as yet been shaken." Cadell, Scott's publisher, writes, "None of Scott's works ever excited a more extraordinary sensation when it did appear. The whole country rang with the praises of the poet—crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, till then comparatively unknown; and as the book came out just before the season for excursions, every house and inn in that neighbourhood was crammed with a constant succession of visitors. It is a well-ascertained fact, that from the date of the publication of *The Lady of the Lake*, the post-horse duty in Scotland rose in an extraordinary degree, and indeed it continued to do so for a number of years, the author's succeeding works keeping up the enthusiasm for our scenery which he had thus originally created."

The causes of the enthusiasm with which Scott's poems were received are investigated by Jeffrey in a review of *The Lady of the Lake* (August, 1810). He says, "the great secret of his popularity, and the leading characteristic of his poetry, appear to us to consist evidently in this, that he has made more use of common

topics, images, and expressions, than any original poet of later times ... In the choice of his subjects, for example, he does not attempt to interest merely by fine observation or pathetic sentiment, but takes the assistance of a story, and enlists the reader's curiosity among his motives for attention. Then his characters are all selected from the most common *dramatis personæ* of poetry;—kings, warriors, knights, outlaws, nuns, minstrels, secluded damsels, wizards, and true lovers ... In the management of the passions, again, Mr. Scott appears to have pursued the same popular, and comparatively easy course ... He has dazzled the reader with the splendour, and even warmed him with the transient heat of various affections; but he has nowhere fairly kindled him with enthusiasm, or melted him into tenderness. Writing for the world at large, he has wisely abstained from attempting to raise any passion to a height to which worldly people could not be transported; and contented himself with giving his reader the chance of feeling as a brave, kind, and affectionate gentleman must often feel in the ordinary course of his existence, without trying to breathe into him either that lofty enthusiasm which disdains the ordinary business and amusements of life, or that quiet and deep sensibility which unfits for most of its pursuits. With regard to diction and imagery, too, it is quite obvious that Mr. Scott has not aimed at writing either in a very pure or a very consistent style. He seems to have been anxious only to strike, and to be easily and universally understood ... Indifferent whether he coins or borrows, and drawing with equal freedom on his memory and his imagination, he goes boldly

forward, in full reliance on a never-failing abundance; and dazzles, with his richness and variety, even those who are most apt to be offended with his glare and irregularity... there is a medley of bright images and glowing words, set carelessly and loosely together—a diction tinged successively with the careless richness of Shakespeare, the harshness and antique simplicity of the old romances, the homeliness of vulgar ballads and anecdotes, and the sentimental glitter of the most modern poetry—passing from the borders of the ludicrous to those of the sublime—alternately minute and energetic—sometimes artificial, and frequently negligent—but always full of spirit and vivacity,—abounding in images that are striking, at first sight, to minds of every contexture—and never expressing a sentiment which it can cost the most ordinary reader any exertion to comprehend.”

Again, “There is nothing cold, creeping, or feeble, in all Mr. Scott’s poetry;.. he always attempts vigorously... Allied to this inherent vigour and animation, and in a great degree derived from it, is that air of facility and freedom which adds so peculiar a grace to most of Mr. Scott’s compositions.”

This contemporary judgment will probably be accepted as just by most modern readers of Scott’s poems. Some of the characteristics pointed out by Jeffrey are doubtless defects in a poet, especially the want of “lofty enthusiasm” and passion, and what has been called the materialism of Scott’s writings. As Hutton says, “I suppose what one expects from a poem as distinguished from a romance—even though the poem incorporates a story—is that it should not rest for its chief interest on

the mere development of the story ; but rather that the narrative should be quite subordinate to that insight into the deeper side of life and manners, in expressing which poetry has so great an advantage over prose." Of this deeper insight there is very little to be found in *The Lady of the Lake* : Scott himself remarks that in this poem the interest depends more on incident than in *The Lay* and *Marmion*.

As a specimen of what has been called "landscape-painting in poetry," it would be difficult to find anything to surpass the description of the Trosachs in stanzas xi.-xiv. of the first canto, or the beautiful description of a summer dawn in canto III., stanza ii. A fine example of Scott's powers of animated description is the account in canto III., stanzas xii.-xxiv., of the progress of the Fiery Cross through the district inhabited by Clan Alpine. The fifth canto contains the most striking passages of the poem ; the most dramatic situation of all is when Roderick suddenly calls up the warriors of his clan from their concealment on the hill side. The description of the combat in stanzas xv., xvi., with its exciting finish, is given with Scott's usual vigour : but the account of the battle of Beal' an Duine in canto VI., though it contains some fine passages, fails to interest us as much as the battle of Flodden in *Marmion*, or Bannockburn in *The Lord of the Isles*, with which we cannot help comparing it : this partly arises from the lesser issues involved, the absence of the principal characters of the poem, and the inconclusive nature of the battle itself.

Some additional remarks on Scott's life and writings will be found in the introductions to *The Lay of the Last*

*Minstrel* and *Marmion* in this series: and, among other works, the following may be consulted:—

LOCKHART. Life of Sir Walter Scott.

HUTTON. Scott (*English Men of Letters*).

JEFFREY. Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.

STEPHEN (Leslie). Hours in a Library (First Series).

CARLYLE. Miscellanies, vol. iv. Review of Lockhart's Life of Scott.

RUSKIN. Modern Painters, vol. iii., part 4, ch. xvi.

BAGEHOT. Literary Studies, vol. ii.

*Encyclopædia Britannica*. Life of Scott, by MINTO.

*Scott's Poetical Works*: Globe Edition: introductory memoir by PALGRAVE.



## ARGUMENT.

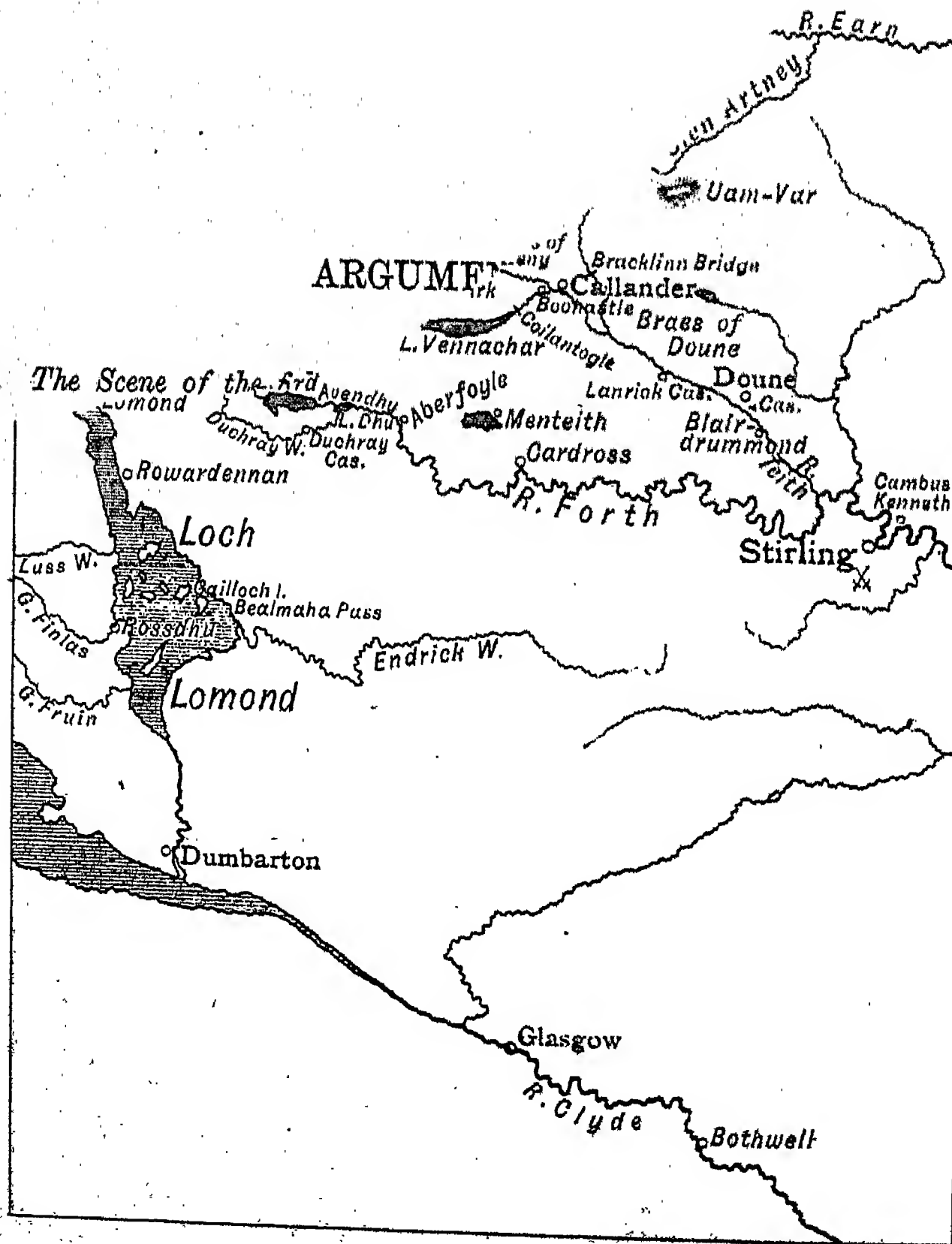
- \* *The Scene of the following Poem is laid chiefly in the vicinity of Loch-Katrine, in the Western Highlands of Perthshire. The time of Action includes Six Days, and the transactions of each Day occupy a Canto.*

# LADY OF THE LAKE.

ACTO FIRST.

Scene.

no hast hung



Walker & Bowditch

# THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

## CANTO FIRST.

### The Chase.

HARP of the North ! that mouldering long hast hung  
On the witch-elm that shades St. Fillan's spring,  
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,  
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,  
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—  
O Minstrel Harp still must thine accents sleep ?  
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,  
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,  
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep ?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon, 10  
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,  
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,  
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.  
At each according pause, was heard aloud  
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high !  
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd ;  
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy  
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless  
eye.

O wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand  
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray ; 20  
O wake once more ! though scarce my skill command

Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay :  
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,  
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,  
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,  
The wizard note has not been touch'd in vain.  
Then silent be no more ! Enchantress, wake again !

## I.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,  
And deep his midnight lair had made  
In long Glenartney's hazel shade ;  
But, when the sun his beacon red  
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,  
The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay  
Resounded up the rocky way,  
And faint, from farther distance borne,  
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

10

## II.

As Chief, who hears his warder call,  
"To arms ! the foemen storm the wall,"  
The antler'd monarch of the waste  
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.  
But, ere his fleet career he took,  
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook ;  
Like crested leader proud and high,  
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky ;  
A moment gazed adown the dale,  
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,  
A moment listen'd to the cry,  
That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh ;  
Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,  
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,  
And, stretching forward free and far,  
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

11

## III.

Yell'd on the view the opening pack ;  
Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back ;  
To many a mingled sound at once  
The awaken'd mountain gave response.  
A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,  
Clatter'd a hundred steeds along,  
Their peal the merry horns rung out,  
A hundred voices join'd the shout ;  
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,  
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.  
Far from the tumult fled the roe,  
Close in her covert cower'd the doe,  
The falcon, from her cairn on high,  
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,  
Till far beyond her piercing ken  
The hurricane had swept the glen.  
Faint, and more faint, its failing din  
Return'd from cavern, cliff, and linn,  
And silence settled, wide and still,  
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

10

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## IV.

Less loud the sounds of silvan war  
Disturb'd the heights of Uam-Var,  
And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told,  
A giant made his den of old ;  
For ere that steep ascent was won,  
High in his pathway hung the sun,  
And many a gallant, stay'd perforce,  
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse,  
And of the trackers of the deer,  
Scarce half the lessening pack was near ;  
So shrewdly on the mountain side,  
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

10

## V.

The noble stag was pausing now  
 Upon the mountain's southern brow,  
 Where broad extended, far beneath,  
 The varied realms of fair Menteith.  
 With anxious eye he wander'd o'er  
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,  
 And ponder'd refuge from his toil,  
 By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.  
 But nearer was the copsewood grey,  
 That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,  
 And mingled with the pine-trees blue  
 On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.  
 Fresh vigour with the hope return'd,  
 With flying foot the heath he spurn'd,  
 Held westward with unwearied race,  
 And left behind the panting chase.

10

## VI.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,  
 As swept the hunt through Cambus-more ;  
 What reins were tighten'd in despair,  
 When rose Benledi's ridge in air ;  
 Who flagg'd upon Bochastle's heath,  
 Who shunn'd to stem the flooded Teith,—  
 For twice that day, from shore to shore,  
 The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.  
 Few were the stragglers, following far,  
 That reach'd the lake of Vennachar ;  
 And when the Brigg of Turk was won,  
 The headmost horseman rode alone.

10

## VII.

Alone, but with unabated zeal,  
 That horseman plied the scourge and steel ;

*tired*

For jaded now, and spent with toil,  
 Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil,  
 While every gasp with sobs he drew,  
 The labouring stag strain'd full in view.  
 Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,  
 Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed,  
 Fast on his flying traces came,  
 And all but won that desperate game ;  
 For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,  
 Vindictive toil'd the bloodhounds stanch ;  
 Nor nearer might the dogs attain,  
 Nor farther might the quarry strain.  
 Thus up the margin of the lake,  
 Between the precipice and brake,  
 O'er stock and rock their race they take.

10

## VIII.

The Hunter mark'd that mountain high,  
 The lone lake's western boundary,  
 And deem'd the stag must turn to bay,  
 Where that huge rampart barr'd the way ;  
 Already glorying in the prize,  
 Measured his antlers with his eyes ;  
 For the death-wound and death-halloo,  
 Muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew ;—  
 But thundering as he came prepared,  
 With ready arm and weapon bared,  
 The wily quarry shunn'd the shock,  
 And turn'd him from the opposing rock ;  
 Then, dashing down a darksome glen,  
 Soon lost to hound and Hunter's ken,  
 In the deep Trosach's wildest nook *corner*  
 His solitary refuge took.  
 There, while close couch'd, the thicket shed  
 Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,  
 He heard the baffled dogs in vain

10



Rave through the hollow pass amain,  
Chiding the rocks that yell'd again.

20

## IX.

Close on the hounds the Hunter came,  
To cheer them on the vanish'd game ;  
But, stumbling on the rugged dell,  
The gallant horse exhausted fell.  
The impatient rider strove in vain  
To rouse him with the spur and rein,  
For the good steed, his labours o'er,  
Stretch'd his stiff limbs, to rise no more ;  
Then, touch'd with pity and remorse,  
He sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse.

10

"I little thought, when first thy rein  
I slack'd upon the banks of Seine,  
That Highland eagle e'er should feed  
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed !  
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,  
That costs thy life, my gallant grey !"

## X.

Then through the dell his horn resounds,  
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.  
Back limp'd, with slow and crippled pace,  
The sulky leaders of the chase ;  
Close to their master's side they press'd,  
With drooping tail and humbled crest ;  
But still the dingle's hollow throat  
Prolong'd the swelling bugle-note.  
The owlets started from their dream,  
The eagles answer'd with their scream,  
Round and around the sounds were cast  
Till echo seem'd an answering blast ;  
And on the Hunter hied his way, *hastening*  
To join some comrades of the day ;

10

Yet often paused, so strange the road,  
And wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

## XI.

The western waves of ebbing day  
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way ;  
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,  
Was bathed in floods of living fire.  
But not a setting beam could glow  
Within the dark ravines below,  
Where twined the path in shadow hid,  
Round many a rocky pyramid,  
Shooting abruptly from the dell  
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle ;  
Round many an insulated mass,  
The native bulwarks of the pass,  
Huge as the towers which builders vain  
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.  
The rocky summits, split and rent,  
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,  
Or seem'd fantastically set  
With cupola or minaret,  
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,  
Or mosque of Eastern architect.  
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,  
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair ;  
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,  
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,  
All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen,  
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,  
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,  
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

10

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## XII.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild,  
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.

Here eglantine embalm'd the air,  
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;  
 The primrose pale and violet flower,  
 Found in each cliff a narrow bower ;  
 Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,  
 Emblems of punishment and pride,  
 Group'd their dark hues with every stain  
 The weather-beaten crags retain. 10  
 With boughs that quaked at every breath,  
 Grey birch and aspen wept beneath ;  
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak  
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock ; ~~steel~~  
 And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung  
 His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,  
 Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,  
 His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.  
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,  
 Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced, 20  
 The wanderer's eye could barely view  
 The summer heaven's delicious blue ;  
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem  
 The scenery of a fairy dream.

## XIII.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep  
 A narrow inlet, still and deep,  
 Affording scarce such breadth of brim  
 As served the wild duck's brood to swim.  
 Lost for a space, through thickets veering,  
 But broader when again appearing,  
 Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face  
 Could on the dark-blue mirror trace ;  
 And farther as the Hunter stray'd,  
 Still broader sweep its channel made. 10  
 The shaggy mounds no longer stood,  
 Emerging from entangled wood,

But, wave-encircled, seem'd to float,  
Like castle girdled with its moat ;  
Yet broader floods extending still  
Divide them from their parent hill,  
Till each, retiring, claims to be  
An islet in an inland sea.

## XIV.

And now, to issue from the glen,  
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,  
Unless he climb, with footing nice,  
A far projecting precipice.  
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,  
The hazel saplings lent their aid ;  
And thus an airy point he won,  
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,  
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,  
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd, 10  
In all her length far winding lay,  
With promontory, creek, and bay,  
And islands that, empurpled bright,  
Floated amid the livelier light,  
And mountains, that like giants stand,  
To sentinel enchanted land.  
High on the south, huge Benvenue  
Down on the lake in masses threw  
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,  
The fragments of an earlier world ; 20  
A wildering forest feather'd o'er  
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,  
While on the north, through middle air,  
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

## XV.

From the steep promontory gazed  
The stranger, raptured and amazed,

And, "What a scene were here," he cried,  
"For princely pomp, or churchman's pride !  
On this bold brow, a lordly tower ;  
In that soft vale, a lady's bower ;  
On yonder meadow, far away,  
The turrets of a cloister gray ;  
How blithely might the bugle-horn  
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn !  
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute  
Chime, when the groves were still and mute !  
And, when the midnight moon should lave  
Her forehead in the silver wave,  
How solemn on the ear would come  
The holy matins' distant hum,  
While the deep peal's commanding tone  
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,  
A sainted hermit from his cell,  
To drop a bead with every knell—  
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,  
Should each bewilder'd stranger call  
To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

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## XVI.

"Blithe were it then to wander here !  
But now,—beshrew yon nimble deer,  
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,  
The copse must give my evening fare ;  
Some mossy bank my couch must be,  
Some rustling oak my canopy.  
Yet pass we that ; the war and chase  
Give little choice of resting place ;—  
A summer night, in greenwood spent,  
Were but to-morrow's merriment :  
But hosts may in these wilds abound,  
Such as are better miss'd than found ;  
To meet with Highland plunderers here

10

Were worse than loss of steed or deer.—  
 I am alone ;—my bugle strain  
 May call some straggler of the train ;  
 Or, fall the worst that may betide,  
 Ere now this falchion has been tried.”

## XVII.

But scarce again his horn he wound,  
 When lo ! forth starting at the sound,  
 From underneath an aged oak,  
 That slanted from the islet rock,  
 A damsel guider of its way,  
 A little skiff shot to the bay,  
 That round the promontory steep  
 Led its deep line in graceful sweep,  
 Eddying, in almost viewless wave,  
 The weeping willow twig to lave,  
 And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,  
 The beach of pebbles bright as snow.  
 The boat had touch'd this silver strand,  
 Just as the Hunter left his stand,  
 And stood conceal'd amid the brake,  
 To view this Lady of the Lake.  
 The maiden paused, as if again  
 She thought to catch the distant strain.  
 With head up-raised, and look intent,  
 And eye and ear attentive bent,  
 And locks flung back, and lips apart,  
 Like monument of Grecian art,  
 In listening mood, she seem'd to stand,  
 The guardian Naiad of the strand.

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## XVIII.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,  
 Of finer form, or lovelier face !

What though the sun, with ardent frown,  
 Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—  
 The sportive toil, which, short and light,  
 Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,  
 Served too in hastier swell to show  
 Short glimpses of a breast of snow :  
 What though no rule of courtly grace  
 To measured mood had train'd her pace,—  
 A foot more light, a step more true,  
 Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew ;  
 E'en the slight harebell raised its head,  
 Elastic from her airy tread :  
 What though upon her speech there hung  
 The accents of the mountain tongue,—  
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,  
 The list'ner held his breath to hear !

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## XIX.

A chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid ;  
 Her satin snood, her silken plaid,  
 Her golden brooch such birth betray'd.  
 And seldom was a snood amid  
 Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,  
 Whose glossy black to shame might bring  
 The plumage of the raven's wing ;  
 And seldom o'er a breast so fair,  
 Mantled a plaid with modest care,  
 And never brooch the folds combined  
 Above a heart more good and kind.  
 Her kindness and her worth to spy,  
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;  
 Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,  
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true,  
 Than every free-born glance confess'd  
 The guileless movements of her breast ;  
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye,

10

Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,  
Or filial love was glowing there,  
Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,  
Or tale of injury call'd forth  
The indignant spirit of the North.  
One only passion unreveal'd,  
With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,  
Yet not less purely felt the flame ;—  
O ! need I tell that passion's name !

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## XX.

Impatient of the silent horn,  
Now on the gale her voice was borne :—  
“Father !” she cried ; the rocks around  
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.  
A while she paused, no answer came,—  
“Malcolm, was thine the blast ?” the name  
Less resolutely utter'd fell,  
The echoes could not catch the swell.  
“A stranger I,” the Huntsman said,  
Advancing from the hazel shade.  
The maid, alarm'd, with hasty oar,  
Push'd her light shallop from the shore,  
And when a space was gain'd between,  
Closer she drew her bosom's screen ;  
(So forth the startled swan would swing,  
So turn to prune his ruffled wing).  
Then safe, though flutter'd and amazed,  
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.  
Not his the form, nor his the eye,  
That youthful maidens wont to fly.

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## XXI.

On his bold visage middle age  
Had slightly press'd its signet sage,  
Yet had not quench'd the open truth



And fiery vehemence of youth ;  
Forward and frolic glee was there,  
The will to do, the soul to dare,  
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,  
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.  
His limbs were cast in manly mould,  
For hardy sports or contest bold ;  
And though in peaceful garb array'd,  
And weaponless, except his blade,  
His stately mien as well implied  
A high-born heart, a martial pride,  
As if a Baron's crest he wore,  
And sheathed in armour trode the shore.  
Slighting the petty need he show'd,  
He told of his benighted road ;  
His ready speech flow'd fair and free,  
In phrase of gentlest courtesy ;  
Yet seem'd that tone, and gesture bland,  
Less used to sue than to command.

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## XXII.

A while the maid the stranger eyed,  
And, reassured, at length replied,  
That Highland halls were open still  
To wilder'd wanderers of the hill.  
"Nor think you unexpected come  
To yon lone isle, our desert home ;  
Before the heath had lost the dew,  
This morn, a couch was pull'd for you ,  
On yonder mountain's purple head  
Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled,  
And our broad nets have swept the mere,  
To furnish forth your evening cheer."—  
"Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,  
Your courtesy has err'd," he said ;  
"No right have I to claim, misplaced,

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The welcome of expected guest.  
A wanderer, here by fortune tost,  
My way, my friends, my courser lost,  
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,  
Have ever drawn your mountain air,  
Till on this lake's romantic strand,  
I found a fay in fairy land!"—

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## XXIII.

"I well believe," the maid replied;  
As her light skiff approach'd the side,—  
"I well believe, that ne'er before  
Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore;  
But yet, as far as yesternight,  
Old Allan-bane foretold your plight,—  
A grey-hair'd sire, whose eye intent  
Was on the vision'd future bent.  
He saw your steed, a dappled grey,  
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;  
Painted exact your form and mien,  
Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,  
That tassell'd horn so gaily gilt,  
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,  
That cap with heron plumage trim,  
And yon two hounds so dark and grim.  
He bade that all should ready be,  
To grace a guest of fair degree;  
But light I held his prophecy,  
And deem'd it was my father's horn,  
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne."

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## XXIV.

The stranger smiled :—"Since to your home  
A destined errant-knight I come,  
Announced by prophet sooth and old,  
Doom'd, doubtless, for achievement bold,

I'll lightly front each high emprise,  
 For one kind glance of those bright eyes.  
 Permit me, first, the task to guide  
 Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."  
 The maid, with smile suppress'd and sly,  
 The toil unwonted saw him try ;  
 For seldom sure, if e'er before,  
 His noble hand had grasp'd an oar :  
 Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,  
 And o'er the lake the shallop flew ;  
 With heads erect, and whimpering cry,  
 The hounds behind their passage ply.  
 Nor frequent does the bright oar break  
 The darkening mirror of the lake,  
 Until the rocky isle they reach,  
 And moor their shallop on the beach.

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## XXV.

The stranger view'd the shore around ;  
 'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,  
 Nor track nor pathway might declare  
 That human foot frequented there,  
 Until the mountain maiden show'd  
 A clambering unsuspected road,  
 That winded through the tangled screen,  
 And open'd on a narrow green,  
 Where weeping birch and willow round  
 With their long fibres swept the ground.  
 Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,  
 Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

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## XXVI.

It was a lodge of ample size,  
 But strange of structure and device ;  
 Of such materials, as around  
 The workman's hand had readiest found.

Lopp'd of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,  
 And by the hatchet rudely squared,  
 To give the walls their destined height,  
 The sturdy oak and ash unite ;  
 While moss and clay and leaves combined  
 To fence each crevice from the wind.  
 The lighter pine-trees, overhead,  
 Their slender length for rafters spread,  
 And wither'd heath and rushes dry  
 Supplied a russet canopy.  
 Due westward, fronting to the green,  
 A rural portico was seen,  
 Aloft on native pillars borne,  
 Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,  
 Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine  
 The ivy and Idæan vine,  
 The clematis, the favour'd flower  
 Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,  
 And every hardy plant could bear  
 Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.  
 An instant in this porch she staid,  
 And gaily to the stranger said,  
 "On heaven and on thy lady call,  
 And enter the enchanted hall !"

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## XXVII.

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,  
 My gentle guide, in following thee."—  
 He cross'd the threshold—and a clang  
 Of angry steel that instant rang.  
 To his bold brow his spirit rush'd,  
 But soon for vain alarm he blush'd,  
 When on the floor he saw display'd,  
 Cause of the din, a naked blade  
 Dropp'd from the sheath, that careless flung

Upon a stag's huge antlers swung ;  
 For all around, the walls to grace,  
 Hung trophies of the fight or chase :  
 A target there, a bugle here,  
 A battle-axe, a hunting spear,  
 And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,  
 With the tusk'd trophies of the boar.  
 Here grins the wolf as when he died,  
 And there the wild-cat's brindled hide  
 The frontlet of the elk adorns,  
 Or mantles o'er the bison's horns ;  
 Pennons and flags defaced and stain'd,  
 That blackening streaks of blood retain'd,  
 And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,  
 With otter's fur and seal's unite,  
 In rude and uncouth tapestry all,  
 To garnish forth the silvan hall.

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## XXVIII.

The wondering stranger round him gazed,  
 And next the fallen weapon raised :—  
 Few were the arms whose sinewy strength  
 Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.  
 And as the brand he poised and sway'd,  
 "I never knew but one," he said,  
 "Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield  
 A blade like this in battle-field."  
 She sighed, then smiled and took the word ;  
 "You see the guardian champion's sword :  
 As light it trembles in his hand,  
 As in my grasp a hazel wand ;  
 My sire's tall form might grace the part  
 Of Ferragus, or Ascabart ;  
 But in the absent giant's hold  
 Are women now, and menials old."

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## XXIX.

The mistress of the mansion came,  
Mature of age, a graceful dame ;  
Whose easy step and stately port  
Had well become a princely court,  
To whom, though more than kindred knew,  
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.  
Meet welcome to her guest she made,  
And every courteous rite was paid,  
That hospitality could claim,  
Though all unask'd his birth and name. 10  
Such then the reverence to a guest,  
That fellest foe might join the feast  
And from his deadliest foeman's door  
Unquestion'd turn, the banquet o'er.  
At length his rank the stranger names,  
"The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James ;  
Lord of a barren heritage,  
Which his brave sires, from age to age,  
By their good swords had held with toil ;  
His sire had fall'n in such turmoil, 20  
And he, God wot, was forced to stand  
Oft for his right with blade in hand.  
This morning with Lord Moray's train  
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,  
Outstripp'd his comrades, miss'd the deer,  
Lost his good steed, and wander'd here."

## XXX.

Fain would the Knight in turn require  
The name and state of Ellen's sire.  
Well show'd the elder lady's mien,  
That courts and cities she had seen ;  
Ellen, though more her looks display'd  
The simple grace of sylvan maid,

In speech and gesture, form and face,  
 Show'd she was come of gentle race.  
 'Twere strange in ruder rank to find  
 Such looks, such manners, and such mind.  
 Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,  
 Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;  
 Or Ellen, innocently gay,  
 Turn'd all inquiry light away :—  
 "Weird women we ! by dale and down  
 We dwell, afar from tower and town.  
 We stem the flood, we ride the blast,  
 On wandering knights our spells we cast ;  
 While viewless minstrels touch the string,  
 'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing."  
 She sung, and still a harp unseen  
 Fill'd up the symphony between.

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XXXI.

## Song.

"Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking :  
 Dream of battled fields no more,  
 Days of danger, nights of waking.  
 In our isle's enchanted hall,  
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
 Fairy strains of music fall,  
 Every sense in slumber dewing.  
 Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
 Dream of fighting-fields no more :  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

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"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,  
 Trump nor pibroch summon here  
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come  
At the day-break from the fallow,  
And the bittern sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
Guards nor warders challenge here,  
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping."

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## XXXII.

She paused—then, blushing, led the lay  
To grace the stranger of the day.  
Her mellow notes awhile prolong  
The cadence of the flowing song,  
Till to her lips in measured frame  
The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

## Song continued.

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,  
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,  
Dream not, with the rising sun,  
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.  
Sleep! the deer is in his den;  
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;  
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,  
How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,  
Think not of the rising sun,  
For at dawning to assail ye,  
Here no bugles sound reveillé."

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## XXXIII.

The hall was cleared—the stranger's bed  
Was there of mountain heather spread,  
Where oft a hundred guests had lain,  
And dream'd their forest sports again.



But vainly did the heath-flower shed  
 Its moorland fragrance round his head ;  
 Not Ellen's spell had lull'd to rest  
 The fever of his troubled breast.  
 In broken dreams the image rose  
 Of varied perils, pains, and woes :  
 His steed now flounders in the brake,  
 Now sinks his barge upon the lake ;  
 Now leader of a broken host,  
 His standard falls, his honour's lost.  
 Then,—from my couch may heavenly might  
 Chase that worst phantom of the night !—  
 Again return'd the scenes of youth,  
 Of confident undoubting truth ;  
 Again his soul he interchanged  
 With friends whose hearts were long estranged.  
 They come, in dim procession led,  
 The cold, the faithless, and the dead ;  
 As warm each hand, each brow as gay,  
 As if they parted yesterday.  
 And doubt distracts him at the view—  
 O were his senses false or true ?  
 Dreamed he of death, or broken vow,  
 Or is it all a vision now ?

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## XXXIV.

At length, with Ellen in a grove  
 He seem'd to walk, and speak of love ;  
 She listen'd with a blush and sigh,  
 His suit was warm, his hopes were high.  
 He sought her yielded hand to clasp,  
 And a cold gauntlet met his grasp :  
 The phantom's sex was changed and gone,  
 Upon its head a helmet shone ;  
 Slowly enlarged to giant size,  
 With darken'd cheek and threatening eyes,

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The grisly visage, stern and hoar,  
 To Ellen still a likeness bore.—  
 He woke, and, panting with affright,  
 Recall'd the vision of the night.  
 The hearth's decaying brands were red,  
 And deep and dusky lustre shed,  
 Half showing, half concealing, all  
 The uncouth trophies of the hall.  
 Mid those the stranger fix'd his eye  
 Where that huge falchion hung on high,  
 And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,  
 Rush'd, chasing countless thoughts along,  
 Until, the giddy whirl to cure,  
 He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

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## xxxv.

✓ The wild rose, eglantine, and broom,  
 Wasted around their rich perfume :  
 The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,  
 The aspens slept beneath the calm ;  
 The silver light, with quivering glance,  
 Play'd on the water's still expanse,—  
 Wild were the heart whose passions' sway  
 Could rage beneath the sober ray !  
 He felt its calm, that warrior guest,  
 While thus he communed with his breast :—  
 " Why is it at each turn I trace  
 Some memory of that exiled race ?  
 Can I not mountain-maiden spy,  
 But she must bear the Douglas eye ?  
 Can I not view a Highland brand,  
 But it must match the Douglas hand ?  
 Can I not frame a fever'd dream,  
 But still the Douglas is the theme ?  
 I'll dream no more—by manly mind  
 Not even in sleep is will resign'd.

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My midnight orisons said o'er,  
 I'll turn to rest, and dream no more."  
 His midnight orisons he told,  
 A prayer with every bead of gold,  
 Consign'd to heaven his cares and woes,  
 And sunk in undisturb'd repose ;  
 Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,  
 And morning dawned on Benvenue.

## CANTO SECOND.

## The Island.

## I.

At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,  
 'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,  
 All Nature's children feel the matin spring  
 Of life reviving, with reviving day ;  
 And while yon little bark glides down the bay,  
 Wafting the stranger on his way again,  
 Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel grey,  
 And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,  
 Mix'd with the sounding harp, O white-hair'd Allan-bane !

## II.

## Song.

"Not faster yonder rowers' might  
 Flings from their oars the spray,  
 Not faster yonder rippling bright,  
 That tracks the shallop's course in light,  
 Melts in the lake away,  
 Than men from memory erase  
 The benefits of former days ;  
 Then, stranger, go ! good speed the while,  
 Nor think again of the lonely isle.

*honour*

“High place to thee in royal court,  
High place in battle line,  
Good hawk and hound for silvan sport,  
Where beauty sees the brave resort,  
The honour'd meed be thine !  
True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,  
Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,  
And lost in love and friendship's smile  
Be memory of the lonely isle.

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## III.

## Song continued.

“But if beneath yon southern sky  
A plaided stranger roam,  
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,  
And sunken cheek and heavy eye,  
Pine for his Highland home ;  
Then, warrior, then be thine to show  
The care that soothes a wanderer's woe ;  
Remember then thy hap ere while,  
A stranger in the lonely isle.

“Or if on life's uncertain main  
Mishap shall mar thy sail ;  
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,  
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain  
Beneath the fickle gale ;  
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,  
On thankless courts, or friends estranged,  
But come where kindred worth shall smile,  
To greet thee in the lonely isle.”

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## IV.

As died the sounds upon the tide,  
The shallop reach'd the mainland side,

And ere his onward way he took,  
 The stranger cast a lingering look,  
 Where easily his eye might reach  
 The Harper on the islet beach,  
 Reclined against a blighted tree,  
 As wasted, grey, and worn as he.  
 To minstrel meditation given,  
 His reverend brow was raised to heaven,  
 As from the rising sun to claim  
 A sparkle of inspiring flame.  
 His hand, reclined upon the wire,  
 Seem'd watching the awakening fire ;  
 So still he sate, as those who wait  
 Till judgment speak the doom of fate ;  
 So still, as if no breeze might dare  
 To lift one lock of hoary hair ;  
 So still, as life itself were fled,  
 In the last sound his harp had sped.

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## V.

Upon a rock with lichens wild,  
 Beside him Ellen sate and smiled.—  
 Smiled she to see the stately drake  
 Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,  
 While her vex'd spaniel, from the beach,  
 Bay'd at the prize beyond his reach ?  
 Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows,  
 Why deepen'd on her cheek the rose ?—  
 Forgive, forgive, Fidelity !  
 Perchance the maiden smiled to see  
 Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,  
 And stop and turn to wave anew ;  
 And, lovely ladies, ere your ire  
 Condemn the heroine of my lyre,  
 Show me the fair would scorn to spy,  
 And prize such conquest of her eye ?

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## VI.

While yet he loiter'd on the spot,  
It seem'd as Ellén mark'd him not ;  
But when he turned him to the glade,  
One courteous parting sign she made ;  
And after, oft the knight would say,  
That not when prize of festal day  
Was dealt him by the brightest fair,  
Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,  
So highly did his bosom swell,  
As at that simple mute farewell.  
Now with a trusty mountain guide,  
And his dark stag-hounds by his side,  
He parts—the maid, unconscious still,  
Watch'd him wind slowly round the hill ;  
But when his stately form was hid,  
The guardian of her bosom chid—  
“Thy Malcolm ! vain and selfish maid !”  
’Twas thus upbraiding conscience said,—  
“Not so had Malcolm idly hung  
On the smooth phrase of southern tongue ;  
Not so had Malcolm strain'd his eye,  
Another step than thine to spy.—  
Wake, Allan-bane,” aloud she cried,  
To the old Minstrel by her side,—  
“Arouse thee from thy moody dream !  
I'll give thy harp heroic theme,  
And warm thee with a noble name ;  
Pour forth the glory of the Græme !”  
Scarce from her lip the word had rush'd,  
When deep the conscious maiden blush'd ;  
For of his clan, in hall and bower,  
Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower.

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## VII.

The minstrel waked his harp—three times  
Arose the well-known martial chimes,  
And thrice their high heroic pride  
In melancholy murmurs died.  
“Vainly thou bid’st, O noble maid,”  
Clasping his wither’d hands, he said,  
“Vainly thou bid’st me wake the strain  
Though all unwont to bid in vain.  
Alas ! than mine a mightier hand  
Has tuned my harp, my strings has spann’d !  
I touch the chords of joy, but low  
And mournful answer notes of woe ;  
And the proud march, which victors tread,  
Sinks in the wailing for the dead.  
O well for me, if mine alone  
That dirge’s deep prophetic tone !  
If, as my tuneful fathers said,  
This harp, which erst Saint Modan swayed,  
Can thus its master’s fate foretell,  
Then welcome be the minstrel’s knell !

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## VIII.

“But ah ! dear lady, thus it sigh’d,  
The eve thy sainted mother died ;  
And such the sounds which, while I strove  
To wake a lay of war or love,  
Came marring all the festal mirth,  
Appalling me who gave them birth,  
And, disobedient to my call,  
Wail’d loud through Bothwell’s banner’d hall,  
Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,  
Were exiled from their native heaven.—  
Oh ! if yet worse mishap and woe,  
My master’s house must undergo,

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Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,  
 Brood in these accents of despair,  
 No future bard, sad Harp ! shall fling  
 Triumph or rapture from thy string ;  
 One short, one final strain shall flow,  
 Fraught with unutterable woe,  
 Then shiver'd shall thy fragments lie,  
 Thy master cast him down and die !”

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## IX.

Soothing she answer'd him—“ Assuage,  
 Mine honour'd friend, the fears of age ;  
 All melodies to thee are known,  
 That harp has rung or pipe has blown,  
 In Lowland vale or Highland glen,  
 From Tweed to Spey—what marvel, then,  
 At times, unbidden notes should rise,  
 Confusedly bound in memory's ties,  
 Entangling, as they rush along,  
 The war-march with the funeral song ?—  
 Small ground is now for boding fear ;  
 Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.  
 My sire, in native virtue great,  
 Resigning lordship, lands, and state,  
 Not then to fortune more resign'd,  
 Than yonder oak might give the wind ;  
 The graceful foliage storms may reave,  
 The noble stem they cannot grieve.  
 For me,”—she stoop'd, and, looking round,  
 Pluck'd a blue hare-bell from the ground,—  
 “ For me, whose memory scarce conveys  
 An image of more splendid days,  
 This little flower, that loves the lea,  
 May well my simple emblem be ;  
 It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose  
 That in the King's own garden grows ;

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And when I place it in my hair,  
Allan, a bard is bound to swear  
He ne'er saw coronet so fair."  
Then playfully the chaplet wild  
She wreath'd in her dark locks, and smiled.

## X.

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,  
Wiled the old harper's mood away.  
With such a look as hermits throw,  
When angels stoop to soothe their woe,  
He gazed, till fond regret and pride  
Thrill'd to a tear, then thus replied :  
"Loveliest and best ! thou little know'st  
The rank, the honours, thou hast lost !  
O might I live to see thee grace,  
In Scotland's court, thy birth-right place,  
To see my favourite's step advance,  
The lightest in the courtly dance,  
The cause of every gallant's sigh,  
And leading star of every eye,  
And theme of every minstrel's art,  
The Lady of the Bleeding Heart !"—

## XI.

"Fair dreams are these," the maiden cried,  
(Light was her accent, yet she sigh'd ;)   
"Yet is this mossy rock to me  
Worth splendid chair and canopy ;  
Nor would my footsteps spring more gay  
In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,  
Nor half so pleased mine ear incline  
To royal minstrel's lay as thine.  
And then for suitors proud and high,  
To bend before my conquering eye,—  
Thou, flattering bard ! thyself wilt say,

That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.  
 The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,  
 The terror of Loch-Lomond's side,  
 Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay  
 A Lennox foray—for a day."—

## XII.

The ancient bard his glee repress'd :  
 "Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest !  
 For who, through all this western wild,  
 Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled !  
 In Holy-Rood a knight he slew ;  
 I saw, when back the dirk he drew,  
 Courtiers give place before the stride  
 Of the undaunted homicide ;  
 And since, though outlaw'd, hath his hand  
 Full sternly kept his mountain land.  
 Who else dare give—ah ! woe the day  
 That I such hated truth should say—  
 The Douglas, like a stricken deer,  
 Disown'd by every noble peer,  
 Even the rude refuge we have here ?  
 Alas, this wild marauding Chief  
 Alone might hazard our relief,  
 And now thy maiden charms expand,  
 Looks for his guerdon in thy hand ;  
 Full soon may dispensation sought,  
 To back his suit, from Rome be brought.  
 Then, though an exile on the hill,  
 Thy father, as the Douglas, still  
 Be held in reverence and fear ;  
 And though to Roderick thou 'rt so dear,  
 That thou might'st guide with silken thread,  
 Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread ;  
 Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain !  
 Thy hand is on a lion's mane."—

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## XIII.

"Minstrel," the maid replied, and high  
Her father's soul glanced from her eye,  
"My debts to Roderick's house I know :  
All that a mother could bestow,  
To Lady Margaret's care I owe,  
Since first an orphan in the wild  
She sorrow'd o'er her sister's child ;  
To her brave chieftain son, from ire  
Of Scotland's king who shrouds my sire,  
A deeper, holier debt is owed ;  
And, could I pay it with my blood,  
Allan ! Sir Roderick should command  
My blood, my life—but not my hand.  
Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell  
A votaress in Maronnan's cell ;  
Rather through realms beyond the sea,  
Seeking the world's cold charity,  
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,  
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,  
An outcast pilgrim will she rove,  
Than wed the man she cannot love.

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## XIV.

"Thou shakest, good friend, thy tresses grey—  
That pleading look, what can it say  
But what I own !—I grant him brave,  
But wild as Bracklinn's thundering wave ;  
And generous—save vindictive mood,  
Or jealous transport, chafe his blood :  
I grant him true to friendly band,  
As his claymore is to his hand ;  
But O ! that very blade of steel  
More mercy for a foe would feel :  
I grant him liberal, to fling

10

Among his clan the wealth they bring,  
 When back by lake and glen they wind,  
 And in the Lowland leave behind,  
 Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,  
 A mass of ashes slaked with blood.  
 The hand that for my father fought,  
 I honour, as his daughter ought ;  
 But can I clasp it reeking red,  
 From peasants slaughter'd in their shed ? 20  
 No ! wildly while his virtues gleam,  
 They make his passions darker seem,  
 And flash along his spirit high,  
 Like lightning o'er the midnight sky.  
 While yet a child,—and children know,  
 Instinctive taught, the friend and foe,—  
 I shudder'd at his brow of gloom,  
 His shadowy plaid, and sable plume ;  
 A maiden grown, I ill could bear  
 His haughty mien and lordly air : 30  
 But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,  
 In serious mood, to Roderick's name,  
 I thrill with anguish ! or, if e'er  
 A Douglas knew the word, with fear.  
 To change such odious theme were best,—  
 What think'st thou of our stranger guest ?"—

## XV.

"What think I of him ?—woe the while  
 That brought such wanderer to our isle !  
 Thy father's battle-brand, of yore  
 For Tine-man, forged by fairy lore,  
 What time he leagued, no longer foes,  
 His Border spears with Hotspur's bows,  
 Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshow  
 The footstep of a secret foe.  
 If courtly spy hath harbour'd here,

What may we for the Douglas fear? 10  
 What for this island, deem'd of old  
 Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?  
 If neither spy nor foe, I pray  
 What yet may jealous Roderick say?  
 —Nay, wave not thy disdainful head,  
 Bethink thee of the discord dread,  
 That kindled when at Beltane game  
 Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Græme;  
 Still, though thy sire the peace renew'd,  
 Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud; 20  
 Beware!—But hark, what sounds are these?  
 My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,  
 No weeping birch, nor aspens wake,  
 Nor breath is dimpling in the lake,  
 Still is the canna's hoary beard,  
 Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—  
 And hark again! some pipe of war  
 Sends the bold pibroch from afar."

## XVI.

Far up the lengthen'd lake were spied  
 Four darkening specks upon the tide,  
 That, slow enlarging on the view,  
 Four mann'd and masted barges grew,  
 And, bearing downwards from Glengyle,  
 Steer'd full upon the lonely isle;  
 The point of Brianchoil they pass'd,  
 And, to the windward as they cast,  
 Against the sun they gave to shine  
 The bold Sir Roderick's banner'd Pine. 10  
 Nearer and nearer as they bear,  
 Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.  
 Now might you see the tartans brave,  
 And plaids and plumage dance and wave:  
 Now see the bonnets sink and rise,

As his tough oar the rower plies ;  
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,  
The wave ascending into smoke ;  
See the proud pipers on the bow,  
And mark the gaudy streamers flow  
From their loud chanters down, and sweep  
The furrow'd bosom of the deep,  
As, rushing through the lake amain,  
They plied the ancient Highland strain.

20

## XVII.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud  
And louder rung the pibroch proud.  
At first the sound, by distance tame,  
Mellow'd along the waters came,  
And, lingering long by cape and bay,  
Wail'd every harsher note away,  
Then bursting bolder on the ear,  
The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear ;  
Those thrilling sounds, that call the might  
Of Old Clan-Alpine to the fight.  
Thick beat the rapid notes, as when  
The mustering hundreds shake the glen,  
And hurrying at the signal dread,  
The batter'd earth returns their tread,  
Then prelude light, of livelier tone,  
Express'd their merry marching on,  
Ere peal of closing battle rose,  
With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows ;  
And mimic din of stroke and ward,  
As broadsword upon target jarr'd ;  
And groaning pause, ere yet again,  
Condensed, the battle yell'd amain ;  
The rapid charge, the rallying shout,  
Retreat borne headlong into rout,  
And bursts of triumph, to declare

10

20

Clan-Alpine's conquest—all were there.  
 Nor ended thus the strain ; but slow  
 Sunk in a moan prolonged and low,  
 And changed the conquering clarion swell,  
 For wild lament o'er those that fell.

30

## XVIII.

The war-pipes ceased ; but lake and hill  
 Were busy with their echoes still ;  
 And, when they slept, a vocal strain  
 Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,  
 While loud a hundred clansmen raise  
 Their voices in their Chieftain's praise.  
 Each boatman, bending to his oar,  
 With measured sweep the burden bore,  
 In such wild cadence as the breeze  
 Makes through December's leafless trees.  
 The chorus first could Allan know,  
 "Roderick Vich Alpine, ho ! iro !"  
 And near, and nearer as they row'd,  
 Distinct the martial ditty flow'd.

10

## XIX.

## Goat Song.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances !  
 Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine !  
 Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,  
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !  
 Heaven send it happy dew,  
 Earth lend it sap anew,  
 Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,  
 While every Highland glen  
 Sends our shout back agen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

10

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,  
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade ;  
 When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the  
 mountain,  
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.  
 Moor'd in the rifted rock,  
 Proof to the tempest's shock,  
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow ;  
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,  
 Echo his praise agen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

20

## XX.

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,  
 And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied ;  
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,  
 And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.  
 Widow and Saxon maid  
 Long shall lament our raid,  
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe ;  
 Lennox and Leven-glen  
 Shake when they hear agen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

10

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands !  
 Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine !  
 O, that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,  
 Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine !  
 O that some seedling gem,  
 Worthy such noble stem,  
 Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow !  
 Loud should Clan-Alpine then  
 Ring from her deepmost glen,  
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe !"

20



## XXI.

With all her joyful female band,  
Had Lady Margaret sought the strand.  
Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,  
And high their snowy arms they threw,  
As echoing back with shrill acclaim,  
And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name ;  
While prompt to please, with mother's art,  
The darling passion of his heart,  
The Dame called Ellen to the strand,  
To greet her kinsman ere he land : 10  
"Come, loiterer, come ! a Douglas thou,  
And shun to wreath a victor's brow ?"—  
Reluctantly and slow, the maid  
The unwelcome summoning obey'd,  
And, when a distant bugle rung,  
In the mid-path aside she sprung :—  
"List, Allan-bane ! From mainland cast  
I hear my father's signal blast.  
Be ours," she cried, "the skiff to guide,  
And waft him from the mountain-side." 20  
Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,  
She darted to her shallop light,  
And, eagerly while Roderick scann'd,  
For her dear form, his mother's band,  
The islet far behind her lay,  
And she had landed in the bay.

## XXII.

Some feelings are to mortals given,  
With less of earth in them than heaven :  
And if there be a human tear  
From passion's dross refined and clear,  
A tear so limpid and so meek,  
It would not stain an angel's cheek,

'Tis that which pious fathers shed  
Upon a duteous daughter's head !  
And as the Douglas to his breast  
His darling Ellen closely press'd,  
Such holy drops her tresses steep'd,  
Though 'twas an hero's eye that weep'd.  
Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue  
Her filial welcomes crowded hung,  
Mark'd she, that fear (affection's proof)  
Still held a graceful youth aloof ;  
No ! not till Douglas named his name,  
Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.

10

## XXIII.

Allan, with wistful look the while,  
Mark'd Roderick landing on the isle ;  
His master piteously he eyed,  
Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride,  
Then dash'd, with hasty hand, away  
From his dimm'd eye the gathering spray ;  
And Douglas, as his hand he laid  
On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said,  
" Canst thou, young friend, no meaning spy  
In my poor follower's glistening eye ?  
I'll tell thee :—he recalls the day,  
When in my praise he led the lay  
O'er the arch'd gate of Bothwell proud,  
While many a minstrel answer'd loud,  
When Percy's Norman pennon, won  
In bloody field, before me shone,  
And twice ten knights, the least a name  
As mighty as yon Chief may claim,  
Gracing my pomp, behind me came.  
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud  
Was I of all that marshall'd crowd,  
Though the waned crescent own'd my might,

10

20

And in my train troop'd lord and knight,  
 Though Blantyre hymn'd her holiest lays,  
 And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,  
 As when this old man's silent tear,  
 And this poor maid's affection dear,  
 A welcome give more kind and true,  
 Than ought my better fortunes knew.  
 Forgive, my friend, a father's boast,  
 O ! it out-beggars all I lost !"

30

## XXIV.

Delightful praise !—like summer rose,  
 That brighter in the dew-drop glows,  
 The bashful maiden's cheek appear'd,  
 For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.  
 The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,  
 The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide ;  
 The loved caresses of the maid  
 The dogs with crouch and whimper paid ;  
 And, at her whistle, on her hand  
 The falcon took his favourite stand,  
 Closed his dark wing, relax'd his eye,  
 Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly.  
 And, trust, while in such guise she stood,  
 Like fabled Goddess of the wood,  
 That if a father's partial thought  
 O'erweigh'd her worth, and beauty aught,  
 Well might the lover's judgment fail  
 To balance with a juster scale ;  
 For with each secret glance he stole  
 The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

10

20

## XXV.

Of stature tall, and slender frame,  
 But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme.  
 The belted plaid and tartan hose

Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose ;  
 His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,  
 Curl'd closely round his bonnet blue.  
 Train'd to the chase, his eagle eye  
 The ptarmigan in snow could spy :  
 Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,  
 He knew, through Lennox and Menteith ; 10  
 Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe,  
 When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,  
 And scarce that doe, though wing'd with fear,  
 Outstripp'd in speed the mountaineer :  
 Right up Ben-Lomond could he press,  
 And not a sob his toil confess.  
 His form accorded with a mind,  
 Lively and ardent, frank and kind ;  
 A blither heart, till Ellen came,  
 Did never love nor sorrow tame ; 20  
 It danced as lightsome in his breast,  
 As play'd the feather on his crest.  
 Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,  
 His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,  
 And bards, who saw his features bold,  
 When kindled by the tales of old,  
 Said, were that youth to manhood grown,  
 Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown  
 Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,  
 But quail to that of Malcolm Græme. 30

## XXVI.

Now back they wend their watery way,  
 And, " O my sire ! " did Ellen say,  
 " Why urge thy chase so far astray ?  
 And why so late return'd ? And why "—  
 The rest was in her speaking eye.  
 " My child, the chase I follow far,  
 'Tis mimicry of noble war ;

And with that gallant pastime reft  
 Were all of Douglas I have left.  
 I met young Malcolm as I stray'd 10  
 Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade,  
 Nor stray'd I safe ; for, all around,  
 Hunters and horsemen scour'd the ground.  
 This youth, though still a royal ward,  
 Risk'd life and land to be my guard,  
 And through the passes of the wood  
 Guided my steps, not unpursued ;  
 And Roderick shall his welcome make,  
 Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.  
 Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen, 20  
 Nor peril aught for me agen."

## XXVII.

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,  
 Redden'd at sight of Malcolm Græme,  
 Yet, not in action, word, or eye,  
 Fail'd aught in hospitality.  
 In talk and sport they whiled away  
 The morning of that summer day ;  
 But at high noon a courier light  
 Held secret parley with the knight,  
 Whose moody aspect soon declared,  
 That evil were the news he heard. 10  
 Deep thought seem'd toiling in his head ;  
 Yet was the evening banquet made,  
 Ere he assembled round the flame,  
 His mother, Douglas, and the Græme,  
 And Ellen, too ; then cast around  
 His eyes, then fix'd them on the ground,  
 As studying phrase that might avail  
 Best to convey unpleasant tale.  
 Long with his dagger's hilt he play'd,  
 Then raised his haughty brow, and said :— 20

## XXVIII.

“Short be my speech ;—nor time affords,  
Nor my plain temper, glozing words.  
Kinsman and father,—if such name  
Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick’s claim ;  
Mine honour’d mother :—Ellen—why,  
My cousin, turn away thine eye ?—  
And Græme ; in whom I hope to know  
Full soon a noble friend or foe,  
When age shall give thee thy command,  
And leading in thy native land,— 10  
List all !—The King’s vindictive pride  
Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,  
Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came  
To share their monarch’s silvan game,  
Themselves in bloody toils were snared ;  
And when the banquet they prepared,  
And wide their loyal portals flung,  
O’er their own gateway struggling hung.  
Loud cries their blood from Meggat’s mead,  
From Yarrow braes, and banks of Tweed, 20  
Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide,  
And from the silver Teviot’s side ;  
The dales, where martial clans did ride,  
Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide.  
This tyrant of the Scottish throne,  
So faithless, and so ruthless known,  
Now hither comes ; his end the same,  
The same pretext of silvan game.  
What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye  
By fate of Border chivalry. 30  
Yet more ; amid Glenfinlas green,  
Douglas, thy stately form was seen.  
This by espial sure I know :  
Your counsel in the streight I show.”

## XXIX.

Ellen and Margaret fearfully  
 Sought comfort in each other's eye,  
 Then turn'd their ghastly look, each one,  
 This to her sire, that to her son.  
 The hasty colour went and came  
 In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme ;  
 But from his glance it well appear'd,  
 'Twas but for Ellen that he fear'd ;  
 While, sorrowful, but undismay'd,  
 The Douglas thus his counsel said :—  
 “ Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,  
 It may but thunder and pass o'er ;  
 Nor will I here remain an hour,  
 To draw the lightning on thy bower ;  
 For well thou know'st, at this grey head  
 The royal bolt were fiercest sped.  
 For thee, who, at thy King's command,  
 Canst aid him with a gallant band,  
 Submission, homage, humbled pride,  
 Shall turn the monarch's wrath aside.  
 Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,  
 Ellen and I will seek, apart,  
 The refuge of some forest cell,  
 There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,  
 Till on the mountain and the moor,  
 The stern pursuit be pass'd and o'er.”—

10

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## XXX.

“ No, by mine honour,” Roderick said,  
 “ So help me Heaven, and my good blade !  
 No, never ! Blasted be yon Pine,  
 My father's ancient crest and mine,  
 If from its shade in danger part  
 The lineage of the Bleeding Heart !

Hear my blunt speech : grant me this maid  
To wife, thy counsel to mine aid ;  
To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,  
Will friends and allies flock enow ;  
Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief,  
Will bind to us each Western Chief.  
When the loud pipes my bridal tell,  
The Links of Forth shall hear the knell,  
The guards shall start in Stirling's porch ;  
And, when I light the nuptial torch,  
A thousand villages in flames  
Shall scare the slumbers of King James !  
—Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away,  
And, mother, cease these signs, I pray ;  
I meant not all my heart might say.—  
Small need of inroad, or of fight,  
When the sage Douglas may unite  
Each mountain clan in friendly band,  
To guard the passes of their land,  
Till the foil'd king, from pathless glen,  
Shall bootless turn him home agen."

10

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## XXXI.

There are who have, at midnight hour,  
In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,  
And, on the verge that beetled o'er  
The ocean tide's incessant roar,  
Dream'd calmly out their dangerous dream,  
Till waken'd by the morning beam ;  
When, dazzled by the eastern glow,  
Such startler cast his glance below,  
And saw unmeasured depth around,  
And heard unintermitted sound,  
And thought the battled fence so frail,  
It waved like cobweb in the gale ;—  
Amid his senses' giddy wheel,

10



Did he not desperate impulse feel,  
Headlong to plunge himself below,  
And meet the worst his fears foreshow?—  
Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound,  
As sudden ruin yawn'd around,  
By crossing terrors wildly toss'd,  
Still for the Douglas fearing most,  
Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,  
To buy his safety with her hand.

20

## XXXII.

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy  
In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,  
And eager rose to speak—but ere  
His tongue could hurry forth his fear,  
Had Douglas mark'd the hectic strife,  
Where death seem'd combating with life;  
For to her cheek, in feverish flood,  
One instant rush'd the throbbing blood,  
Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,  
Left its domain as wan as clay.  
"Roderick, enough! enough!" he cried,  
"My daughter cannot be thy bride;  
Not that the blush to wooer dear,  
Nor paleness that of maiden fear.  
It may not be—forgive her, Chief,  
Nor hazard aught for our relief.  
Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er  
Will level a rebellious spear.  
'Twas I that taught his youthful hand  
To rein a steed and wield a brand;  
I see him yet, the princely boy!  
Not Ellen more my pride and joy;  
I love him still, despite my wrongs,  
By hasty wrath, and slanderous tongues.

10

20

O seek the grace you well may find,  
Without a cause to mine combined."

## XXXIII.

Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode ;  
The waving of his tartans broad,  
And darken'd brow, where wounded pride  
With ire and disappointment vied,  
Seem'd, by the torch's gloomy light,  
Like the ill Demon of the night,  
Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway  
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way :  
But, unrequited Love ! thy dart  
Plunged deepest its envenom'd smart, 10  
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,  
At length the hand of Douglas wrung,  
While eyes, that mock'd at tears before,  
With bitter drops were running o'er.  
The death-pangs of long-cherish'd hope  
Scarce in that ample breast had scope,  
But, struggling with his spirit proud,  
Convulsive heaved its chequer'd shroud,  
While every sob—so mute were all—  
Was heard distinctly through the hall. 20  
The son's despair, the mother's look,  
Ill might the gentle Ellen brook ;  
She rose, and to her side there came,  
To aid her parting steps, the Græme.

## XXXIV.

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke—  
As flashes flame through sable smoke,  
Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,  
To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,  
So the deep anguish of despair

Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.  
 With stalwart grasp his hand he laid  
 On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid :  
 "Back, beardless boy !" he sternly said,  
 "Back, minion ! hold'st thou thus at nought      10  
 The lesson I so lately taught ?  
 This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,  
 Thank thou for punishment delay'd."  
 Eager as greyhound on his game,  
 Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme.  
 "Perish my name, if aught afford  
 Its Chieftain safety save his sword !"  
 Thus as they strove, their desperate hand  
 Griped to the dagger or the brand,  
 And death had been—but Douglas rose,      20  
 And thrust between the struggling foes  
 His giant strength :—"Chieftains, forego !  
 I hold the first who strikes, my foe.—  
 Madmen, forbear your frantic jar !  
 What ! is the Douglas fall'n so far,  
 His daughter's hand is doom'd the spoil  
 Of such dishonourable broil !"  
 Sullen and slowly, they unclasp,  
 As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,  
 And each upon his rival glared,      30  
 With foot advanced, and blade half bared.

## XXXV.

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung,  
 Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,  
 And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,  
 As falter'd through terrific dream.  
 Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword,  
 And veil'd his wrath in scornful word :  
 "Rest safe till morning ; pity 'twere

Such cheek should feel the midnight air !  
 Then mayest thou to James Stuart tell,  
 Roderick will keep the lake and fell, 10  
 Nor lackey, with his freeborn clan,  
 The pageant pomp of earthly man.  
 More would he of Clan-Alpine know,  
 Thou canst our strength and passes show.—  
 Malise, what ho !”—his henchman came ;  
 “ Give our safe conduct to the Græme.”  
 Young Malcolm answer’d, calm and bold,  
 “ Fear nothing for thy favourite hold ;  
 The spot, an angel deign’d to grace,  
 Is bless’d, though robbers haunt the place. 20  
 Thy churlish courtesy for those  
 Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.  
 As safe to me the mountain way  
 At midnight as in blaze of day,  
 Though with his boldest at his back,  
 Even Roderick Dhu beset the track.—  
 Brave Douglas,—lovely Ellen,—nay,  
 Naught here of parting will I say.  
 Earth does not hold a lonesome glen,  
 So secret, but we meet agen.— 30  
 Chieftain ! we too shall find an hour,”—  
 He said, and left the silvan bower.

XXXVI.

Old Allan follow’d to the strand,  
 (Such was the Douglas’s command,)  
 And anxious told, how, on the morn,  
 The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn,  
 The Fiery Cross should circle o’er  
 Dale, glen, and valley, down, and moor.  
 Much were the peril to the Græme,  
 From those who to the signal came ;

Far up the lake 'twere safest land,  
 Himself would row him to the strand.  
 He gave his counsel to the wind,  
 While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,  
 Round dirk and pouch and broadsword roll'd,  
 His ample plaid in tighten'd fold,  
 And stripp'd his limbs to such array,  
 As best might suit the watery way,—

10

## XXXVII.

Then spoke abrupt: "Farewell to thee,  
 Pattern of old fidelity!"  
 The Minstrel's hand he kindly press'd,—  
 "O! could I point a place of rest!  
 My sovereign holds in ward my land,  
 My uncle leads my vassal band;  
 To tame his foes, his friends to aid,  
 Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.  
 Yet, if there be one faithful Græme,  
 Who loves the chieftain of his name,  
 Not long shall honour'd Douglas dwell,  
 Like hunted stag in mountain cell;  
 Nor, ere yon pride-swoll'n robber dare,—  
 I may not give the rest to air!  
 Tell Roderick Dhu, I owed him nought,  
 Not the poor service of a boat,  
 To waft me to yon mountain-side."  
 Then plunged he in the flashing tide.  
 Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,  
 And stoutly steer'd him from the shore;  
 And Allan strain'd his anxious eye,  
 Far 'mid the lake his form to spy.  
 Darkening across each puny wave,  
 To which the moon her silver gave,  
 Fast as the cormorant could skim,  
 The swimmer plied each active limb;

10

20

Then landing in the moonlight dell,  
Loud shouted of his weal to tell.  
The Minstrel heard the far halloo,  
And joyful from the shore withdrew.

30

## CANTO THIRD.

## The Gathering.

## I.

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,  
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,  
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,  
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,  
How are they blotted from the things that be !  
How few, all weak and wither'd of their force,  
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,  
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,  
To sweep them from our sight ! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

Yet live there still who can remember well, 10  
How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,  
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,  
And solitary heath, the signal knew ;  
And fast the faithful clan around him drew,  
What time the warning note was keenly wound,  
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,  
While clamorous war-pipes yell'd the gathering sound,  
And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.

## II.

The Summer dawn's reflected hue  
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue ;  
Mildly and soft the western breeze  
Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees,  
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,

Trembled but dimpled not for joy ;  
 The mountain shadows on her breast  
 Were neither broken nor at rest ;  
 In bright uncertainty they lie,  
 Like future joys to Fancy's eye.

10

The water-lily to the light  
 Her chalice rear'd of silver bright ;  
 The doe awoke, and to the lawn,  
 Begemm'd with dewdrops, led her fawn ;  
 The grey mist left the mountain side,  
 The torrent show'd its glistening pride ;  
 Invisible in flecked sky,  
 The lark sent down her revelry ;  
 The blackbird and the speckled thrush  
 Good-morrow gave from brake and bush ;  
 In answer coo'd the cushat dove  
 Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

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## · III.

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,  
 Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.  
 With sheathed broadsword in his hand,  
 Abrupt he paced the islet strand,  
 And eyed the rising sun, and laid  
 His hand on his impatient blade.  
 Beneath a rock, his vassals' care  
 Was prompt the ritual to prepare,  
 With deep and deathful meaning fraught ;  
 For such Antiquity had taught  
 Was preface meet, ere yet abroad  
 The Cross of Fire should take its road.  
 The shrinking band stood oft aghast  
 At the impatient glance he cast ;—  
 Such glance the mountain eagle threw,  
 As, from the cliffs of Benvenue,  
 She spread her dark sails on the wind,

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And, high in middle heaven reclined,  
With her broad shadow on the lake,  
Silenced the warblers of the brake.

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## IV.

A heap of wither'd boughs was piled,  
Of juniper and rowan wild,  
Mingled with shivers from the oak,  
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.  
Brian, the Hermit, by it stood,  
Barefooted, in his frock and hood.  
His grisled beard and matted hair  
Obscured a visage of despair ;  
His naked arms and legs, seam'd o'er,  
The scars of frantic penance bore.  
That monk, of savage form and face,  
The impending danger of his race  
Had drawn from deepest solitude,  
Far in Benharrow's bosom rude.  
Nor his the mien of Christian priest,  
But Druid's, from the grave released,  
Whose harden'd heart and eye might brook  
On human sacrifice to look ;  
And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore  
Mix'd in the charms he mutter'd o'er.  
The hallow'd creed gave only worse  
And deadlier emphasis of curse ;  
No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,  
His cave the pilgrim shunn'd with care,  
The eager huntsman knew his bound,  
And in mid chase call'd off his hound ;  
Or if, in lonely glen or strath,  
The desert-dweller met his path,  
He pray'd, and sign'd the cross between,  
While terror took devotion's mien.

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## V.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.  
His mother watch'd a midnight fold,  
Built deep within a dreary glen,  
Where scatter'd lay the bones of men,  
In some forgotten battle slain,  
And bleach'd by drifting wind and rain.  
It might have tamed a warrior's heart,  
To view such mockery of his art!  
The knot-grass fetter'd there the hand,  
Which once could burst an iron band ;  
Beneath the broad and ample bone,  
That buckler'd heart to fear unknown,  
A feeble and a timorous guest,  
The field-fare framed her lowly nest ;  
There the slow blind-worm left his slime  
On the fleet limbs that mock'd at time ;  
And there, too, lay the leader's skull,  
Still wreath'd with chaplet, flush'd and full,  
For heath-bell, with her purple bloom,  
Supplied the bonnet and the plume.  
All night, in this sad glen, the maid  
Sate, shrouded in her mantle's shade :  
—She said, no shepherd sought her side,  
No hunter's hand her snood untied,  
Yet ne'er again to braid her hair  
The virgin snood did Alice wear ;  
Gone was her maiden glee and sport,  
Her maiden girdle all too short,  
Nor sought she, from that fatal night,  
Or holy church or blessed rite,  
But lock'd her secret in her breast,  
And died in travail, unconfess'd.

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## VI.

Alone, among his young compeers,  
Was Brian from his infant years ;  
A moody and heart-broken boy,  
Estranged from sympathy and joy,  
Bearing each taunt with careless tongue  
On his mysterious lineage flung.  
Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,  
To wood and stream his hap to wail,  
Till, frantic, he as truth received  
What of his birth the crowd believed,  
And sought, in mist and meteor fire,  
To meet and know his Phantom Sire !  
In vain, to soothe his wayward fate,  
The cloister oped her pitying gate ;  
In vain, the learning of the age  
Unclasp'd the sable-lettered page ;  
Even in its treasures he could find  
Food for the fever of his mind.  
Eager he read whatever tells  
Of magic, cabala, and spells,  
And every dark pursuit allied  
To curious and presumptuous pride ;  
Till with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung,  
And heart with mystic horrors wrung,  
Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,  
And hid him from the haunts of men.

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## VII.

The desert gave him visions wild,  
Such as might suit the spectre's child.  
Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,  
He watch'd the wheeling eddies boil,  
Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes  
Beheld the River Demon rise ;

The mountain mist took form and limb,  
 Of noontide hag, or goblin grim ;  
 The midnight wind came wild and dread,  
 Swell'd with the voices of the dead ; 10  
 Far on the future battle-heath  
 His eye beheld the ranks of death :  
 Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurl'd,  
 Shaped forth a disembodied world.  
 One lingering sympathy of mind  
 Still bound him to the mortal kind ;  
 The only parent he could claim  
 Of ancient Alpine lineage came.  
 Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,  
 The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream ; 20  
 Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,  
 Of charging steeds, careering fast  
 Along Benharrow's shingly side,  
 Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride ;  
 The thunderbolt had split the pine,--  
 All augur'd ill to Alpine's line.  
 He girt his loins, and came to show  
 The signals of impending woe,  
 And now stood prompt to bless or ban,  
 As bade the Chieftain of his clan. 30

## VIII.

'Twas all prepared ;—and from the rock,  
 A goat, the patriarch of the flock,  
 Before the kindling pile was laid,  
 And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.  
 Patient the sickening victim eyed  
 The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,  
 Down his clogg'd beard and shaggy limb,  
 Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.  
 The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,  
 A slender crosslet form'd with care. 10

A cubit's length in measure due ;  
 The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,  
 Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave  
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,  
 And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,  
 Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.  
 The Cross, thus form'd, he held on high,  
 With wasted hand, and haggard eye.  
 And strange and mingled feelings woke,  
 While his anathema he spoke :

✓ 20

## IX.

“Woe to the clansmen, who shall view  
 This symbol of sepulchral yew,  
 Forgetful that its branches grew  
 Where weep the heavens their holiest dew  
 On Alpine's dwelling low !  
 Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,  
 He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,  
 But, from his sires and kindred thrust,  
 Each clansman's execration just  
 Shall doom him wrath and woe.”

10

He paused ;—the word the vassals took,  
 With forward step and fiery look,  
 On high their naked brands they shook,  
 Their clattering targets wildly strook ;  
 And first in murmur low,  
 Then, like the billow in his course,  
 That far to seaward finds his source,  
 And flings to shore his muster'd force,  
 Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,

“Woe to the traitor, woe !”

20

Ben-an's grey scalp the accents knew,  
 The joyous wolf from covert drew,  
 The exulting eagle scream'd afar,—  
 They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

## x.

The shout was hush'd on lake and fell,  
The Monk resumed his mutter'd spell :  
Dismal and low its accents came,  
The while he scathed the Cross with flame ;  
And the few words that reach'd the air,  
Although the holiest name was there,  
Had more of blasphemy than prayer.  
But when he shook above the crowd  
Its kindled points, he spoke aloud :—

“Woe to the wretch, who fails to rear  
At this dread sign the ready spear !  
For, as the flames this symbol sear,  
His home, the refuge of his fear,

10

A kindred fate shall know ;  
Far o'er its roof the volumed flame  
Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,  
While maids and matrons on his name  
Shall call down wretchedness and shame,  
And infamy and woe.”

Then rose the cry of females, shrill  
As goss-hawk's whistle on the hill,  
Denouncing misery and ill,  
Mingled with childhood's babbling trill

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Of curses stammer'd slow ;  
Answering, with imprecation dread,  
“Sunk be his home in embers red !  
And cursed be the meanest shed  
That e'er shall hide the houseless head,  
We doom to want and woe !”

A sharp and shrieking echo gave,  
Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave !

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And the grey pass where birches wave,  
On Beala-nam-bo.

## XI.

Then deeper paused the priest anew;  
And hard his labouring breath he drew,  
While, with set teeth and clenched hand,  
And eyes that glow'd like fiery brand,  
He meditated curse more dread,  
And deadlier, on the clansman's head,  
Who, summon'd to his chieftain's aid,  
The signal saw and disobey'd.  
The crosslet's points of sparkling wood,  
He quench'd among the bubbling blood, 10  
And, as again the sign he rear'd,  
Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard :  
" When flits this Cross from man to man,  
Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,  
Burst be the ear that fails to heed !  
Palsied the foot that shuns to speed !  
May ravens tear the careless eyes,  
Wolves make the coward heart their prize !  
As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,  
So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth ! 20  
As dies in hissing gore the spark,  
Quench thou his light, Destruction dark !  
And be the grace to him denied,  
Bought by this sign to all beside !"  
He ceased ; no echo gave agen  
The murmur of the deep Amen.

## XII.

Then Roderick, with impatient look,  
From Brian's hand the symbol took :  
" Speed, Malise, speed ! " he said, and gave  
The crosslet to his henchman brave.  
" The muster-place be Lanrick mead—  
Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed ! "

Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,  
A barge across Loch Katrine flew ;  
High stood the henchman on the prow,  
So rapidly the barge-men row,  
The bubbles, where they launch'd the boat  
Were all unbroken and afloat,  
Dancing in foam and ripple still,  
When it had near'd the mainland hill ;  
And from the silver beach's side  
Still was the prow three fathom wide,  
When lightly bounded to the land  
The messenger of blood and brand.

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## XIII.

Speed, Malise, speed ! the dun deer's hide  
On fleeter foot was never tied.  
Speed, Malise, speed ! such cause of haste  
Thine active sinews never braced.  
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,  
Burst down like torrent from its crest ;  
With short and springing footstep pass  
The trembling bog and false morass ;  
Across the brook like roebuck bound,  
And thread the brake like questing hound ;  
The crag is high, the scaur is deep,  
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap :  
Parch'd are thy burning lips and brow,  
Yet by the fountain pause not now ;  
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,  
Stretch onward in thy fleet career !  
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,  
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,  
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace,  
With rivals in the mountain race ;  
But danger, death, and warrior deed,  
Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed !

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## XIV.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,  
In arms the huts and hamlets rise ;  
From winding glen, from upland brown,  
They pour'd each hardy tenant down.  
Nor slack'd the messenger his pace ;  
He show'd the sign, he named the place,  
And, pressing forward like the wind,  
Left clamour and surprise behind.  
The fisherman forsook the strand,  
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand ;      10  
With changed cheer, the mower blithe  
Left in the half-cut swathe the scythe ;  
The herds without a keeper stray'd,  
The plough was in mid-furrow staid,  
The falc'ner toss'd his hawk away,  
The hunter left the stag at bay ;  
Prompt at the signal of alarms,  
Each son of Alpine rush'd to arms ;  
So swept the tumult and affray  
Along the margin of Achray.      20  
Alas, thou lovely lake ! that e'er  
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear !  
The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep  
So stilly on thy bosom deep,  
The lark's blithe carol, from the cloud,  
Seems for the scene too gaily loud.

## XV.

Speed, Malise, speed ! The lake is past,  
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,  
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half-seen,  
Half-hidden in the copse so green ;  
There mayst thou rest, thy labour done,  
Their Lord shall speed the signal on.—



As stoops the hawk upon his prey,  
 The henchman shot him down the way.  
 —What woeful accents load the gale?  
 The funeral yell, the female wail!  
 A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,  
 A valiant warrior fights no more.  
 Who, in the battle or the chase,  
 At Roderick's side shall fill his place!—  
 Within the hall, where torches' ray  
 Supplies the excluded beams of day,  
 Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,  
 And o'er him streams his widow's tear.  
 His stripling son stands mournful by,  
 His youngest weeps, but knows not why;  
 The village maids and matrons round  
 The dismal coronach resound.

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## XVI.

## Coronach.

He is gone on the mountain,  
 He is lost to the forest,  
 Like a summer-dried fountain,  
 When our need was the sorest.  
 The font, reappearing,  
 From the rain-drops shall borrow,  
 But to us comes no cheering,  
 To Duncan no morrow!  
 The hand of the reaper  
 Takes the ears that are hoary,  
 But the voice of the weeper  
 Wails manhood in glory.  
 The autumn winds rushing  
 Waft the leaves that are searest,  
 But our flower was in flushing,  
 When blighting was nearest.

10

Fleet foot on the correi,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber !  
Like the dew on the mountain,  
Like the foam on the river,  
Like the bubble on the fountain  
Thou art gone, and for ever !

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## XVII.

See Stumah, who, the bier beside,  
His master's corpse with wonder eyed,  
Poor Stumah ! whom his least halloo  
Could send like lightning o'er the dew,  
Bristles his crest, and points his ears,  
As if some stranger step he hears.  
'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,  
Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,  
But headlong haste, or deadly fear,  
Urge the precipitate career.  
All stand aghast :—unheeding all,  
The henchman bursts into the hall ;  
Before the dead man's bier he stood ;  
Held forth the Cross besmear'd with blood ;  
"The muster-place is Lanrick mead ;  
Speed forth the signal ! clansmen, speed !"

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## XVIII.

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,  
Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign,  
In haste the stripling to his side  
His father's dirk and broadsword tied ;  
But when he saw his mother's eye  
Watch him in speechless agony,

Back to her open'd arms he flew,  
Press'd on her lips a fond adieu—  
“Alas !” she sobb'd,—“and yet be gone,  
And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son !” 10  
One look he cast upon the bier,  
Dash'd from his eye the gathering tear,  
Breathed deep to clear his labouring breast,  
And toss'd aloft his bonnet crest,  
Then, like the high-bred colt, when, freed,  
First he essays his fire and speed,  
He vanish'd, and o'er moor and moss  
Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.  
Suspended was the widow's tear,  
While yet his footsteps she could hear ; 20  
And when she mark'd the henchman's eye  
Wet with unwonted sympathy,  
“Kinsman,” she said, “his race is run,  
That should have sped thine errand on ;  
The oak has fall'n,—the sapling bough  
Is all Duncraggan's shelter now.  
Yet trust I well, his duty done,  
The orphan's God will guard my son.—  
And you, in many a danger true,  
At Duncan's hest your blades that drew, 30  
To arms, and guard that orphan's head !  
Let babes and women wail the dead.”  
Then weapon-clang, and martial call,  
Resounded through the funeral hall,  
While from the walls the attendant band  
Snatch'd sword and targe, with hurried hand ;  
And short and flitting energy  
Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,  
As if the sounds to warrior dear  
Might rouse her Duncan from his bier. 40  
But faded soon that borrow'd force ;  
Grief claim'd his right, and tears their course.

## XIX.

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,  
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.  
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,  
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew ;  
The tear that gather'd in his eye  
He left the mountain-breeze to dry ;  
Until, where Teith's young waters roll,  
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,  
That graced the sable strath with green,  
The chapel of Saint Bride was seen.  
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,  
But Angus paused not on the edge ;  
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,  
Though reel'd his sympathetic eye,  
He dash'd amid the torrent's roar :  
His right hand high the crosslet bore,  
His left the pole-axe grasp'd, to guide  
And stay his footing in the tide.  
He stumbled twice—the foam splash'd high,  
With hoarser swell the stream raced by ;  
And had he fall'n,—for ever there,  
Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir !  
But still, as if in parting life,  
Firmer he grasp'd the Cross of strife,  
Until the opposing bank he gain'd,  
And up the chapel pathway strain'd.

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## XX.

A blithesome rout, that morning tide,  
Had sought the chapel of St. Bride.  
Her troth Tombea's Mary gave  
To Norman, heir of Armandave,  
And, issuing from the Gothic arch,  
The bridal now resumed their march.

In rude, but glad procession, came  
Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame ;  
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,  
Which snooded maiden would not hear : 10  
And children, that, unwitting why,  
Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry ;  
And minstrels, that in measures vied  
Before the young and bonny bride,  
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose  
The tear and blush of morning rose.  
With virgin step, and bashful hand,  
She held the 'kerchief's snowy band ;  
The gallant bridegroom, by her side,  
Beheld his prize with victor's pride, 20  
And the glad mother in her ear  
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

## XXI.

Who meets them at the churchyard gate ?  
The messenger of fear and fate !  
Haste in his hurried accent lies,  
And grief is swimming in his eyes.  
All dripping from the recent flood,  
Panting and travel-soil'd he stood.  
The fatal sign of fire and sword  
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word :  
"The muster-place is Lanrick mead :  
Speed forth the signal ! Norman, speed !" 10  
And must he change so soon the hand,  
Just link'd to his by holy band,  
For the fell Cross of blood and brand ?  
And must the day, so blithe that rose,  
And promised rapture in the close,  
Before its setting hour, divide  
The bridegroom from the plighted bride ?  
O fatal doom !—it must ! it must !

Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust,  
Her summons dread, brook no delay ;  
Stretch to the race—away ! away !

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## XXII.

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,  
And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,  
Until he saw the starting tear  
Speak woe he might not stop to cheer ;  
Then, trusting not a second look,  
In haste he sped him up the brook,  
Nor backward glanced, till on the heath  
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith.  
—What in the racer's bosom stirr'd ?  
The sickening pang of hope deferr'd,  
And memory, with a torturing train  
Of all his morning visions vain.  
Mingled with love's impatience, came  
The manly thirst for martial fame ;  
The stormy joy of mountaineers,  
Ere yet they rush upon the spears ;  
And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burning,  
And hope, from well-fought field returning,  
With war's red honours on his crest,  
To clasp his Mary to his breast.  
Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,  
Like fire from flint he glanced away,  
While high resolve, and feeling strong,  
Burst into voluntary song.

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## XXIII.

## Song.

The heath this night must be my bed,  
The bracken curtain for my head,

My lullaby the warder's tread,  
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary ;  
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,  
My couch may be my bloody plaid,  
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid !  
It will not waken me, Mary !

I may not, dare not, fancy now  
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow, 10  
I dare not think upon thy vow,  
And all it promised me, Mary.  
No fond regret must Norman know ;  
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,  
His heart must be like bended bow,  
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,  
For, if I fall in battle fought,  
Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary. 20  
And if return'd from conquer'd foes,  
How blithely will the evening close,  
How sweet the linnet sing repose,  
To my young bride and me, Mary !

## XXIV.

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,  
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze,  
Rushing, in conflagration strong,  
Thy deep ravines and dells along,  
Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,  
And reddening the dark lakes below ;  
Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,  
As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.  
The signal roused to martial coil,  
The sullen margin of Loch Voil, 10

Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source  
 Alarm'd, Balvaig, thy swampy course ;  
 Thence southward turn'd its rapid road  
 Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,  
 Till rose in arms each man might claim  
 A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,  
 From the grey sire, whose trembling hand  
 Could hardly buckle on his brand,  
 To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow  
 Were yet scarce terror to the crow.  
 Each valley, each sequester'd glen,  
 Muster'd its little horde of men,  
 That met as torrents from the height  
 In Highland dales their streams unite,  
 Still gathering, as they pour along,  
 A voice more loud, a tide more strong,  
 Till at the rendezvous they stood  
 By hundreds prompt for blows and blood,  
 Each train'd to arms since life began,  
 Owning no tie but to his clan,  
 No oath, but by his chieftain's hand,  
 No law, but Roderick Dhu's command. ✕

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## XXV.

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu  
 Survey'd the skirts of Benvenue,  
 And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,  
 To view the frontiers of Menteith.  
 All backward came with news of truce ;  
 Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce,  
 In Rednock courts no horsemen wait,  
 No banner waved on Cardross gate,  
 On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,  
 Nor scared the Herons from Loch Con ;  
 All seem'd at peace.—Now wot ye why  
 The Chieftain, with such anxious eye,

10



Ere to the muster he repair,  
This western frontier scann'd with care ?  
In Benvenue's most darksome cleft,  
A fair, though cruel, pledge was left ;  
For Douglas, to his promise true,  
That morning from the isle withdrew,  
And in a deep sequester'd dell  
Had sought a low and lonely cell.  
By many a bard, in Celtic tongue,  
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung ;  
A softer name the Saxons gave,  
And called the grot the Goblin-Cave.

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## XXVI.

It was a wild and strange retreat,  
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.  
The dell, upon the mountain's crest,  
Yawn'd like a gash on warrior's breast ;  
Its trench had staid full many a rock,  
Hurl'd by primeval earthquake shock  
From Benvenue's grey summit wild,  
And here, in random ruin piled,  
They frown'd incumbent o'er the spot,  
And form'd the rugged silvan grot.  
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,  
At noontide there a twilight made,  
Unless when short and sudden shone  
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,  
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye  
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.  
No murmur waked the solemn still,  
Save tinkling of a fountain rill ;  
But when the wind chafed with the lake,  
A sullen sound would upward break,  
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke

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The incessant war of wave and rock.  
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,  
Seem'd nodding o'er the cavern grey.  
From such a den the wolf had sprung,  
In such the wild-cat leaves her young ;  
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair  
Sought for a space their safety there.  
Grey Superstition's whisper dread  
Debarr'd the spot to vulgar tread ;  
For there, she said, did fays resort,  
And satyrs hold their silvan court,  
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,  
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

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## XXVII.

Now eve, with western shadows long,  
Floated on Katrine bright and strong,  
When Roderick, with a chosen few,  
Repass'd the heights of Benvenue.  
Above the Goblin-Cave they go,  
Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo ;  
The prompt retainers speed before,  
To launch the shallop from the shore,  
For cross Loch Katrine lies his way  
To view the passes of Achray,  
And place his clansmen in array.  
Yet lags the chief in musing mind,  
Unwonted sight, his men behind.  
A single page to bear his sword,  
Alone attended on his lord ;  
The rest their way through thickets break,  
And soon await him by the lake.  
It was a fair and gallant sight,  
To view them from the neighbouring height,  
By the low-levell'd sunbeam's light !

10

20

For strength and stature, from the clan  
 Each warrior was a chosen man,  
 As even afar might well be seen,  
 By their proud step and martial mien.  
 Their feathers dance, their tartans float,  
 Their targets gleam, as by the boat  
 A wild and warlike group they stand,  
 That well became such mountain-strand.

## XXVIII.

Their Chief, with step reluctant, still  
 Was lingering on the craggy hill,  
 Hard by where turn'd apart the road  
 To Douglas's obscure abode.

It was but with that dawning morn  
 That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn  
 To drown his love in war's wild roar,  
 Nor think of Ellen Douglas more ;  
 But he who stems a stream with sand,  
 And fetters flame with flaxen band,  
 Has yet a harder task to prove—  
 By firm resolve to conquer love !

Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,  
 Still hovering near his treasure lost ;  
 For though his haughty heart deny  
 A parting meeting to his eye,  
 Still fondly strains his anxious ear,  
 The accents of her voice to hear,  
 And inly did he curse the breeze

That waked to sound the rustling trees.  
 But hark ! what mingles in the strain ?  
 It is the harp of Allan-bane,  
 That wakes its measure slow and high,  
 Attuned to sacred minstrelsy.

What melting voice attends the strings ?  
 'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

10

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## XXIX.

## Hymn to the Virgin.

*Ave Maria!* maiden mild !

Listen to a maiden's prayer !

Thou canst hear though from the wild,

Thou canst save amid despair.

Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,

Though banish'd, outcast, and reviled—

Maiden ! hear a maiden's prayer ;

Mother, hear a suppliant child !

*Ave Maria !*

*Ave Maria!* undefiled !

10

The flinty couch we now must share

Shall seem with down of eider piled,

If thy protection hover there.

The murky cavern's heavy air

Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled ;

Then, Maiden ! hear a maiden's prayer,

Mother, list a suppliant child !

*Ave Maria !*

*Ave Maria!* stainless styled !

Foul demons of the earth and air,

20

From this their wonted haunt exiled,

Shall flee before thy presence fair.

We bow us to our lot of care,

Beneath thy guidance reconciled ;

Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,

And for a father hear a child !

*Ave Maria !*

## XXX.

Died on the harp the closing hymn—

Unmoved in attitude and limb,

As list'ning still, Clan-Alpine's lord  
Stood leaning on his heavy sword,  
Until the page, with humble sign,  
Twice pointed to the sun's decline.  
Then while his plaid he round him cast,  
"It is the last time,—'tis the last,"  
He mutter'd thrice,—"the last time e'er  
That angel-voice shall Roderick hear!"  
It was a goading thought—his stride  
Hied hastier down the mountain-side;  
Sullen he flung him in the boat,  
And instant 'cross the lake it shot.  
They landed in that silvery bay,  
And eastward held their hasty way,  
Till, with the latest beams of light,  
The band arrived on Lanrick height,  
Where muster'd, in the vale below,  
Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

10

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## XXXI.

A various scene the clansmen made,  
Some sate, some stood, some slowly stray'd;  
But most, with mantles folded round,  
Were couch'd to rest upon the ground,  
Scarce to be known by curious eye,  
From the deep heather where they lie,  
So well was match'd the tartan screen  
With heath-bell dark and brackens green,  
Unless where, here and there, a blade,  
Or lance's point, a glimmer made,  
Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade.  
But when, advancing through the gloom,  
They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,  
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,  
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.

10

Thrice it arose, and lake and fell  
Three times return'd the martial yell ;  
It died upon Bochastle's plain,  
And Silence claim'd her evening reign.

## CANTO FOURTH.

## The Prophecy.

## I.

"THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears :  
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.  
O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,  
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,  
Emblem of hope and love through future years !"—  
Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,  
What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad wave.

## II.

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung,  
Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue.  
All while he stripp'd the wild-rose spray,  
His axe and bow beside him lay,  
For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood,  
A wakeful sentinel he stood.  
Hark!—on the rock a footstep rung,  
And instant to his arms he sprung.  
"Stand, or thou diest !—What, Malise ?—soon  
Art thou return'd from Braes of Doune.  
By thy keen step and glance I know,  
Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe."—  
(For while the Fiery Cross hied on,  
On distant scout had Malise gone.)  
"Where sleeps the Chief ?" the henchman said.

"Apart, in yonder misty glade ;  
To his lone couch I'll be your guide."—  
Then call'd a slumberer by his side,  
And stirr'd him with his slacken'd bow—  
"Up, up, Glentarkin ! rouse thee, ho !  
We seek the Chieftain ; on the track,  
Keep eagle watch till I come back."

20

## III.

Together up the pass they sped :  
"What of the foemen ?" Norman said.—  
"Varying reports from near and far ;  
This certain,—that a band of war  
Has for two days been ready boune,  
At prompt command, to march from Doune ;  
King James, the while, with princely powers,  
Holds revelry in Stirling towers.  
Soon will this dark and gathering cloud  
Speak on our glens in thunder loud.  
Inured to bide such bitter bout,  
The warrior's plaid may bear it out ;  
But, Norman, how wilt thou provide  
A shelter for thy bonny bride ?"—  
"What ! know ye not that Roderick's care  
To the lone isle hath caused repair  
Each maid and matron of the clan,  
And every child and aged man  
Unfit for arms ; and given his charge,  
Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge,  
Upon these lakes shall float at large,  
But all beside the islet moor,  
That such dear pledge may rest secure ?"—

10

20

## IV.

"'Tis well advised—the Chieftain's plan  
Bespeaks the father of his clan.

But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu  
Apart from all his followers true?"—

"It is, because last evening-tide  
Brian an augury hath tried,  
Of that dread kind which must not be  
Unless in dread extremity,  
The Taghairm call'd ; by which, afar,  
Our sires foresaw the events of war.  
Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew."

10

## MALISE.

"Ah ! well the gallant brute I knew,  
The choicest of the prey we had,  
When swept our merry-men Gallangad.  
His hide was snow, his horns were dark,  
His red eye glow'd like fiery spark ;  
So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,  
Sore did he cumber our retreat,  
And kept our stoutest kernes in awe,  
Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.  
But steep and flinty was the road,  
And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad,  
And when we came to Dennan's Row,  
A child might scatheless stroke his brow."—

20

## v.

## NORMAN.

"That bull was slain : his reeking hide  
They stretch'd the cataract beside,  
Whose waters their wild tumult toss  
Adown the black and craggy boss  
Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge  
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.  
Couch'd on a shelf beneath its brink,  
Close where the thundering torrents sink,



Rocking beneath their headlong sway,  
 And drizzled by the ceaseless spray, 10  
 Midst groan of rock, and roar of stream,  
 The wizard waits prophetic dream.  
 Nor distant rests the Chief ;—but hush !  
 See, gliding slow through mist and bush,  
 The hermit gains yon rock, and stands  
 To gaze upon our slumbering bands.  
 Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost,  
 That hovers o'er a slaughter'd host ?  
 Or raven on the blasted oak,  
 That, watching while the deer is broke, 20  
 His morsel claims with sullen croak ?”

## MALISE.

—“Peace ! peace ! to other than to me,  
 Thy words were evil augury ;  
 But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade  
 Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,  
 Not aught that, glean'd from heaven or hell,  
 You fiend-begotten Monk can tell.  
 The Chieftain joins him, see—and now,  
 Together they descend the brow.”

## VI.

And, as they came, with Alpine's Lord  
 The Hermit Monk held solemn word :—  
 “Roderick ! it is a fearful strife,  
 For man endow'd with mortal life,  
 Whose shroud of sentient clay can still  
 Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,  
 Whose eye can stare in stony trance,  
 Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance,—  
 'Tis hard for such to view, unfurl'd,

The curtain of the future world. 10  
Yet, witness every quaking limb,  
My sunken pulse, my eyeballs dim,  
My soul with harrowing anguish torn,  
This for my Chieftain have I borne!—  
The shapes that sought my fearful couch,  
An human tongue may ne'er avouch;  
No mortal man,—save he, who, bred  
Between the living and the dead,  
Is gifted beyond nature's law,—  
Had e'er survived to say he saw. 20  
At length the fateful answer came,  
In characters of living flame!  
Not spoke in word nor blazed in scroll,  
But borne and branded on my soul;—  
WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE,  
THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE."

## VII.

"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care:  
Good is thine augury, and fair.  
Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood,  
But first our broadswords tasted blood.  
A surer victim still I know,  
Self-offered to the auspicious blow:  
A spy has sought my land this morn,—  
No eve shall witness his return!  
My followers guard each pass's mouth,  
To east, to westward, and to south; 10  
Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,  
Has charge to lead his steps aside,  
Till, in deep path or dingle brown,  
He light on those shall bring him down.  
—But see, who comes his news to show!  
Malise! what tidings of the foe?"—

## VIII.

“At Doune, o’er many a spear and glaive  
Two Barons proud their banners wave.  
I saw the Moray’s silver star,  
And mark’d the sable pale of Mar.”  
“By Alpine’s soul, high tidings those !  
I love to hear of worthy foes.  
When move they on ?”—“To-morrow’s noon  
Will see them here for battle boune.”—  
“Then shall it see a meeting stern !—  
But, for the place—say, couldst thou learn  
Nought of the friendly clans of Earn ?  
Strengthened by them, we well might bide  
The battle on Benledi’s side.  
Thou couldst not ? well ! Clan-Alpine’s men  
Shall man the Trosach’s shaggy glen ;  
Within Loch Katrine’s gorge we’ll fight,  
All in our maid’s and matrons’ sight,  
Each for his hearth and household fire,  
Father for child, and son for sire,—  
Lover for maid beloved !—But why—  
Is it the breeze affects mine eye ?  
Or dost thou come, ill-omen’d tear !  
A messenger of doubt or fear ?  
No ! sooner may the Saxon lance  
Unfix Benledi from his stance,  
Than doubt or terror can pierce through  
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu !  
’Tis stubborn as his trusty targe.—  
Each to his post—all know their charge.”  
The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,  
The broadswords gleam, the banners dance,  
Obedient to the Chieftain’s glance.  
—I turn me from the martial roar,  
And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

10

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## IX.

Where is the Douglas ?—he is gone ;  
 And Ellen sits on the grey stone  
 Fast by the cave, and makes her moan ;  
 While vainly Allan's words of cheer  
 Are pour'd on her unheeding ear.—  
 "He will return—Dear lady, trust !—  
 With joy return ;—he will—he must.  
 Well was it time to seek, afar,  
 Some refuge from impending war,  
 When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm  
 Are cow'd by the approaching storm.  
 I saw their boats with many a light,  
 Floating the livelong yesternight,  
 Shifting like flashes darted forth  
 By the red streamers of the north ;  
 I mark'd at morn how close they ride,  
 Thick moor'd by the lone islet's side,  
 Like wild ducks couching in the fen,  
 When stoops the hawk upon the glen.  
 Since this rude race dare not abide  
 The peril on the mainland side,  
 Shall not thy noble father's care  
 Some safe retreat for thee prepare ?"—

10

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## X.

## ELLEN.

"No, Allan, no ! Pretext so kind  
 My wakeful terrors could not blind.  
 When in such tender tone, yet grave,  
 Douglas a parting blessing gave,  
 The tear that glisten'd in his eye  
 Drown'd not his purpose fix'd on high.  
 My soul, though feminine and weak,  
 Can image his ; e'en as the lake,

Itself disturb'd by slightest stroke,  
Reflects the invulnerable rock.

10

He hears report of battle rife,  
He deems himself the cause of strife.  
I saw him redden, when the theme  
Turn'd, Allan, on thine idle dream  
Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound  
Which I, thou saidst, about him wound.  
Think'st thou he trow'd thine omen aught?  
Oh no? 'twas apprehensive thought  
For the kind youth,—for Roderick too—  
(Let me be just) that friend so true;  
In danger both, and in our cause!  
Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.  
Why else that solemn warning given,  
'If not on earth, we meet in heaven!'—  
Why else, to Cambus-Kenneth's fane,  
If e'er return him not again,  
Am I to hie, and make me known?  
Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne,  
Buys his friend's safety with his own;—  
He goes to do—what I had done,  
Had Douglas' daughter been his son!"—

20

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## XI.

"Nay, lovely Ellen!—dearest, nay!  
If aught should his return delay,  
He only named yon holy fane  
As fitting place to meet again.  
Be sure he's safe; and for the Græme,—  
Heaven's blessing on his gallant name!—  
My vision'd sight may yet prove true,  
Nor bode of ill to him or you.  
When did my gifted dream beguile?  
Think of the stranger at the isle,  
And think upon the harpings slow,

10

That presaged this approaching woe !  
 Sooth was my prophecy of fear ;  
 Believe it when it augurs cheer.  
 Would we had left this dismal spot !  
 Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.  
 Of such a wondrous tale I know—  
 Dear lady, change that look of woe,  
 My harp was wont thy grief to cheer.”—

ELLEN.

“ Well, be it as thou wilt ; I hear,  
 But cannot stop the bursting tear.”  
 The Minstrel tried his simple art,  
 But distant far was Ellen’s heart.

20

XII.

Ballad.

ALICE BRAND.

Merry it is in the good greenwood,  
 When the mavis and merle are singing,  
 When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,  
 And the hunter’s horn is ringing.

“ O Alice Brand, my native land  
 Is lost for love of you ;  
 And we must hold by wood and wold,  
 As outlaws wont to do.

“ O Alice, ’twas all for thy locks so bright,  
 And ’twas all for thine eyes so blue,  
 That on the night of our luckless flight,  
 Thy brother bold I slew.

10

“ Now must I teach to hew the beech,  
 The hand that held the glaive,  
 For leaves to spread our lowly bed,  
 And stakes to fence our cave.

“And for vest of pall, thy finger small,  
 That wont on harp to stray,  
 A cloak must shear from the slaughter'd deer,  
 To keep the cold away.”—

20

“O Richard ! if my brother died,  
 'Twas but a fatal chance ;  
 For darkling was the battle tried,  
 And fortune sped the lance.

“If pall and vair no more I wear,  
 Nor thou the crimson sheen,  
 As warm, we'll say, is the russet grey,  
 As gay the forest-green.

“And, Richard, if our lot be hard,  
 And lost thy native land,  
 Still Alice has her own Richard,  
 And he his Alice Brand.”

30

## XIII.

## Ballad continued.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,  
 So blithe Lady Alice is singing ;  
 On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,  
 Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,  
 Who wonn'd within the hill,—  
 Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church,  
 His voice was ghostly shrill.

“Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,  
 Our moonlight circle's screen ?  
 Or who comes here to chase the deer,  
 Beloyed of our Elfin Queen ?  
 Or who may dare on wold to wear  
 The fairies' fatal green ?

10

“Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,  
For thou wert christen'd man;  
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,  
For mutter'd word or ban.

“Lay on him the curse of the wither'd heart,  
The curse of the sleepless eye;  
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,  
Nor yet find leave to die.”

20

## XIV.

## Ballad continued.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,  
Though the birds have still'd their singing;  
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,  
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,  
Before Lord Richard stands,  
And, as he cross'd and bless'd himself,  
“I fear not sign,” quoth the grisly elf,  
“That is made with bloody hands.”

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,  
That woman void of fear,—  
“And if there's blood upon his hand,  
'Tis but the blood of deer.”—

10

“Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!  
It cleaves unto his hand,  
The stain of thine own kindly blood,  
The blood of Ethert Brand.”

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand,  
And made the holy sign,—  
“And if there's blood on Richard's hand,  
A spotless hand is mine.

20



"And I conjure thee, Demon elf,  
By Him whom Demons fear,  
To show us whence thou art thyself,  
And what thine errand here?"

## XV.

## Ballad continued.

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,  
When fairy birds are singing,  
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,  
With bit and bridle ringing :

"And gaily shines the Fairy-land—  
But all is glistening show,  
Like the idle gleam that December's beam  
Can dart on ice and snow.

"And fading, like that varied gleam,  
Is our inconstant shape,  
Who now like knight and lady seem,  
And now like dwarf and ape.

10

"It was between the night and day,  
When the Fairy King has power,  
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,  
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatch'd away  
To the joyless Elfin bower.

"But wist I of a woman bold,  
Who thrice my brow durst sign,  
I might regain my mortal mold,  
As fair a form as thine."

20

She cross'd him once—she cross'd him twice—  
That lady was so brave ;  
The fouler grew his goblin hue,  
The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold ;  
He rose beneath her hand  
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,  
Her brother, Ethert Brand !

Merry it is in good greenwood,  
When the mavis and merle are singing,  
But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey,  
When all the bells were ringing.

30

## xvi.

Just as the minstrel sounds were staid,  
A stranger climb'd the steepy glade ;  
His martial step, his stately mien,  
His hunting suit of Lincoln green,  
His eagle glance, remembrance claims—  
'Tis Snowdown's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-James,  
Ellen beheld as in a dream,

Then, starting, scarce suppress'd a scream :

"O stranger ! in such hour of fear,  
What evil hap has brought thee here ?"—

10

"An evil hap how can it be,  
That bids me look again on thee ?

By promise bound, my former guide  
Met me betimes this morning tide,  
And marshall'd, over bank and bourne,  
The happy path of my return."—

"The happy path !—what ! said he nought  
Of war, of battle to be fought,  
Of guarded pass ?"—"No, by my faith !  
Nor saw I aught could augur scathe."—

20

"O haste thee, Allan, to the kern,  
—Yonder his tartans I discern ;  
Learn thou his purpose, and conjure  
That he will guide the stranger sure !—  
What prompted thee, unhappy man ?

The meanest serf in Roderick's clan  
Had not been bribed by love or fear,  
Unknown to him to guide thee here."

## XVII.

"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,  
Since it is worthy care from thee ;  
Yet life I hold but idle breath,  
When love or honour's weigh'd with death.  
Then let me profit by my chance,  
And speak my purpose bold at once.  
I come to bear thee from a wild,  
Where ne'er before such blossom smiled ;  
By this soft hand to lead thee far  
From frantic scenes of feud and war. 10

Near Bochastle my horses wait ;  
They bear us soon to Stirling gate.  
I'll place thee in a lovely bower,  
I'll guard thee like a tender flower"—  
"O ! hush, Sir Knight ! 'twere female art,  
To say I do not read thy heart ;  
Too much, before, my selfish ear  
Was idly soothed my praise to hear,  
That fatal bait hath lured thee back,  
In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track ; 20

And how, O how, can I atone  
The wreck my vanity brought on !—  
One way remains—I'll tell him all—  
Yes ! struggling bosom, forth it shall !  
Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,  
Buy thine own pardon with thy shame !  
But first—my father is a man  
Outlaw'd and exil'd, under ban ;  
The price of blood is on his head,  
With me 'twere infamy to wed.— 30

Still would'st thou speak ?—then hear the truth !

Fitz-James, there is a noble youth,—  
If yet he is!—exposed for me  
And mine to dread extremity—  
Thou has the secret of my heart;  
Forgive, be generous, and depart!”

## XVIII.

Fitz-James knew every wily train  
A lady's fickle heart to gain,  
But here he knew and felt them vain.  
There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,  
To give her steadfast speech the lie;  
In maiden confidence she stood,  
Though mantled in her cheek the blood.  
And told her love with such a sigh  
Of deep and hopeless agony,  
As death had seal'd her Malcolm's doom, 10  
And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.  
Hope vanish'd from Fitz-James's eye,  
But not with hope fled sympathy.  
He proffer'd to attend her side,  
As brother would a sister guide.—  
“O! little know'st thou Roderick's heart!  
Safer for both we go apart.  
O haste thee, and from Allan learn,  
If thou mayst trust yon wily kern.”  
With hand upon his forehead laid, 20  
The conflict of his mind to shade,  
A parting step or two he made;  
Then, as some thought had cross'd his brain,  
He paus'd, and turn'd, and came again.

## XIX.

“Hear, lady, yet a parting word!—  
It chanced in fight that my poor sword  
Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.

This ring the grateful Monarch gave,  
 And bade, when I had boon to crave,  
 To bring it back, and boldly claim  
 The recompense that I would name.  
 Ellen, I am no courtly lord,  
 But one who lives by lance and sword,  
 Whose castle is his helm and shield,  
 His lordship the embattled field.  
 What from a prince can I demand,  
 Who neither reck of state nor land?  
 Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine;  
 Each guard and usher knows the sign.  
 Seek thou the king without delay;  
 This signet shall secure thy way;  
 And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,  
 As ransom of his pledge to me.”  
 He placed the golden circlet on,  
 Paused—kiss'd her hand—and then was gone.  
 The aged Minstrel stood aghast,  
 So hastily Fitz-James shot past.  
 He join'd his guide, and wending down  
 The ridges of the mountain brown,  
 Across the stream they took their way,  
 That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

10

20

## XX.

All in the Trosachs' glen was still,  
 Noontide was sleeping on the hill:  
 Sudden his guide whoop'd loud and high—  
 “Murdoch! was that a signal cry?”—  
 He stammer'd forth—“I shout to scare  
 Yon raven from his dainty fare.”  
 He look'd—he knew the raven's prey,  
 His own brave steed:—“Ah! gallant grey!  
 For thee—for me, perchance—'twere well  
 We ne'er had seen the Trosach's dell.—

10

Murdoch, move first—but silently ;  
 Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die !”  
 Jealous and sullen on they fared,  
 Each silent, each upon his guard.

## XXI.

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge  
 Around a precipice's edge,  
 When lo ! a wasted female form,  
 Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,  
 In tatter'd weeds and wild array,  
 Stood on a cliff beside the way,  
 And glancing round her restless eye,  
 Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,  
 Seem'd nought to mark, yet all to spy.  
 Her brow was wreath'd with gaudy broom ;      10  
 With gesture wild she waved a plume  
 Of feathers, which the eagles fling  
 To crag and cliff from dusky wing ;  
 Such spoils her desperate step had sought,  
 Where scarce was footing for the goat.  
 The tartan plaid she first descried,  
 And shriek'd till all the rocks replied ;  
 As loud she laugh'd when near they drew,  
 For then the Lowland garb she knew ;  
 And then her hands she wildly wrung,      20  
 And then she wept, and then she sung—  
 She sung !—the voice, in better time,  
 Perchance to harp or lute might chime ;  
 And now, though strain'd and roughen'd, still  
 Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

## XXII.

## Song.

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,  
 They say my brain is warp'd and wrung—

I cannot sleep on Highland brae,  
I cannot pray in Highland tongue.  
But were I now where Allan glides,  
Or heard my native Devan's tides,  
So sweetly would I rest, and pray  
That Heaven would close my wintry day !

'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,  
They made me to the church repair ; 10  
It was my bridal morn they said,  
And my true love would meet me there.  
But woe betide the cruel guile,  
That drown'd in blood the morning smile !  
And woe betide the fairy dream !  
I only waked to sob and scream.

## XXIII.

"Who is this maid? what means her lay?  
 She hovers o'er the hollow way,  
 And flutters wide her mantle grey,  
 As the lone heron spreads his wing,  
 By twilight, o'er a haunted spring."  
 "'Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said,  
 "A crazed and captive Lowland maid,  
 Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,  
 When Roderick foray'd Devan-side.  
 The gay bridegroom resistance made,  
 And felt our Chief's unconquered blade.  
 I marvel she is now at large,  
 But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge.—  
 Hence, brain-sick fool!"—He raised his bow:—  
 "Now, if thou strik'st her but one blow,  
 I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far  
 As ever peasant pitch'd a bar!"—  
 "Thanks, champion, thanks," the Maniac cried,  
 And press'd her to Fitz-James's side.

“See the grey pennons I prepare,  
To seek my true-love through the air !  
I will not lend that savage groom,  
To break his fall, one downy plume !  
No !—deep amid disjointed stones,  
The wolves shall batten on his bones,  
And then shall his detested plaid,  
By bush and brier in mid air staid,  
Wave forth a banner fair and free,  
Meet signal for their revelry.”—

## XXIV.

“Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still !”—  
“O ! thou look'st kindly, and I will.—  
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,  
But still it loves the Lincoln green ;  
And, though mine ear is all unstrung,  
Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

“For O my sweet William was forester true,  
He stole poor Blanche's heart away !  
His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,  
And so blithely he trill'd the Lowland lay !

10

“It was not that I meant to tell . . .  
But thou art wise, and guessest well.”  
Then, in a low and broken tone,  
And hurried note, the song went on.  
Still on the Clansman, fearfully,  
She fix'd her apprehensive eye ;  
Then turn'd it on the Knight, and then  
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

## XXV.

“The toils are pitch'd, and the stakes are set,  
Ever sing merrily, merrily ;



The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,  
Hunters live so cheerily.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten,  
Bearing its branches sturdily ;  
He came stately down the glen,  
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

"It was there he met with a wounded doe,  
She was bleeding deathfully ; 10  
She warn'd him of the toils below,  
O, so faithfully, faithfully !

"He had an eye, and he could heed,  
Ever sing warily, warily ;  
He had a foot, and he could speed--  
Hunters watch so narrowly."

## XXVI.

Fitz-James's mind was passion-toss'd,  
When Ellen's hints and fears were lost ;  
But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,  
And Blanche's song conviction brought.—  
Not like a stag that spies the snare,  
But lion of the hunt aware,  
He waved at once his blade on high,  
"Disclose thy treachery, or die !"   
Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,  
But in his race his bow he drew. 10  
The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,  
And thrill'd in Blanche's faded breast,—  
Murdoch of Alpine ! prove thy speed,  
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need !  
With heart of fire, and foot of wind,  
The fierce avenger is behind !  
Fate judges of the rapid strife—  
The forfeit death—the prize is life !

Thy kindred ambush lies before,  
Close couch'd upon the heathery moor ; 20  
Them couldst thou reach !—it may not be—  
Thine ambush'd kin thou ne'er shalt see,  
The fiery Saxon gains on thee !  
—Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,  
As lightning strikes the pine to dust ;  
With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain  
Ere he can win his blade again.  
Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon eye,  
He grimly smiled to see him die ;  
Then slower wended back his way, 30  
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

xxvii.

She sate beneath the birchen tree,  
Her elbow resting on her knee ;  
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,  
And gazed on it, and feebly laugh'd ;  
Her wreath of broom and feathers grey  
Daggled with blood, beside her lay.  
The Knight to staunch the life-stream tried,—  
“Stranger, it is in vain !” she cried.  
“ This hour of death has given me more  
Of reason's power than years before ; 10  
For, as these ebbing veins decay,  
My frenzied visions fade away.  
A helpless injured wretch I die,  
And something tells me in thine eye,  
That thou wert mine avenger born,—  
Seest thou this tress ?—O ! still I've worn  
This little tress of yellow hair,  
Through danger, frenzy, and despair !  
It once was bright and clear as thine,  
But blood and tears have dimm'd its shine. 20  
I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,

Nor from what guiltless victim's head—  
 My brain would turn!—but it shall wave  
 Like plumage on thy helmet brave,  
 Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,  
 And thou wilt bring it me again.—  
 I waver still.—O God! more bright  
 Let reason beam her parting light!—  
 O! by thy knighthood's honour'd sign,  
 And for thy life preserved by mine,  
 When thou shalt see a darksome man,  
 Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's Clan,  
 With tartans broad and shadowy plume,  
 And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,  
 Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,  
 And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong!—  
 They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .  
 Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . farewell.”

30

## XXVIII.

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James;  
 Fast pour'd his eyes at pity's claims,  
 And now, with mingled grief and ire,  
 He saw the murder'd maid expire.  
 “God, in my need, be my relief,  
 As I wreak this on yonder Chief!”  
 A lock from Blanche's tresses fair  
 He blended with her bridegroom's hair;  
 The mingled braid in blood he dyed,  
 And placed it on his bonnet-side:  
 “By Him whose word is truth! I swear,  
 No other favour will I wear,  
 Till this sad token I imbrue  
 In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!  
 —But hark! what means yon faint halloo?  
 The chase is up,—but they shall know,  
 The stag at bay's a dangerous foe.”

10

Barr'd from the known but guarded way,  
Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must stray,  
And oft must change his desperate track, 20  
By stream and precipice turn'd back.  
Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,  
From lack of food and loss of strength,  
He couch'd him in a thicket hoar,  
And thought his toils and perils o'er :—  
“ Of all my rash adventures past,  
This frantic feat must prove the last !  
Who e'er so mad but might have guess'd,  
That all this Highland hornet's nest  
Would muster up in swarms so soon 30  
As e'er they heard of bands at Doune ?—  
Like bloodhounds now they search me out,—  
Hark, to the whistle and the shout !—  
If further through the wilds I go,  
I only fall upon the foe :  
I'll couch me here till evening grey,  
Then darkling try my dangerous way.”

## XXIX.

The shades of eve came slowly down,  
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,  
The owl awakens from her dell,  
The fox is heard upon the fell ;  
Enough remains of glimmering light  
To guide the wanderer's steps aright  
Yet not enough from far to show  
His figure to the watchful foe.  
With cautious step, and ear awake,  
He climbs the crag and threads the brake ; 10  
And not the summer solstice, there,  
Temper'd the midnight mountain air,  
But every breeze, that swept the wold,  
Benumb'd his drenched limbs with cold.

In dread, in danger, and alone,  
 Famish'd and chill'd, through ways unknown  
 Tangled and steep, he journey'd on ;  
 Till, as a rock's huge point he turn'd,  
 A watch-fire close before him burn'd.

## xxx.

Beside its embers red and clear,  
 Bask'd, in his plaid, a mountaineer ;  
 And up he sprung with sword in hand,—  
 “Thy name and purpose ! Saxon, stand !”  
 “A stranger.” “What dost thou require ?”  
 “Rest and a guide, and food and fire.  
 My life's beset, my path is lost,  
 The gale has chill'd my limbs with frost.”  
 “Art thou a friend to Roderick ?” “No.”  
 “Thou darest not call thyself a foe ?”  
 “I dare ! to him and all the band  
 He brings to aid his murderous hand.”  
 “Bold words !—but, though the beast of game  
 The privilege of chase may claim,  
 Though space and law the stag we lend,  
 Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,  
 Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,  
 The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain ?  
 Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,  
 Who say thou camest a secret spy !”  
 “They do, by heaven !—Come Roderick Dhu,  
 And of his clan the boldest two,  
 And let me but till morning rest,  
 I write the falsehood on their crest.”  
 “If by the blaze I mark aright,  
 Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight.”  
 “Then by these tokens may'st thou know  
 Each proud oppressor's mortal foe.”—

10

20

“Enough, enough ; sit down and share  
A soldier’s couch, a soldier’s fare.”

30

## XXXI.

He gave him of his Highland cheer,  
The harden’d flesh of mountain deer ;  
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,  
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.  
He tended him like welcome guest,  
Then thus his further speech address’d :—

“Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu  
A clansman born, a kinsman true ;  
Each word against his honour spoke,  
Demands of me avenging stroke ;  
Yet more,—upon thy fate, ’tis said,  
A mighty augury is laid.

10

It rests with me to wind my horn,—  
Thou art with numbers overborne ;  
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,  
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand :  
But, not for clan, nor kindred’s cause,  
Will I depart from honour’s laws ;  
To assail a wearied man were shame,  
And stranger is a holy name ;  
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,  
In vain he never must require.

20

Then rest thee here till dawn of day ;  
Myself will guide thee on the way,  
O’er stock and stone, through watch and ward,  
Till past Clan-Alpine’s outmost guard,  
As far as Coilantogle’s ford ;  
From thence thy warrant is thy sword.”

“I take thy courtesy, by heaven,  
As freely as ’tis nobly given !”

30

“Well, rest thee ; for the bittern’s cry  
Sings us the lake’s wild lullaby.”

With that he shook the gather'd heath,  
And spread his plaid upon the wreath ;  
And the brave foemen, side by side,  
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,  
And slept until the dawning beam  
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

## CANTO FIFTH.

## The Combat.

## I.

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,  
When first, by the bewilder'd pilgrim spied,  
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,  
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,  
And lights the fearful path on mountain side ;—  
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,  
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,  
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,  
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

## II.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,  
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,  
When, rousing at its glimmer red,  
The warriors left their lowly bed,  
Look'd out upon the dappled sky,  
Mutter'd their soldier matins by,  
And then awaked their fire, to steal,  
As short and rude, their soldier meal.  
That o'er, the Gael around him threw  
His graceful plaid of varied hue,  
And, true to promise, led the way,  
By thicket green and mountain grey.  
A wildering path !—they winded now

Along the precipice's brow,  
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,  
The windings of the Forth and Teith,  
And all the vales between that lie,  
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky ;  
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance  
Gain'd not the length of horseman's lance. 20  
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain  
Assistance from the hand to gain ;  
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,  
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—  
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,  
It rivals all but Beauty's tear !

## III.

At length they came where, stern and steep,  
The hill sinks down upon the deep.  
Here Vennachar in silver flows,  
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose ;  
Ever the hollow path twined on,  
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone ;  
An hundred men might hold the post  
With hardihood against a host.  
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak  
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak, 10  
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,  
And patches bright of bracken green,  
And heather black, that waved so high,  
It held the copse in rivalry.  
But where the lake slept deep and still,  
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill ;  
And oft both path and hill were torn,  
Where wintry torrents down had borne,  
And heap'd upon the cumber'd land  
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand. 20  
So toilsome was the road to trace,



The guide, abating of his pace,  
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,  
And ask'd Fitz-James, by what strange cause  
He sought these wilds? traversed by few,  
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

## IV.

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,  
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;  
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,  
"I dreamt not now to claim its aid.  
When here, but three days since, I came,  
Bewilder'd in pursuit of game,  
All seem'd as peaceful and as still,  
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;  
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,  
Nor soon expected back from war. 10  
Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,  
Though deep perchance the villain lied."  
"Yet why a second venture try?"  
"A warrior thou, and ask me why!—  
Moves our free course by such fix'd cause,  
As gives the poor mechanic laws?  
Enough, I sought to drive away  
The lazy hours of peaceful day;  
Slight cause will then suffice to guide  
A Knight's free footsteps far and wide,— 20  
A falcon flown, a greyhound stray'd,  
The merry glance of mountain maid:  
Or, if a path be dangerous known,  
The danger's self is lure alone."

## V.

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—  
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,  
Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war,

Against Clan-Alpine, rais'd by Mar?"

—"No, by my word;—of bands prepared  
To guard King James's sports I heard;  
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear  
This muster of the mountaineer,  
Their pennons will abroad be flung,  
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."—

10

"Free be they flung! for we were loth  
Their silken folds should feast the moth.  
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave  
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.  
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,  
Bewilder'd in the mountain game,  
Whence the bold boast by which you show  
Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe?"—

"Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew  
Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,  
Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,  
The chief of a rebellious clan,  
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,  
With ruffian dagger stabb'd a knight:  
Yet this alone might from his part  
Sever each true and loyal heart."

20

## VI.

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,  
Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl.  
A space he paused, then sternly said,  
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?  
Heard'st thou, that shameful word and blow  
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?  
What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood  
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?  
He rights such wrong where it is given,  
If it were in the court of heaven."—  
"Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,

10

Not then claim'd sovereignty his due ;  
 While Albany, with feeble hand,  
 Held borrow'd truncheon of command,  
 The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,  
 Was stranger to respect and power.  
 But then, thy Chieftain's robber life !—  
 Winning mean prey by causeless strife,  
 Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland swain  
 His herds and harvest rear'd in vain.—  
 Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn  
 The spoils from such foul foray borne.”

20

## VII.

The Gael beheld him grim the while,  
 And answer'd with disdainful smile,—  
 “Saxon, from yonder mountain high,  
 I mark'd thee send delighted eye,  
 Far to the south and east, where lay,  
 Extended in succession gay,  
 Deep waving fields and pastures green,  
 With gentle slopes and groves between :—  
 These fertile plains, that soften'd vale,  
 Were once the birthright of the Gael ;  
 The stranger came with iron hand,  
 And from our fathers reft the land.  
 Where dwell we now ! See, rudely swell  
 Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.  
 Ask we this savage hill we tread,  
 For fatten'd steer or household bread,  
 Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,  
 And well the mountain might reply,—  
 ‘To you, as to your sires of yore,  
 Belong the target and claymore !  
 I give you shelter in my breast,  
 Your own good blades must win the rest.’  
 Pent in this fortress of the North,

10

20

Think'st thou we will not sally forth,  
To spoil the spoiler as we may,  
And from the robber rend the prey?  
Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain  
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;  
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays  
But one along yon river's maze,—  
The Gael, of plain and river heir,  
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.  
Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold  
That plundering Lowland field and fold  
Is aught but retribution true?  
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.”—

30

## VIII.

Answer'd Fitz-James,—“And, if I sought,  
Think'st thou no other could be brought?  
What deem ye of my path waylaid?  
My life given o'er to ambuscade?”—  
“As of a meed to rashness due:  
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—  
I seek my hound, or falcon stray'd,  
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—  
Free hadst thou been to come and go;  
But secret path marks secret foe.  
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,  
Hadst thou, unheard, been doom'd to die,  
Save to fulfil an augury.”—  
“Well, let it pass; nor will I now  
Fresh cause of enmity avow,  
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.  
Enough, I am by promise tied  
To match me with this man of pride:  
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen  
In peace; but when I come again,

10

20

I come with banner, brand, and bow,  
As leader seeks his mortal foe.  
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,  
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,  
As I, until before me stand  
This rebel Chieftain and his band !”

## IX.

“Have, then, thy wish !”—He whistled shrill,  
And he was answer'd from the hill ;  
Wild as the scream of the curlew,  
From crag to crag the signal flew.  
Instant, through copse and heath, arose  
Bonnets and spears and bended bows ;  
On right, on left, above, below,  
Sprung up at once the lurking foe ;  
From shingles grey their lances start,  
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,  
The rushes and the willow-wand  
Are bristling into axe and brand,  
And every tuft of broom gives life  
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.  
That whistle garrison'd the glen  
At once with full five hundred men,  
As if the yawning hill to heaven  
A subterranean host had given.  
Watching their leader's beck and will,  
All silent there they stood, and still.  
Like the loose crags whose threat'ning mass  
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,  
As if an infant's touch could urge  
Their headlong passage down the verge,  
With step and weapon forward flung,  
Upon the mountain-side they hung.  
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride

10

20

Along Benledi's living side,  
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow  
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now? 30  
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;  
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

## X.

Fitz-James was brave :—Though to his heart  
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,  
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,  
Return'd the Chief his haughty stare,  
His back against a rock he bore,  
And firmly placed his foot before :—  
"Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I."  
Sir Roderick mark'd—and in his eyes 10  
Respect was mingled with surprise,  
And the stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel.  
Short space he stood—then waved his hand :  
Down sunk the disappearing band ;  
Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,  
In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;  
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,  
In osiers pale and copses low ;  
It seem'd as if their mother Earth 20  
Had swallow'd up her warlike birth.  
The wind's last breath had toss'd in air,  
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—  
The next but swept a lone hill-side,  
Where heath and fern were waving wide :  
The sun's last glance was glinted back,  
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—  
The next, all unreflected, shone  
On bracken green, and cold grey stone.

## XI.

Fitz-James look'd round—yet scarce believed  
The witness that his sight received ;  
Such apparition well might seem  
Delusion of a dreadful dream.  
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,  
And to his look the Chief replied,  
“Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—  
But—doubt not aught from mine array.  
Thou art my guest ;—I pledged my word  
As far as Coilantogle ford :  
Nor would I call a clansman's brand  
For aid against one valiant hand,  
Though on our strife lay every vale  
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.  
So move we on ; I only meant  
To show the reed on which you leant,  
Deeming this path you might pursue  
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.”  
They moved :—I said Fitz-James was brave,  
As ever knight that belted glaive ;  
Yet dare not say, that now his blood  
Kept on its wont and temper'd flood,  
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew  
That seeming lonesome pathway through,  
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife  
With lances, that, to take his life,  
Waited but signal from a guide,  
So late dishonour'd and defied.  
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round  
The vanish'd guardians of the ground,  
And still, from copse and heather deep,  
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,  
And in the plover's shrilly strain,  
The signal whistle heard again.

10

20

30

Nor breathed he free till far behind  
The pass was left ; for then they wind  
Along a wide and level green,  
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,  
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,  
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

40

## XII.

The Chief in silence strode before,  
And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,  
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,  
From Vennachar in silver breaks,  
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines  
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,  
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,  
Of yore, her eagle wings unfurl'd.  
And here his course the Chieftain staid,  
Threw down his target and his plaid,  
And to the Lowland warrior said—  
“ Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,  
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.  
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,  
This head of a rebellious clan,  
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,  
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.  
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,  
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.  
See, here, all vantageless I stand,  
Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand :  
For this is Coilantogle ford,  
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.”

10

20

## XIII.

The Saxon paused :—“ I ne'er delay'd,  
When foeman bade me draw my blade ;  
Nay more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death :



Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,  
 And my deep debt for life preserved,  
 A better meed have well deserved :  
 Can nought but blood our feud atone ?  
 Are there no means ?"—" No, Stranger, none !  
 And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—  
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;  
 For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred  
 Between the living and the dead ;  
 ' Who spills the foremost foeman's life,  
 His party conquers in the strife.'"  
 "Then, by my word," the Saxon said,  
 "The riddle is already read.

10

Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—  
 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.  
 Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,  
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me.  
 To James, at Stirling, let us go,  
 When, if thou wilt be still his foe,  
 Or if the King shall not agree  
 To grant thee grace and favour free,  
 I plight mine honour, oath, and word,  
 That, to thy native strengths restored,  
 With each advantage shalt thou stand,  
 That aids thee now to guard thy land."

20

## XIV.

Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye—  
 "Soars thy presumption, then, so high,  
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,  
 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu ?  
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate !  
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate :—  
 My clansman's blood demands revenge.  
 Not yet prepared ?—By heaven, I change  
 My thought, and hold thy valour light

As that of some vain carpet knight, 10  
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,  
 And whose best boast is but to wear  
 A braid of his fair lady's hair."—  
 "I thank thee, Roderick, for the word !  
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword ;  
 For I have sworn this braid to stain  
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.  
 Now, truce, farewell ! and, ruth, begone !—  
 Yet think not that by thee alone,  
 Proud Chief ! can courtesy be shown ; 20  
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,  
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,  
 Of this small horn one feeble blast  
 Would fearful odds against thee cast.  
 But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—  
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."  
 Then each at once his falchion drew,  
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,  
 Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,  
 As what they ne'er might see again ; 30  
 Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,  
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

## xv.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,  
 That on the field his targe he threw,  
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide  
 Had death so often dash'd aside ;  
 For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,  
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.  
 He practised every pass and ward,  
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard ;  
 While less expert, though stronger far,  
 The Gael maintain'd unequal war. 10  
 Three times in closing strife they stood,

And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood ;  
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,  
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.  
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,  
 And shower'd his blows like wintry rain ;  
 And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,  
 Against the winter shower is proof,  
 The foe, invulnerable still,  
 Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill ;  
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand  
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,  
 And backward borne upon the lea,  
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

20

## XVI.

" Now, yield thee, or by Him who made  
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade ! "  
 " Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !  
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die."  
 —Like adder darting from his coil,  
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,  
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,  
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ;  
 Received, but reck'd not of a wound,  
 And lock'd his arms his foeman round.—  
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !  
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !  
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,  
 Through bars of brass and triple steel !—  
 They tug, they strain ! down, down they go,  
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.  
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,  
 His knee was planted on his breast ;  
 His clotted locks he backward threw,  
 Across his brow his hand he drew,  
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,

10

20

Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright !—  
 —But hate and fury ill supplied  
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,  
 And all too late the advantage came,  
 To turn the odds of deadly game ;  
 For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,  
 Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.  
 Down came the blow ! but in the heath  
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.  
 The struggling foe may now unclasp  
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ;  
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,  
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

30

## XVII.

He falter'd thanks to Heaven for life,  
 Redeem'd, unhop'd, from desperate strife ;  
 Next on his foe his look he cast,  
 Whose every gasp appear'd his last ;  
 In Roderick's gore he dipp'd the braid,—  
 "Poor Blanche ! thy wrongs are dearly paid :  
 Yet with thy foe must die, or live,  
 The praise that Faith and Valour give."  
 With that he blew a bugle note,  
 Undid the collar from his throat,  
 Unbonneted, and by the wave  
 Sate down his brow and hands to lave.  
 Then faint afar are heard the feet  
 Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet ;  
 The sounds increase, and now are seen  
 Four mounted squires in Lincoln green ;  
 Two who bear lance, and two who lead,  
 By loosen'd rein, a saddled steed ;  
 Each onward held his headlong course,  
 And by Fitz-James rein'd up his horse,—  
 With wonder view'd the bloody spot—

10

20

—“Exclaim not, gallants ! question not.  
 You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,  
 And bind the wounds of yonder knight ;  
 Let the grey palfrey bear his weight,  
 We destined for a fairer freight,  
 And bring him on to Stirling straight ;  
 I will before at better speed,  
 To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.  
 The sun rides high ;—I must be boune,  
 To see the archer-game at noon ;  
 But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—  
 De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

30

## XVIII.

“Stand, Bayard, stand !”—the steed obey’d,  
 With arching neck and bended head,  
 And glancing eye and quivering ear,  
 As if he loved his lord to hear.  
 No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,  
 No grasp upon the saddle laid,  
 But wreath’d his left hand in the mane,  
 And lightly bounded from the plain,  
 Turn’d on the horse his armed heel,  
 And stirr’d his courage with the steel.  
 Bounded the fiery steed in air,  
 The rider sate erect and fair,  
 Then like a bolt from steel crossbow  
 Forth launch’d, along the plain they go.  
 They dash’d that rapid torrent through,  
 And up Carhonie’s hill they flew ;  
 Still at the gallop prick’d the Knight,  
 His merry-men follow’d as they might.  
 Along thy banks, swift Teith ! they ride,  
 And in the race they mock thy tide ;  
 Torry and Lendrick now are past,  
 And Deanstown lies behind them cast ;

10

20

They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune,  
 They sink in distant woodland soon ;  
 Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,  
 They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre ;  
 They mark just glance and disappear  
 The lofty brow of ancient Kier ;  
 They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,  
 Dark Forth ! amid thy sluggish tides, 30  
 And on the opposing shore take ground,  
 With splash, with scramble, and with bound.  
 Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth !  
 And soon the bulwark of the North,  
 Grey Stirling, with her towers and town,  
 Upon their fleet career look'd down.

## XIX.

As up the flinty path they strain'd,  
 Sudden his steed the leader rein'd ;  
 A signal to his squire he flung,  
 Who instant to his stirrup sprung :—  
 “ Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman grey,  
 Who town-ward holds the rocky way,  
 Of stature tall and poor array ?  
 Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,  
 With which he scales the mountain-side ?  
 Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom ? ” 10  
 “ No, by my word ;—a burly groom  
 He seems, who in the field or chase  
 A baron's train would nobly grace.”—  
 “ Out, out, De Vaux ! can fear supply,  
 And jealousy, no sharper eye ?  
 Afar, ere to the hill he drew,  
 That stately form and step I knew ;  
 Like form in Scotland is not seen,  
 Treads not such step on Scottish green.  
 'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle ! 20

The uncle of the banish'd Earl.  
 Away, away, to court, to show  
 The near approach of dreaded foe :  
 The King must stand upon his guard ;  
 Douglas and he must meet prepared."  
 Then right-hand wheel'd their steeds, and straight  
 They won the castle's postern gate.


## XX.

The Douglas, who had bent his way  
 From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey grey,  
 Now, as he climb'd the rocky shelf,  
 Held sad communion with himself :—  
 "Yes ! all is true my fears could frame ;  
 A prisoner lies the noble Græme,  
 And fiery Roderick soon will feel  
 The vengeance of the royal steel.  
 I, only I, can ward their fate,—  
 God grant the ransom come not late !  
 The abbess hath her promise given,  
 My child shall be the bride of Heaven ;—  
 —Be pardon'd one repining tear !  
 For He, who gave her, knows how dear,  
 How excellent !—but that is by,  
 And now my business is—to die.  
 —Ye towers ! within whose circuit dread  
 A Douglas by his sovereign bled ;  
 And thou, O sad and fatal mound !  
 That oft has heard the death-axe sound,  
 As on the noblest of the land  
 Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,—  
 The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb  
 Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom !  
 —But hark ! what blithe and jolly peal  
 Makes the Franciscan steeple reel ?  
 And see ! upon the crowded street,

10

20

In motley groups what masquers meet !  
Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,  
And merry morrice-dancers come. 30  
I guess, by all this quaint array,  
The burghers hold their sports to-day.  
James will be there ; he loves such show,  
Where the good yeoman bends his bow,  
And the tough wrestler foils his foe,  
As well as where, in proud career,  
The high-born tilter shivers spear.  
I'll follow to the Castle-park,  
And play my prize ;—King James shall mark  
If age has tamed these sinews stark, 40  
Whose force so oft, in happier days,  
His boyish wonder loved to praise."



## XXI.

The Castle gates were open flung,  
The quivering draw-bridge rock'd and rung,  
And echo'd loud the flinty street  
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,  
As slowly down the steep descent  
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,  
While all along the crowded way  
Was jubilee and loud huzza.  
And ever James was bending low,  
To his white jennet's saddlebow, 10  
Doffing his cap to city dame,  
Who smiled and blush'd for pride and shame.  
And well the simperer might be vain,—  
He chose the fairest of the train.  
Gravely he greets each city sire,  
Commends each pageant's quaint attire,  
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,  
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,



Who rend the heavens with their acclaims,—  
“Long live the Commons’ King, King James!”      20  
Behind the King throng’d peer and knight,  
And noble dame and damsel bright,  
Whose fiery steeds ill brook’d the stay  
Of the steep street and crowded way.  
—But in the train you might discern  
Dark lowering brow and visage stern;  
There nobles mourn’d their pride restrain’d,  
And the mean burgher’s joys disdain’d;  
And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,  
Were each from home a banish’d man,      30  
There thought upon their own grey tower,  
Their waving woods, their feudal power,  
And deem’d themselves a shameful part  
Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

## XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out  
Their chequer’d bands the joyous rout.  
There morricers, with bell at heel,  
And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;  
But chief, beside the butts, there stand  
Bold Robin Hood and all his band,—  
Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl,  
Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,  
Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone,  
Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;      10  
Their bugles challenge all that will,  
In archery to prove their skill.  
The Douglas bent a bow of might,—  
His first shaft centred in the white,  
And when in turn he shot again,  
His second split the first in twain.  
From the King’s hand must Douglas take

A silver dart, the archer's stake ;  
 Fondly he watch'd, with watery eye,  
 Some answering glance of sympathy,— 20'  
 No kind emotion made reply !  
 Indifferent as to archer wight,  
 The monarch gave the arrow bright.

## XXIII.

Now, clear the ring ! for, hand to hand,  
 The manly wrestlers take their stand.  
 Two o'er the rest superior rose,  
 And proud demanded mightier foes,  
 Nor call'd in vain ; for Douglas came.  
 —For life is Hugh of Larbert lame ;  
 Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,  
 Whom senseless home his comrades bare.  
 Prize of the wrestling match, the King  
 To Douglas gave a golden ring, 10  
 While coldly glanced his eye of blue,  
 As frozen drop of wintry dew.  
 Douglas would speak, but in his breast  
 His struggling soul his words suppress'd ;  
 Indignant then he turn'd him where  
 Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,  
 To hurl the massive bar in air.  
 When each his utmost strength had shown,  
 The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone  
 From its deep bed, then heaved it high, 20  
 And sent the fragment through the sky,  
 A rood beyond the farthest mark ;  
 And still in Stirling's royal park,  
 The grey-hair'd sires, who know the past,  
 To strangers point the Douglas-cast,  
 And moralize on the decay  
 Of Scottish strength in modern day.

## XXIV.

The vale with loud applauses rang,  
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang.  
The King, with look unmoved, bestow'd  
A purse well fill'd with pieces broad,  
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,  
And threw the gold among the crowd,  
Who now, with anxious wonder, scan,  
And sharper glance, the dark grey man ;  
Till whispers rose among the throng,  
That heart so free, and hand so strong,  
Must to the Douglas blood belong ;  
The old men mark'd and shook the head,  
To see his hair with silver spread,  
And wink'd aside, and told each son,  
Of feats upon the English done,  
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand  
Was exiled from his native land.  
The women prais'd his stately form,  
Though wreck'd by many a winter's storm ;  
The youth with awe and wonder saw  
His strength surpassing Nature's law.  
Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,  
Till murmur rose to clamours loud.  
But not a glance from that proud ring  
Of peers who circled round the King,  
With Douglas held communion kind,  
Or call'd the banish'd man to mind ;  
No, not from those who, at the chase,  
Once held his side the honour'd place,  
Begirt his board, and, in the field,  
Found safety underneath his shield ;  
For he, whom royal eyes disown,  
When was his form to courtiers known !

10

20

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## XXV.

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,  
And bade let loose a gallant stag,  
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,  
Two favourite greyhounds should pull down,  
That venison free, and Bourdeaux wine,  
Might serve the archery to dine.

But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' side  
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,  
The fleetest hound in all the North,—  
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.

10

She left the royal hounds mid-way,  
And dashing on the antler'd prey,  
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,  
And deep the flowing life-blood drank.  
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport  
By strange intruder broken short,  
Came up, and with his leash unbound,  
In anger struck the noble hound.

—The Douglas had endured, that morn,  
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,  
And last, and worst to spirit proud,

20

Had borne the pity of the crowd;  
But Lufra had been fondly bred,  
To share his board, to watch his bed,  
And oft would Ellen, Lufra's neck  
In maiden glee with garlands deck;  
They were such playmates, that with name  
Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.

His stifled wrath is brimming high,  
In darken'd brow and flashing eye;  
As waves before the bark divide,  
The crowd gave way before his stride;  
Needs but a buffet and no more,  
The groom lies senseless in his gore.

30

Such blow no other hand could deal,  
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

## XXVI.

Then clamour'd loud the royal train,  
And brandish'd swords and staves amain,  
But stern the Baron's warning—"Back !  
Back, on your lives, ye menial pack !  
Beware the Douglas.—Yes ! behold,  
King James ! The Douglas, doom'd of old,  
And vainly sought for near and far,  
A victim to atone the war,  
A willing victim, now attends,  
Nor craves thy grace but for his friends."—  
"Thus is my clemency repaid ?  
Presumptuous Lord !" the Monarch said ;  
"Of thy mis-proud ambitious clan,  
Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,  
The only man, in whom a foe  
My woman-mercy would not know :  
But shall a Monarch's presence brook  
Injurious blow, and haughty look ?—  
What ho ! the Captain of our Guard !  
Give the offender fitting ward.—  
Break off the sports !"—for tumult rose,  
And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows,—  
"Break off the sports !" he said, and frown'd,  
"And bid our horsemen clear the ground."

10

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## XXVII.

Then uproar wild and misarray  
Marr'd the fair form of festal day.  
The horsemen prick'd among the crowd,  
Repell'd by threats and insult loud ;  
To earth are borne the old and weak,  
The timorous fly, the women shriek ;

With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,  
The hardier urge tumultuous war.  
At once round Douglas darkly sweep  
The royal spears in circle deep, 10  
And slowly scale the pathway steep ;  
While on the rear in thunder pour  
The rabble with disorder'd roar.  
With grief the noble Douglas saw  
The Commons rise against the law,  
And to the leading soldier said—  
“Sir John of Hyndford ! ’twas my blade,  
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid ;  
For that good deed, permit me then  
A word with these misguided men. 20

## XXVIII.

“Hear, gentle friends ! ere yet for me,  
Ye break the bands of fealty.  
My life, my honour, and my cause,  
I tender free to Scotland's laws.  
Are these so weak as must require  
The aid of your misguided ire ?  
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,  
Is then my selfish rage so strong,  
My sense of public weal so low,  
That, for mean vengeance on a foe, 10  
Those cords of love I should unbind,  
Which knit my country and my kind ?  
O no ! Believe, in yonder tower  
It will not soothe my captive hour,  
To know those spears our foes should dread,  
For me in kindred gore are red ;  
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,  
For me, that mother wails her son ;  
For me, that widow's mate expires ;  
For me, that orphans weep their sires ; 20

That patriots mourn insulted laws,  
And curse the Douglas for the cause.  
O let your patience ward such ill,  
And keep your right to love me still !'

## XXIX.

The crowd's wild fury sunk again  
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.  
With lifted hands and eyes, they pray'd  
For blessings on his generous head,  
Who for his country felt alone,  
And prized her blood beyond his own.  
Old men, upon the verge of life,  
Bless'd him who staid the civil strife ;  
And mothers held their babes on high,  
The self-devoted Chief to spy, 10  
Triumphant over wrongs and ire,  
To whom the prattlers owed a sire :  
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved ;  
As if behind some bier beloved,  
With trailing arms and drooping head,  
The Douglas up the hill he led,  
And at the Castle's battled verge,  
With sighs resign'd his honour'd charge.

## XXX.

The offended Monarch rode apart,  
With bitter thought and swelling heart,  
And would not now vouchsafe again  
Through Stirling streets to lead his train.  
"O Lennox, who would wish to rule  
This changeling crowd, this common fool ?  
Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim,  
With which they shout the Douglas name ?  
With like acclaim, the vulgar throat  
Strain'd for King James their morning note ; 10

With like acclaim they hail'd the day,  
 When first I broke the Douglas' sway ;  
 And like acclaim would Douglas greet  
 If he could hurl me from my seat.  
 Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,  
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain !  
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream,  
 And fickle as a changeful dream ;  
 Fantastic as a woman's mood,  
 And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.  
 Thou many-headed monster-thing,  
 O who would wish to be thy king !

20

## XXXI.

"But soft ! what messenger of speed  
 Spurs hitherward his panting steed ?  
 I guess his cognizance afar—  
 What from our cousin, John of Mar ?"—  
 "He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound  
 Within the safe and guarded ground :  
 For some foul purpose yet unknown,—  
 Most sure for evil to the throne,—  
 The outlaw'd Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,  
 Has summon'd his rebellious crew ;  
 'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid  
 These loose banditti stand array'd.  
 The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Deune,  
 To break their muster march'd, and soon  
 Your grace will hear of battle fought ;  
 But earnestly the Earl besought,  
 Till for such danger he provide,  
 With scanty train you will not ride."

10

## XXXII.

"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—  
 I should have earlier look'd to this :



I lost it in this bustling day.  
 —Retrace with speed thy former way ;  
 Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,  
 The best of mine shall be thy need.  
 Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,  
 We do forbid the intended war :  
 Roderick, this morn, in single fight,  
 Was made our prisoner by a knight ;  
 And Douglas hath himself and cause  
 Submitted to our kingdom's laws.  
 The tidings of their leaders lost  
 Will soon dissolve the mountain host,  
 Nor would we that the vulgar feel,  
 For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.  
 Bear Mar our message, Braco ; fly !"—  
 He turn'd his steed.—" My liege, I hie,—  
 Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,  
 I fear the broadswords will be drawn."  
 The turf the flying courser spurn'd,  
 And to his towers the King return'd.

10

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## XXXIII.

Ill with King James' mood that day,  
 Suited gay feast and minstrel lay ;  
 Soon were dismiss'd the courtly throng,  
 And soon cut short the festal song,  
 Nor less upon the sadden'd town  
 The evening sunk in sorrow down.  
 The burghers spoke of civil jar,  
 Of rumour'd feuds and mountain war,  
 Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,  
 All up in arms :—the Douglas too,  
 They mourn'd him pent within the hold,  
 " Where stout Earl William was of old."  
 And there his word the speaker staid,

10

And finger on his lip he laid,  
 Or pointed to his dagger blade.  
 But jaded horsemen, from the west,  
 At evening to the Castle press'd ;  
 And busy talkers said they bore  
 Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore ;  
 At noon the deadly fray begun,  
 And lasted till the set of sun.  
 Thus giddy rumour shook the town,  
 Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

20

## CANTO SIXTH.

## The Guard-Room.

## I.

THE sun, awakening, through the smoky air  
 Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,  
 Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,  
 Of sinful man the sad inheritance ;  
 Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,  
 Scaring the prowling robber to his den ;  
 Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,  
 And warning student pale to leave his pen,  
 And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.  
 What various scenes, and, O ! what scenes of woe,  
 Are witness'd by that red and struggling beam !  
 The fever'd patient, from his pallet low,  
 Through crowded hospital beholds its stream ;  
 The ruin'd maiden trembles at its gleam,  
 The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail,  
 The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream ;  
 The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,  
 Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail.

10

## II.

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang  
With soldier-step and weapon-clang,  
While drums, with rolling note, foretell  
Relief to weary sentinel.  
Through narrow loop and casement barr'd,  
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,  
And, struggling with the smoky air,  
Deaden'd the torches' yellow glare.  
In comfortless alliance shone  
The lights through arch of blacken'd stone,  
And show'd wild shapes in garb of war,  
Faces deform'd with beard and scar,  
All haggard from the midnight watch,  
And fever'd with the stern debauch ;  
For the oak table's massive board,  
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,  
And beakers drain'd, and cups o'erthrown,  
Show'd in what sport the night had flown.  
Some, weary, snored on floor and bench ;  
Some labour'd still their thirst to quench ;  
Some, chill'd with watching, spread their hands  
O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,  
While round them, or beside them flung,  
At every step their harness rung.

### III.

These drew not for their fields the sword,  
Like tenants of a feudal lord,  
Nor own'd the patriarchal claim  
Of Chieftain in their leader's name ;  
Adventurers they, from far who roved,  
To live by battle which they loved.  
There the Italian's clouded face,  
The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace ;

The mountain-loving Switzer there  
More freely breathed in mountain-air ; 10  
The Fleming there despised the soil,  
That paid so ill the labourer's toil ;  
Their rolls show'd French and German name ;  
And merry England's exiles came,  
To share, with ill conceal'd disdain,  
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.  
All brave in arms, well train'd to wield  
The heavy halberd, brand, and shield ;  
In camps licentious, wild, and bold ;  
In pillage fierce and uncontroll'd ; 20  
And now, by holytide and feast,  
From rules of discipline released.

## IV.

They held debate of bloody fray,  
Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray.  
Fierce was their speech, and, 'mid their words,  
Their hands oft grappled to their swords ;  
Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear  
Of wounded comrades groaning near,  
Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gored,  
Bore token of the mountain sword,  
Though, neighbouring to the Court of Guard,  
Their prayers and feverish wails were heard ; 10  
Sad burden to the ruffian joke,  
And savage oath by fury spoke !—  
At length up-started John of Brent,  
A yeoman from the banks of Trent ;  
A stranger to respect or fear,  
In peace a chaser of the deer,  
In host a hardy mutineer,  
But still the boldest of the crew,  
When deed of danger was to do.  
He grieved, that day, their games cut short, 20

And marr'd the dicer's brawling sport,  
And shouted loud, "Renew the bowl !  
And, while a merry catch I troll,  
Let each the buxom chorus bear,  
Like brethren of the brand and spear."

## V.

*Soldier's Song.*

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule  
Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl,  
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack,  
And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack ;  
Yet whoop, Barnaby ! off with thy liquor,  
Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar !

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip  
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,  
Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchiefs so sly,  
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye ; 10  
Yet whoop, Jack ! kiss Gillian the quicker,  
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar !

Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he not ?  
For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot ;  
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,  
Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.  
Yet whoop, bully-boys ! off with your liquor,  
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar !

## VI.

The warder's challenge, heard without,  
Staid in mid-roar the merry shout.  
A soldier to the portal went,—  
" Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent ;  
And,—beat for jubilee the drum !—  
A maid and minstrel with him come."

Bertram, a Fleming, grey and scarr'd,  
Was entering now the Court of Guard,  
A harper with him, and in plaid  
All muffled close, a mountain maid,  
Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view  
Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.  
"What news?" they roar'd :—"I only know,  
From noon till eve we fought with foe  
As wild and as untameable  
As the rude mountains where they dwell ;  
On both sides store of blood is lost,  
Nor much success can either boast."—  
"But whence thy captives, friend ? such spoil  
As theirs must needs reward thy toil.  
Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp ;  
Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp !  
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,  
The leader of a juggler band."—

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## VII.

"No, comrade ;—no such fortune mine.  
After the fight these sought our line,  
That aged harper and the girl,  
And having audience of the Earl,  
Mar bade I should purvey them steed,  
And bring them hitherward with speed.  
Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,  
For none shall do them shame or harm."—  
"Hear ye his boast," cried John of Brent,  
Ever to strife and jangling bent ;  
"Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,  
And yet the jealous niggard grudge  
To pay the forester his fee ?  
I'll have my share howe'er it be,  
Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee."  
Bertram his forward step withstood ;

10

And, burning in his vengeful mood,  
Old Allan, though unfit for strife,  
Laid hand upon his dagger-knife ;  
But Ellen boldly stepp'd between,  
And dropp'd at once the tartan screen :—  
So, from his morning cloud, appears  
The sun of May, through summer tears.  
The savage soldiery, amazed,  
As on descended angel gazed ;  
Even hardy Brent, abash'd and tamed,  
Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

20

## VIII.

Boldly she spoke,—“Soldiers, attend !  
My father was the soldier's friend ;  
Cheer'd him in camps, in marches led,  
And with him in the battle bled.  
Not from the valiant, or the strong,  
Should exile's daughter suffer wrong.”—  
Answer'd De Brent, most forward still  
In every feat or good or ill,—  
“I shame me of the part I play'd :  
And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid !  
An outlaw I by forest laws,  
And merry Needwood knows the cause.  
Poor Rose,—if Rose be living now,”—  
He wiped his iron eye and brow,—  
“Must bear such age, I think, as thou.  
Hear ye, my mates ;—I go to call  
The Captain of our watch to hall ;  
There lies my halberd on the floor ;  
And he that steps my halberd o'er,  
To do the maid injurious part,  
My shaft shall quiver in his heart !—  
Beware loose speech, or jesting rough :  
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough.”

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## IX.

Their Captain came, a gallant young,—  
 (Of Tullibardine's house he sprung,)  
 Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight ;  
 Gay was his mien, his humour light,  
 And, though by courtesy controll'd,  
 Forward his speech, his bearing bold.  
 The high-born maiden ill could brook  
 The scanning of his curious look  
 And dauntless eye ;—and yet, in sooth,  
 Young Lewis was a generous youth ;  
 But Ellen's lovely face and mien,  
 Ill suited to the garb and scene,  
 Might lightly bear construction strange,  
 And give loose fancy scope to range.  
 “ Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid !  
 Come ye to seek a champion's aid,  
 On palfrey white, with harper hoar,  
 Like errant damosel of yore ?  
 Does thy high quest a knight require,  
 Or may the venture suit a squire ? ”—  
 Her dark eye flash'd ;—she paused and sigh'd,—  
 “ O what have I to do with pride !—  
 —Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,  
 A suppliant for a father's life,  
 I crave an audience of the King.  
 Behold, to back my suit, a ring,  
 The royal pledge of grateful claims,  
 Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James.”

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## X.

The signet-ring young Lewis took,  
 With deep respect and alter'd look ;  
 And said,—“ This ring our duties own ;  
 And pardon, if to worth unknown,



In semblance mean obscurely veil'd,  
Lady, in aught my folly fail'd.  
Soon as the day flings wide his gates,  
The King shall know what suitor waits.  
Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower  
Repose you till his waking hour ;  
Female attendance shall obey  
Your hest, for service or array.  
Permit I marshal you the way."  
But, ere she follow'd, with the grace  
And open bounty of her race,  
She bade her slender purse be shared  
Among the soldiers of the guard.  
The rest with thanks their guerdon took ;  
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,  
On the reluctant maiden's hold  
Forced bluntly back the proffer'd gold ;—  
" Forgive a haughty English heart,  
And O forget its ruder part !  
The vacant purse shall be my share,  
Which in my barret-cap I'll bear,  
Perchance, in jeopardy of war,  
Where gayer crests may keep afar."  
With thanks,—'twas all she could—the maid  
His rugged courtesy repaid.

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## XI.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,  
Allan made suit to John of Brent :—  
" My lady safe, O let your grace  
Give me to see my master's face !  
His minstrel I,—to share his doom  
Bound from the cradle to the tomb.  
Tenth in descent, since first my sires  
Waked for his noble house their lyres,  
Nor one of all the race was known

But prized its weal above their own. 10  
With the Chief's birth begins our care ;  
Our harp must soothe the infant heir,  
Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace  
His earliest feat of field or chase ;  
In peace, in war, our rank we keep,  
We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,  
Nor leave him till we pour our verse,—  
A doleful tribute !—o'er his hearse.  
Then let me share his captive lot ;  
It is my right—deny it not !”— 20  
“ Little we reck,” said John of Brent,  
“ We Southern men, of long descent ;  
Nor wot we how a name—a word—  
Makes clansmen vassals to a lord :  
Yet kind my noble landlord's part,—  
God bless the house of Beaudesert !  
And, but I loved to drive the deer,  
More than to guide the labouring steer,  
I had not dwelt an outcast here.  
Come, good old Minstrel, follow me ; 30  
Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see.”

## XII.

Then, from a rusted iron hook,  
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,  
Lighted a torch, and Allan led  
Through grated arch and passage dread.  
Portals they pass'd, where, deep within,  
Spoke prisoner's moan, and fetters' din ;  
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,  
Lay wheel, and axe, and headsman's sword,  
And many an hideous engine grim,  
For wrenching joint, and crushing limb, 10  
By artist form'd, who deem'd it shame  
And sin to give their work a name.

They halted at a low-brow'd porch,  
 And Brent to Allan gave the torch,  
 While bolt and chain he backward roll'd,  
 And made the bar unhasp its hold.  
 They enter'd :—'twas a prison-room  
 Of stern security and gloom,  
 Yet not a dungeon ; for the day  
 Through lofty gratings found its way,  
 And rude and antique garniture  
 Deck'd the sad walls and oaken floor ;  
 Such as the rugged days of old  
 Deem'd fit for captive noble's hold.  
 " Here," said De Brent, " thou may'st remain  
 Till the Leech visit him again.  
 Strict is his charge, the warders tell,  
 To tend the noble prisoner well."  
 Retiring then the bolt he drew,  
 And the lock's murmurs growl'd anew.  
 Roused at the sound from lowly bed  
 A captive feebly raised his head ;  
 The wondering Minstrel look'd, and knew—  
 Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu !  
 For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,  
 They, erring, deem'd the Chief he sought.

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## XIII.

As the tall ship, whose lofty prore  
 Shall never stem the billows more,  
 Deserted by her gallant band,  
 Amid the breakers lies astrand,—  
 So, on his couch lay Roderick Dhu !  
 And oft his fever'd limbs he threw  
 In toss abrupt, as when her sides  
 Lie rocking in the advancing tides,  
 That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,  
 Yet cannot heave her from her seat ;

10

O ! how unlike her course at sea !  
 Or his free step on hill and lea !—  
 Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,  
 —“ What of thy lady ?—of my clan ?—  
 My mother ?—Douglas ?—tell me all ?  
 Have they been ruin'd in my fall ?  
 Ah, yes ! or wherefore art thou here ?  
 Yet speak,—speak boldly,—do not fear.”—  
 (For Allan, who his mood well knew,  
 Was choked with grief and terror too). 20  
 “ Who fought—who fled ?—Old man, be brief ;—  
 Some might—for they had lost their Chief.  
 Who basely live ?—who bravely died ? ”  
 “ O calm thee, Chief ! ” the Minstrel cried,  
 “ Ellen is safe ; ”—“ For that thank Heaven ! ”  
 “ And hopes are for the Douglas given :—  
 The Lady Margaret too is well ;  
 And, for thy clan,—on field or fell,  
 Has never harp of minstrel told,  
 Of combat fought so true and bold. 30  
 Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,  
 Though many a goodly bough is rent.”

## XIV.

The Chieftain rear'd his form on high,  
 And fever's fire was in his eye ;  
 But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks  
 Chequer'd his swarthy brow and cheeks.  
 —“ Hark, Minstrel ! I have heard thee play,  
 With measure bold, on festal day,  
 In yon lone isle, . . . again where ne'er  
 Shall harper play, or warrior hear ! . . .  
 That stirring air that peals on high,  
 O'er Dermid's race our victory.— 10  
 Strike it !—and then, (for well thou canst,)  
 Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,

Fling me the picture of the fight,  
 When met my clan the Saxon might.  
 I'll listen, till my fancy hears  
 The clang of swords, the crash of spears !  
 These grates, these walls, shall vanish then,  
 For the fair field of fighting men,  
 And my free spirit burst away,  
 As if it soar'd from battle fray."  
 The trembling Bard with awe obey'd,—  
 Slow on the harp his hand he laid ;  
 But soon remembrance of the sight  
 He witness'd from the mountain's height,  
 With what old Bertram told at night,  
 Awaken'd the full power of song,  
 And bore him in career along ;—  
 As shallop launch'd on river's tide,  
 That slow and fearful leaves the side,  
 But, when it feels the middle stream,  
 Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

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## XV.

## Battle of Béal an Duinn.

"The Minstrel came once more to view  
 The eastern ridge of Benvenue,  
 For ere he parted, he would say  
 Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—  
 Where shall he find, in foreign land,  
 So lone a lake, so sweet a strand !—  
 There is no breeze upon the fern,  
 Nor ripple on the lake,  
 Upon her eyry nods the erne,  
 The deer has sought the brake ;  
 The small birds will not sing aloud,  
 The springing trout lies still,  
 So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,

10

That swathes, as with a purple shroud,  
Benledi's distant hill.  
Is it the thunder's solemn sound  
That mutters deep and dread,  
Or echoes from the groaning ground  
The warrior's measured tread ?  
Is it the lightning's quivering glance 20  
That on the thicket streams,  
Or do they flash on spear and lance  
The sun's retiring beams ?  
—I see the dagger-crest of Mar,  
I see the Moray's silver star,  
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war.  
That up the lake comes winding far !  
To hero bound for battle-strife,  
Or bard of martial lay,  
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life, 30  
One glance at their array !

## XVI.

"Their light-arm'd archers far and near  
Survey'd the tangled ground,  
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,  
A twilight forest frown'd,  
Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,  
The stern battalia crown'd.  
No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,  
Still were the pipe and drum ;  
Save heavy tread, and armour's clang,  
The sullen march was dumb. 10  
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,  
Or wave their flags abroad ;  
Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,  
That shadow'd o'er their road.  
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,  
Can rouse no lurking foe,

Nor spy a trace of living thing,  
Save when they stirr'd the roe ;  
The host moves like a deep-sea wave,  
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave, 20  
High swelling, dark, and slow.  
The lake is pass'd, and now they gain  
A narrow and a broken plain,  
Before the Trosach's rugged jaws ;  
And here the horse and spearmen pause,  
While, to explore the dangerous glen,  
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

## XVII.

"At once there rose so wild a yell  
Within that dark and narrow dell,  
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,  
Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell !  
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,  
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,  
The archery appear :  
For life ! for life ! their plight they ply—  
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,  
And plaids and bonnets waving high, 10  
And broadswords flashing to the sky,  
Are maddening in the rear.  
Onward they drive, in dreadful race,  
Pursuers and pursued ;  
Before that tide of flight and chase,  
How shall it keep its rooted place,  
The spearmen's twilight wood ?—  
'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down !  
'Bear back both friend and foe !'—  
Like reeds before the tempest's frown, 20  
That serried grove of lances brown  
At once lay levell'd low ;  
And closely shouldering side to side,

The bristling ranks the onset bide.--  
'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,  
As their Tinchel cows the game !  
They come as fleet as forest deer,  
We'll drive them back as tame.'—

## XVIII.

"Bearing before them, in their course,  
The relics of the archer force,  
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,  
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.  
Above the tide, each broadsword bright  
Was brandishing like beam of light,  
Each targe was dark below ;  
And with the ocean's mighty swing,  
When heaving to the tempest's wing,  
They hurl'd them on the foe.

10

I heard the lance's shivering crash,  
As when the whirlwind rends the ash ;  
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,  
As if an hundred anvils rang !  
But Moray wheel'd his rearward rank  
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,  
—'My banner-man, advance !

I see,' he cried, 'their column shake.—  
Now, gallants ! for your ladies' sake,  
Upon them with the lance !'—

20

The horsemen dash'd among the rout,  
As deer break through the broom ;  
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,  
They soon make lightsome room.  
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—  
Where, where was Roderick then !  
One blast upon his bugle-horn  
Were worth a thousand men.  
And refluent through the pass of fear





The martial flood disgorged agen,  
 But not in mingled tide ;  
 The plaided warriors of the North  
 High on the mountain thunder forth  
 And overhang its side ;  
 While by the lake below appears  
 The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears. 30  
 At weary bay each shatter'd band,  
 Eyeing their foemen, sternly stand ;  
 Their banners stream like tatter'd sail,  
 That flings its fragments to the gale,  
 And broken arms and disarray  
 Mark'd the fell havoc of the day.

## XX.

"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,  
 The Saxon stood in sullen trance,  
 Till Moray pointed with his lance,  
 And cried—'Behold yon isle !—  
 See ! none are left to guard its strand,  
 But women weak, that wring the hand :  
 'Tis there of yore the robber band  
 Their booty wont to pile ;—  
 My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,  
 To him will swim a bow-shot o'er, 10  
 And loose a shallop from the shore.  
 Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,  
 Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.'  
 Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,  
 On earth his casque and corslet rung,  
 He plunged him in the wave :—  
 All saw the deed—the purpose knew,  
 And to their clamours Benvenue  
 A mingled echo gave ;  
 The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer, 20  
 The helpless females scream for fear,

And yells for rage the mountaineer.  
 'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,  
 Pour'd down at once the lowering heaven ;  
 A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,  
 Her billows rear'd their snowy crest.  
 Well for the swimmer swell'd they high,  
 To mar the Highland marksman's eye ;  
 For round him shower'd, 'mid rain and hail,  
 The vengeful arrows of the Gael.—  
 In vain—He nears the isle— and lo !  
 His hand is on a shallop's bow.  
 —Just then a flash of lightning came,  
 It tinged the waves and strand with flame ;—  
 I mark'd Duncraggan's widow'd dame,  
 Behind an oak I saw her stand,  
 A naked dirk gleam'd in her hand :—  
 It darken'd,—but amid the moan  
 Of waves, I heard a dying groan ;—  
 Another flash !—the spearman floats  
 A weltering corse beside the boats,  
 And the stern matron o'er him stood,  
 Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

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## xxi.

“ ‘Revenge ! revenge !’ the Saxons cried,  
 The Gaels' exulting shout replied.  
 Despite the elemental rage,  
 Again they hurried to engage ;  
 But, ere they closed in desperate fight,  
 Bloody with spurring came a knight,  
 Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag,  
 Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.  
 Clarion and trumpet by his side  
 Rung forth a truce-note high and wide,  
 While, in the Monarch's name, afar  
 An herald's voice forbade the war,

10

For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold,  
 Were both, he said, in captive hold."  
 —But here the lay made sudden stand,  
 The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand!—  
 Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy  
 How Roderick brook'd his minstrelsy :  
 At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,  
 With lifted hand, kept feeble time ;  
 That motion ceased,—yet feeling strong  
 Varied his look as changed the song ;  
 At length, no more his deafen'd ear  
 The minstrel melody can hear ;  
 His face grows sharp,—his hands are clench'd,  
 As if some pang his heart-strings wrench'd ;  
 Set are his teeth, his fading eye  
 Is sternly fix'd on vacancy ;  
 Thus, motionless, and moanless, drew  
 His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu !—  
 Old Allan-bane look'd on aghast,  
 While grim and still his spirit pass'd ;  
 But when he saw that life was fled,  
 He pour'd his wailing o'er the dead.

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## XXII.

## Lament.

"And art thou cold and lowly laid,  
 Thy foemen's dread, thy people's aid,  
 Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade !  
 For thee shall none a requiem say ?—  
 For thee,—who loved the minstrel's lay,  
 For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,  
 The shelter of her exiled line,  
 E'en in this prison-house of thine,  
 I'll wail for Alpine's honour'd Pine !

“What groans shall yonder valleys fill !  
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill !  
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,  
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,  
Thy fall before the race was won,  
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun !  
There breathes not clansman of thy line,  
But would have given his life for thine.—  
O woe for Alpine’s honour’d Pine !

10

“Sad was thy lot on mortal stage !—  
The captive thrush may brook the cage,  
The prison’d eagle dies for rage.  
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain !  
And, when its notes awake again,  
Even she, so long beloved in vain,  
Shall with my harp her voice combine,  
And mix her woe and tears with mine,  
To wail Clan-Alpine’s honoured Pine.”—

20

## XXIII.

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart,  
Remain’d in lordly bower apart,  
Where play’d, with many-colour’d gleams,  
Through storied pane the rising beams.  
In vain on gilded roof they fall,  
And lighten’d up a tapestried wall,  
And for her use a menial train  
A rich collation spread in vain.  
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,  
Scarce drew one curious glance astray ;  
Or if she look’d, ’twas but to say,  
With better omen dawn’d the day  
In that lone isle, where waved on high  
The dun-deer’s hide for canopy ;  
Where oft her noble father shared

10

The simple meal her care prepared,  
While Lufra, crouching by her side,  
Her station claim'd with jealous pride,  
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,  
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme, 20  
Whose answer, oft at random made,  
The wandering of his thoughts betray'd.—  
Those who such simple joys have known,  
Are taught to prize them when they're gone.  
But sudden, see, she lifts her head !  
The window seeks with cautious tread.  
What distant music has the power  
To win her in this woful hour !  
'Twas from a turret that o'erhung  
Her latticed bower, the strain was sung. 30

## XXIV.

## Day of the Imprisoned Huntsman.

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood,  
My idle greyhound loathes his food,  
My horse is weary of his stall,  
And I am sick of captive thrall.  
I wish I were as I have been,  
Hunting the hart in forest green,  
With bended bow and bloodhound free,  
For that's the life is meet for me.  
I hate to learn the ebb of time,  
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime, 10  
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,  
Inch after inch, along the wall.  
The lark was wont my matins ring,  
The sable rook my vespers sing ;  
These towers, although a king's they be,  
Have not a hall of joy for me.  
No more at dawning morn I rise,

And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,  
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,  
And homeward wend with evening dew ; 20  
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,  
And lay my trophies at her feet,  
While fled the eve on wing of glee,—  
That life is lost to love and me !”

## XXV.

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,  
The list'ner had not turn'd her head,  
It trickled still, the starting tear,  
When light a footstep struck her ear,  
And Snowdown's graceful Knight was near.  
She turn'd the hastier, lest again  
The prisoner should renew his strain.  
“O welcome, brave Fitz-James !” she said ;  
“How may an almost orphan maid  
Pay the deep debt ”——“O say not so ! 10  
To me no gratitude you owe.  
Not mine, alas ! the boon to give,  
And bid thy noble father live ;  
I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,  
With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.  
No tyrant he, though ire and pride  
May lay his better mood aside.  
Come, Ellen, come ! 'tis more than time,  
He holds his court at morning prime.”  
With beating heart, and bosom wrung, 20  
As to a brother's arm she clung.  
Gently he dried the falling tear,  
And gently whisper'd hope and cheer ;  
Her faltering steps half led, half staid,  
Through gallery fair and high arcade,  
Till, at his touch, its wings of pride  
A portal arch unfolded wide.

## XXVI.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,  
A thronging scene of figures bright ;  
It glow'd on Ellen's dazzled sight,  
As when the setting sun has given  
Ten thousand hues to summer even,  
And from their tissue, fancy frames  
Aerial knights and fairy dames.  
Still by Fitz-James her footing staid ;  
A few faint steps she forward made,  
Then slow her drooping head she raised, 10  
And fearful round the presence gazed ;  
For him she sought, who own'd this state,  
The dreaded Prince whose will was fate !—  
She gazed on many a princely port,  
Might well have ruled a royal court ;  
On many a splendid garb she gazed,—  
Then turn'd bewilder'd and amazed,  
For all stood bare ; and, in the room,  
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.  
To him each lady's look was lent ; 20  
On him each courtier's eye was bent ;  
Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,  
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,  
The centre of the glittering ring,—  
And Snowdown's Knight is Scotland's King.

## XXVII.

As wreath of snow, on mountain-breast,  
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,  
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,  
And at the Monarch's feet she lay ;  
No word her choking voice commands,—  
She show'd the ring—she clasp'd her hands.  
O ! not a moment could he brook,



The generous prince, that suppliant look !  
Gently he raised her,—and, the while,  
Check'd with a glance the circle's smile ;  
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kiss'd,  
And bade her terrors be dismiss'd :—  
“ Yes, Fair ; the wandering poor Fitz-James  
The fealty of Scotland claims.  
To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring ;  
He will redeem his signet ring.  
Ask nought for Douglas ;—yester even,  
His prince and he have much forgiven :  
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,  
I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.  
We would not, to the vulgar crowd,  
Yield what they craved with clamour loud ;  
Calmly we heard and judged his cause,  
Our council aided, and our laws.  
I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern,  
With stout De Vaux and Grey Glencairn ;  
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own  
The friend and bulwark of our Throne.—  
But, lovely infidel, how now ?  
What clouds thy misbelieving brow ?  
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid ;  
Thou must confirm this doubting maid.”

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## XXVIII.

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,  
And on his neck his daughter hung.  
The monarch drank, that happy hour,  
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power,—  
When it can say, with godlike voice,  
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice !  
Yet would not James the general eye  
On Nature's raptures long should pry ;

He stepp'd between—"Nay, Douglas, nay,  
Steal not my proselyte away !  
The riddle 'tis my right to read,  
That brought this happy chance to speed.  
—Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray  
In life's more low but happier way,  
'Tis under name which veils my power,  
Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower  
Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims,  
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.  
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,  
Thus learn to right the injured cause."—  
Then, in a tone apart and low,—  
"Ah, little traitress ! none must know  
What idle dream, what lighter thought,  
What vanity full dearly bought,  
Join'd to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew  
My spell-bound steps to Benvenue,  
In dangerous hour, and all but gave  
Thy monarch's life to mountain glaive !" —  
Aloud he spoke—"Thou still dost hold  
That little talisman of gold,  
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring—  
What seeks fair Ellen of the King ?"

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## XXIX.

Full well the conscious maiden guess'd  
He probed the weakness of her breast ;  
But, with that consciousness, there came  
A lightening of her fears for Græme,  
And more she deem'd the monarch's ire  
Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire  
Rebellious broadsword boldly drew ;  
And, to her generous feeling true,  
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.

“Forbear thy suit :—the King of kings. 10  
Alone can stay life’s parting wings.  
I know his heart, I know his hand,  
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand :—  
My fairest earldom would I give  
To bid Clan-Alpine’s Chieftain live !—  
Hast thou no other boon to crave ?  
No other captive friend to save ?”  
Blushing, she turn’d her from the King,  
And to the Douglas gave the ring,  
As if she wish’d her sire to speak 20  
The suit that stain’d her glowing cheek.—  
“Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,  
And stubborn justice holds her course.—  
Malcolm, come forth !”—and, at the word,  
Down kneel’d the Græme to Scotland’s Lord.  
“For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,  
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,  
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,  
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,  
And sought, amid thy faithful clan, 30  
A refuge for an outlaw’d man,  
Dishonouring thus thy loyal name.—  
Fetters and warder for the Græme !”—  
His chain of gold the King unstrung,  
The links o’er Malcolm’s neck he flung,  
Then gently drew the glittering band,  
And laid the clasp on Ellen’s hand.

HARP of the North, farewell ! The hills grow dark,  
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending ;  
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,  
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.  
Resume thy wizard elm ! the fountain lending,

And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy ;  
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,  
With distant echo from the fold and lea,  
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp ! 10

Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,  
And little reck I of the censure sharp  
May idly cavil at an idle lay.

Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,  
Through secret woes the world has never known,  
When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,  
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.  
That I o'erlived such woes, Enchantress ! is thine own.

Hark ! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,  
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string ! 20

'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,  
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.

Receding now, the dying numbers ring  
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,  
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring  
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—  
And now, 'tis silent all !—Enchantress, fare thee well !

## NOTES.

### CANTO I.

At the beginning of each canto are a few stanzas in Spenserian verse serving as introductions. The stanzas prefixed to the first canto are an invocation to the Scottish Harp, in imitation of the invocations to the muse of song which were often prefixed to Greek and Latin poems.

1. The poet comments on and regrets the decay of Scottish Song, and declares his design of reviving it, even though his skill be small.

2. witch-elm, i.e. the drooping-elm. The first part of the word has no connection with 'witch'; it means 'bending,' 'drooping,' A.S. *wican*, to bend, and should be spelt 'wich' or 'wych.' Compare 'wych-hazel,' another tree with drooping branches. Saint Fillan's. "St. Fillan was a Scottish saint of some reputation. There are in Perthshire several wells and springs dedicated to St. Fillan."—Scott's note on *Marmion*, I. xxix. 12. In particular, there is a celebrated spring of this name a few miles to the north of Loch Lomond. See also *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iv., p. 179, note, for an interesting account of this saint, who, in his lifetime, was abbot of Pittenweem, in Fife. He died A.D. 649.

3. fitful, blowing only in fits, or at intervals. The strings of the harp vibrate in the breeze, producing a kind of music like that of an Æolian harp. numbers, music. 'Thy numbers flung' is an inversion of 'flung thy numbers.' Inversion of the ordinary prose order of sentences is so common in all poetry that it does not call for special notice; but it may be remarked that Scott makes more use of it than perhaps any other poet. No doubt the short metre which he uses makes inversion more often necessary.

4. envious. The ivy is imagined as envying the musical powers of the harp.

8. A sound can hardly be said to keep silence, but the meaning is plain.

10. *Caledon*, or *Caledonia*, the ancient name of the Highlands of Scotland.

12. *of*, telling of, relating.

14. *according pause*, a pause in the song, which was filled by the music of the harp, *according* harmoniously with that of the song.

15. 'Sublime' and 'high' express the same idea, though 'sublime' is the more impressive of the two words.

16. *Crested*, ornamented with a crest. A crest was a heraldic emblem worn by knights in their helmets. *attention bow'd*, listened attentively, bowed *in* attention.

17. *burden*, subject. The 'burden' or 'bourdon' in music was a continuous low note or drone, underlying the tune and serving as an accompaniment to it. The word is also applied to the refrain of a song, viz. certain lines or words repeated at the end of each verse as a sort of chorus. This word is derived ultimately from the Latin *burdo*, the buzz of a bee, and is probably of imitative origin. It has nothing to do with 'burden' or 'burthen' meaning a load, which is connected with the verb *to bear*.

19. *how rude soe'er*, however rough and unskilled. The verb *be* must be supplied.

20. *maze*; literally, a labyrinth, a set of intricate and perplexing paths. Used metaphorically of the confusing variety of the sounds of the harp, that can only be reduced to musical order by a skilled hand.

25. If even one heart be roused to nobler feelings under its influence.

I. 1. *his fill*, as much as would satisfy him. Cp. *Marmion*, I. xxii. 19, 'snore his fill.'

2. *danced*, the reflexion of the moonlight on the rippling water of the stream produces the effect described.

4. *Glenartney*. A valley in Perthshire, south of Loch Earn. Most of the places mentioned in the poem are situated in Perthshire, between the rivers Earn and Forth. The student should study the geography of the Trosachs in a good map; he will thus be enabled to follow the action of the poem with greater ease and with more interest.

6. *Benvoirlich*. A mountain to the north-west of Glenartney and between it and Lochearn. *Ben* in Gaelic, like *Penn* in Welsh, signifies mountain.

II. 1. *As chief*, like a chief. The omission of the article is a very common poetical license. Cp. l. 7.

3. antler'd monarch. Cp. Thomson's *Seasons, Autumn*, l. 427, "the branching monarch of the shades." waste, wilderness, uncultivated ground.

4. sprung. The past tense is usually 'sprang.' But the forms in *u* were used for the past tense as well as for the participle in the seventeenth century, in the case of this and similar verbs, such as swim, spin, begin, etc. The distinction in form between the past tense and the participle is now frequently neglected, especially in poetry. Scott generally uses the *u* form, except when he wants a rime in *a*. See this poem, I. iii. 7, xxxv. 26, V. xxiv. 1, VI. ii. 1, 24, etc.

7. crested. See note on introductory stanzas, l. 16.

8. beam'd frontlet. The 'beam' is the main trunk of a stag's horn, which bears the branches or antlers. The head of a stag is said to be *beamed* after its fourth year; when its fourth-year horns appear. The word is however used vaguely, meaning 'well furnished with horns.'

10. tainted \*gale, the wind tainted with the scent of his pursuers. Compare Thomson, *Autumn*, l. 363,

"The spaniel struck  
Stiff by the tainted gale."

11. cry, the proper technical term for the yelping of hounds. Cp. Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV. i. 122,

"The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry."

The word 'cry' is sometimes used to denote a pack of hounds; as in the same play, IV. i. 129,

"A cry more tuneable  
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn."

Cp. also Thomson, *Autumn*, l. 432, "the lessening murderous cry."

12. chase, properly means the act of pursuit, as in I. xxxii. 15, and II. xxvi. 3, 6. Here it is applied to the pursuers. The word 'hunt' is used in a similar way in I. vi. 2. 'Chase' sometimes also means the thing pursued.

16. Uam-var. "Ua-var, as the name is pronounced, or more properly *Uaigh-mor*, is a mountain to the north-east of the village of Callander in Menteith, deriving its name, which signifies the great den, or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said by tradition to have been the abode of a giant." SCOTT.

III. l. on the view, - upon obtaining a view of the stag opening, bursting into cry. This is a technical hunting term. Cp. Thomson, *Autumn*, 421, "The pack full-opening, various."

2. paid them back, i.e. with echoes.

5. hundred, used vaguely for an indefinitely large number.

12. The repetition of the initial letter is called 'alliteration' or 'head-rime.' It was the characteristic of Early English poetry, but was replaced about the time of Chaucer by 'end-rime,' though it is still effectively used to a limited extent in combination with ordinary rime.

14. rout, a disorderly, noisy crowd. This word, in all its senses, is derived through the French *route* from the Latin *rupta*, fem. of *ruptus*, broken. The words 'route,' 'routine,' and 'rote' (to learn by rote), have the same derivation. See Skeat's *Etym. Dict.*

15. piercing ken, penetrating or far-reaching sight. 'Ken' is connected with 'know.'

16. The turmoil and rush of the hunters, horses, and hounds are by metaphor called a hurricane.

18. linn. This is a Celtic word, and signifies properly a pool of water: it is also used to denote a ravine through which a stream of water runs.

IV. 1. silvan war, the chase. Cp. II. ii. 12, 'silvan sport.' Latin, *silva*, a wood.

4. See note on ii. 16.

7. stay'd, used transitively = stopped. *Stay* is one of the very numerous family of words derived from root *STA*, to stand: for some of its other meanings, see III. xix. 18, VI. xxii. 6, xxv. 24, xxvii. 3.

8. To breathe a horse, is to let it rest after a gallop, in order to recover its breath. The expression has sometimes another meaning, viz., to give a horse a short gallop in order to exercise or test its lungs: such a gallop being called a 'breather.'

9. the trackers of the deer, the hounds.

11. shrewdly, severely. The *d* in 'shrewd' is a participial ending, like the *d* in 'fond,' 'wicked,' 'sacred,' and (more remotely) in 'wild,' 'shard,' 'loud,' etc. *Shrewd* means literally 'cursed,' from the M.E. verb *shrewen*, to curse, which is derived from *shrewe*, an adjective signifying wicked, harmful, which is again derived from A.S. *screāwa*, a shrew-mouse, the bite of which was supposed to be poisonous. See Skeat, and Palmer's *Folk Etymology*, under 'Shrew-mouse.' For examples of the use of the word in the old sense of mischievous see Shakespeare, *All's Well*, III. v. 71; *K. John*, V. v. 14. Bacon, *Essay* xxiii. l. 1, etc.

12. burst, a hard run, a gallop without a check.



V. 4. *Menteith* means 'the country of the Teith.' It is the name given to the district through which the river Teith flows.

7. *ponder'd*. Generally used with a preposition 'to ponder *on* or *over* a thing.' The derivation is from Lat. *ponderare* to weigh, and so 'to ponder' is to weigh in the mind, to balance the arguments for and against any course of action. Cp. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, III. iii. 2, "pondering deep the tender scene": and *Luke* ii. 19, "Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart."

8. *Lochard*. A small 'loch' or lake from which the Forth issues; it lies east of Loch Lomond and south of Loch Katrine. See *Rob Roy*, ch. xxviii. and following chapters. *Aberfoyle* is a village near the east end of Lochard. *Aber* means 'a confluence of waters,' and is applied to a place where two rivers join, the mouth of a river, or, as here, the junction of a lake and a river. It appears in many place-names in Scotland, as *Aberdeen*; and in Wales, as *Abergavenny*. Another prefix with the same meaning is *Inver*, seen in *Inverness*, *Inveraray*, etc.

10. *wept* refers to the drooping appearance of the weeping birch, formerly one of the commonest trees in the Highlands. See *Waverley*, ch. xvi., last note, and compare 'weeping-willow.'

*Loch-Achray*. 'Ach' means a field, and 'Achray' the level field. Loch Achray is one of a chain of three lochs (the other two being Loch Katrine and Loch Vennachar), from which a branch of the Teith issues.

12. *Benvenue* (either 'the little mountain' or 'the central mountain') is to the south-west of Loch Achray.

14. *spurn'd*. Spurn is properly 'to kick against,' and then 'to reject with disdain.' It is connected with 'spur,' and also with Lat. *spernere*, to despise, though not derived from either of them.

16. *chase*. See note on ii. 12.

VI. 2. *hunt*. See note on ii. 12, above. *Cambus-more*, within about two miles of Callander, on the banks of the Keltie, a tributary of the Teith.

3. *reins were tighten'd*; in order to stop the horses.

4. *Benledi* is supposed to mean 'mountain of God.' It is situated to the north-west of Callander, between Loch Lubnaig and Loch Achray.

5. *flagg'd*. The verb 'to flag' is to droop or flap about, and thence 'to grow weary.' The noun 'flag' is derived from this verb, and neither of them is connected with 'fly,' or with 'flaccid,' as is sometimes stated. See Skeat's *Etym. Dict.*

6. *shunn'd to stem*, avoided or feared to swim across. *Teith*. "Two mountain-streams, the one from Loch Voil, by the Pass of Lenny; the other from Loch Katrine, by Loch Achray and

Loch Vennachar, unite at Callander, and the river thus formed takes thenceforth the name of Teith.”—LOCKHART. Bochastle is a flat and extensive moor through which runs the stream that proceeds from Loch Vennachar.

11. *Brigg of Turk*. ‘Brigg’ is Scotch for bridge (M.E. *brigge*). ‘Brigg of Turk’ is explained as meaning ‘bridge of the wild boar,’ because a wild boar, famous in Celtic tradition, is said to have been killed there.

VII. 2. scourge and steel, whip and spur.

4. *Embossed*. “When the hart is foamy at the mouth we say that he is embossed.”—Turberville on *Hunting*, p. 242. In Shakespeare, *Ant. and Cleop.* IV. xiii. 3, “The boar of Thessaly Was never so emboss’d,” it appears to mean ‘foaming with rage.’ Compare the word *imbosh*, the foam that comes from a hunted deer, given in Nares’ Glossary. He gives the following quotation about a deer that has taken refuge in a stream: “for though he should keep the very middle of the stream yet will that, with the help of the wind, lodge part of the stream and *imbosh* that comes from him on the bank, it may be a quarter of a mile lower, which hath deceived many.”—*Gentleman’s Recreations*, 8vo, p. 73. The usual derivation given is that *emboss* comes from Fr. *emboucher*, to put anything to the mouth, especially to put a bit in a horse’s mouth, from Fr. *bouche*, the mouth: but I cannot find that *emboucher* was ever used as a hunting term. In Chaucer, *Boke of the Duchesse*, l. 350,

“And all men spoke of hunting,  
How they would slee the hart with strength,  
And how the hart had upon length  
So much *enbosed*,”

and in Malory, *Morte Darthur* [Globe Edition, 1868], Bk. I. ch. xvii., “the king saw the hart *embushed* and his horse dead,” the word seems to be from Fr. *embûcher* (O. Fr. *embuscher*), given by Littré as a term used in hunting: he says “the animal *s’embûche* when, being pursued, it takes refuge in a wood” (Fr. *bois*, Eng. *bush*). It is possible that this is the real origin of the word, and that it meant to take shelter in a wood when wearied out by the chase: the subsequent meanings being superadded owing to the influence of *emboucher* and even of O. Fr. *embosser*, to raise in bosses or lumps: cp. “embossed froth,” Shakespeare, *Timon of Athens*, V. i. 220. Ultimately it seems to have meant merely ‘fatigued, worn out with hunting,’ e.g. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, Bk. III. ch. i., “The salvage beast *embost* in weary chase”; Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, i. 17, “Brach Merriman, the poor cur is *emboss’d*.”

6. *strain’d*, moved with effort and difficulty, exerting himself to the utmost.

7. "The hounds which we call Saint Hubert's hounds, are commonly all blacke, yet nevertheless, their race is so mingled at these days, that we find them of all colours. These are the hounds which the abbots of St. Hubert have always kept some of their race or kind, in honour or remembrance of the saint, which was a hunter with S. Eustace." *The noble Art of Venerie*, 1611, quoted by Scott.

8. *breath*, the power of breathing freely while taking violent exercise. This use of the word is uncommon, the word ordinarily used being 'wind.'

9. *flying traces*. The epithet 'flying' which belongs to the stag, is transferred, by a license common in poetry, to the 'traces' or track that he leaves behind him in his flight. This figure of speech is called 'the transferred epithet.' See Bain, *Rhet. and Comp.* Part I. p. 193, and cp. Shakespeare, *Sonn.* vi. 6, "those that pay the willing loan"; Tennyson, *Princess*, iii. 59, "Melissa shook her doubtful curls."

10. all but won, only just failed to win. *game*, the stag. Generally only used of certain animals of the chase, taken collectively; as when we speak of the 'game-laws.'

12. *stanch*, firm, constant, of sound courage. Originally used of a ship, to mean watertight, not leaky: from the verb *stanch*, to stop the flow of blood, or of any other liquid. From Old Fr. *estancher*, from Low Lat. *stancare*, another form of Lat. *stagnare*, all used in the same sense of stopping the flow of blood. The classical meaning of *stagnare* is, to cease to flow, to form a still or *stagnant* pool; and the root is STA, to stand. *Stanch* is otherwise spelt *staunch*.

14. *quarry*, is properly applied to the deer or other animal only when killed; but the present use is also common. Shakespeare uses the word in both senses; thus *Macbeth*, IV. iii. 206,

"to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you";

and *Hamlet*, V. ii. 375, "this quarry cries on havoc." The word is a corruption of French *curée*, the entrails of a slain animal, the part given to the dogs; and its ultimate derivation is from Latin *corium*, skin or hide, because the entrails were laid upon the skin for the hounds to eat. See Scott's note to the old poem of *Sir Tristrem*, Fytte I., st. xlvi. "The heart, liver, lights (lungs), and blood, being arranged on the hide, and eaten there by the hounds, formed the *quairré*, or quarry. This operation was called by the French huntsman, *faire la currée*." Scott also quotes from the *Book of Venerie*, an old treatise on hunting, as follows: "the houndes shall be rewarded with the nekke, and with the

bowellis, and they shall be eaten under the skynne; and *therefore* it is cleped [called] the *quarre*."

17. *stock* is the same as stick or wood; the stumps and roots of trees.

VIII. 3. When the deer, unable to flee farther, turns, faces the hounds, and defends itself at close quarters, it is said to turn to bay, stand at bay, or be brought to bay. These phrases are derived from the French *être aux abois*, to be at close quarters with the barking dogs, and *bay* is here formed, by dropping the prefix, from *abay*, Old French *abai*, barking. Cp. this canto, i. 7.

6. *antlers*, from Old French *antoillier*, supposed to be from Latin *ant(e) ocularem (ramum)*, the 'branch' or tine of a stag's horn 'in front of the eyes.' This is now called the *brow-antler*, the word *antlers* being applied indifferently to *all* the branches.

8. *whinyard*, a short sword or large knife used in hunting. The word appears to be a corruption of 'whinger,' which is again a corruption of 'hanger,' all with the same meaning. 'Hanger' is derived by Skeat from the verb *hang*, so that it means a sword hung from the belt, the larger sword of battle being hung from the saddle, or carried by a page. Palmer (*Folk-Etymology*) derives the word *hanger* from the Arabic *Khandjar*, a sabre, a word used by Scott in the *Talisman*, ch. 21, under the form *cangiar*.

9. *thundering*, refers to the force and vigour of the hunter's onset.

12. *turn'd him*. The ordinary reflexive pronoun would be 'himself.'

15. *Trosach's*: this is the spelling of the edition of 1834; the usual form of the word is, however, the plural, *Trosachs* or *Trossachs*. It signifies the *rough* or *bristled* territory; and is the name given to the country around Lochs Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar.

17. *couch'd*; agrees with the unexpressed antecedent of *his* in the next line.

20. *amain, violently, with full force*: from A.S. *mægen*, strength: see II. iii. 10, note.

21. Cp. Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV. i. 115,

"the musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction,"

and l. 120, "never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding."

IX. 7. *his labours o'er*. The absolute construction: see Bain, *Higher English Grammar*, p. 272.

8. to rise; the *gerundial* or *dative* infinitive. See Morris, *English Accidence*, p. 177.

15. Woe worth the day, evil be to the day. 'Worth' is from the English verb *worthen*, to become, now obsolete except in this phrase. Cp. German *werden*, to become, which is a cognate word. The words *chase* and *day* are to be regarded as dative cases.

16. grey, grey horse.

X. 6. humbled crest, heads hanging down in shame and humiliation with the consciousness of defeat.

13. his way. Cognate accusative. *On* is an adverb, as in "Sleep on, take your rest": it expresses continued action.

14. comrades of the day, those who had been his comrades during the day.

15. so strange . . . A verb, *was*, must be supplied.

XI. 2. level, horizontal. Cp. *Ivanhoe*, ch. i., "the level beams of the sinking sun."

10. thunder-splinter'd. The noise that follows a flash of lightning being more noticeable and enduring than the lightning itself, the word *thunder* is used popularly and poetically to describe the whole phenomenon. Thus we have, Shakespeare, *Tempest*, II. ii. 112, "killed with a thunder-stroke"; and cp. the various compounds, 'thunder-storm, thunder-bolt, thunder-struck,' etc.

11. insulated mass, a mass of rock standing by itself, detached from the mountain side.

12. native, natural.

13, 14. The tower of Babel, which was intended to reach to heaven. See *Genesis* xi. 1-9. *vain*, having an empty hope, pursuing a useless task.

19. pagod, generally spelt *pagoda*, is a Portuguese corruption of the Persian *but-kadah*, meaning 'idol-house.' The construction is '(set with) crests (as) wild as (any that) ever decked (a) pagod or (a) mosque.'

23. display'd is a participle agreeing with brier-rose, l. 26.

25. sheen is an adjective, glittering, bright. The word *sheen* is also used as a noun = brightness, and an adjective *sheeny* has been formed from it; cp. Byron, *Destruction of Sennacherib*, "The sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea." Sheen is not connected with 'shine,' but with 'show'; see Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*

27. see note ii. 1.

XII. 1. Boon, gracious, bounteous, from French *bon*, good; not connected with the English noun 'boon,' which means a prayer, though the latter word has probably influenced the mean-

ing of the former. See the *New English Dictionary*, and cp. Milton, *Par. Lost*, iv. 242,

“Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art  
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon  
Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain.”

7, 8. Ruskin (*Modern Painters*, iii. 283) quotes these lines as an example of what he calls “Scott's habit of drawing a slight *moral* from every scene.” But the moral is not very evident. The gaudy foxglove appears to be intended as the ‘emblem of pride,’ and the poisonous nightshade as that of punishment. If there is a moral, it must be that, just as these flowers grow side by side, so pride is quickly followed by punishment; ‘after pride comes a fall.’

16. **frequent**, an adjective used as an adverb. The pine-tree frequent flung = many pine-trees flung.

20. **streamers**. See xi. 26. ‘Streamer’ is applied to anything waving in the wind : here the long hanging branches of the rose and ivy : sometimes a flag or pennon, as in Shakespeare, *Henry the Fifth*, III. Chor. 6,

“his brave fleet

With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning” :

sometimes to the wavering rays of the Aurora Borealis, as in Scott, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, II. viii. 7,

“And red and bright the streamers light  
Were dancing in the glowing north,”

and this poem, IV. ix. 15. Cp. also II. xvi. 20, note.

XIII. 3. **brim** is properly the edge of the water, the line of division between the water and the land ; and this meaning is in accordance with its supposed derivation, which makes it cognate with Lat. *fremere*, to roar, and Sanskrit *bhram*, to whirl : thus it means the roaring and whirling surf at the edge of the sea. But Scott uses the word with the derived meaning ‘surface’ of water : cp. *Marmion*, VI. xv. 3,

“Nor lighter does the swallow skim  
Along the smooth lake's level brim.”

4. **to swim** = for swimming. This is an example of the gerundial or dative infinitive.

5. **Lost**, **veering**, **broad**, all refer to the inlet or arm of the lake, and must be supposed to be used absolutely. **its** in l. 10 must refer to the same, or may be supposed to refer to ‘mirror’ in l. 8.

11-18. The “wooded islets, seen indistinctly from a distance, appear to be promontories projecting from the mainland ; but on a closer approach they seem to separate themselves from the ‘parent hill,’ and are seen to be islands.



17. claims to be, proves itself to be, turns out to be.

XIV. 3. nice, scrupulously careful and exact.

4. "Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile, called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of trees."—SCOTT.

7. airy, high. won, gained, reached.

10. Katrine. Scott considers this name to be taken from the *Caterans* or robbers who frequented its shores. But this is extremely doubtful. roll'd, spread out, extended.

11. The verb 'lay' is repeated for emphasis and rime.

13. bright, an adverb.

14. livelier, brighter as distinguished from the darker purple of the islands.

16. sentinel; used as a verb by Shakespeare, *Lucr.* 942, "to wake the morn and sentinel the night." No satisfactory derivation has been suggested for the Italian *sentinella*, from which this word is derived. See Skeat, *Etym. Dic.*

21. wildering, wild, confused; it does not mean 'bewildering,' but describes the wild confused appearance of the mingled vegetation of the forest.

24. Ben-an, supposed to be a diminutive of *Ben*; it would then mean 'the little mountain.'

XV. 3. were, would be.

4. churchman, abbot, prior, or other high dignitary of the church. The usual meaning of the word is one who adheres to the established church in religious matters.

6. bower, a rustic cottage, a country house. The original meaning is merely a dwelling-place: A. S. *būr*, from *búan*, to dwell: cp. *neighbour*, i.e. *nigh-dweller*.

9. bugle-horn: literally a horn of the 'bugle' or wild ox; from its horn were made drinking vessels and musical instruments. See Chaucer, *Frankleins Tale*, l. 525, "Janus ... drinketh of his bugle-horn the wine." As a musical instrument the word is now shortened to 'bugle.' Derived through the French from Lat. *buculus*, diminutive of *bos*, an ox.

12. chime is to be taken with 'might' in l. 9.

16. matins, the name of a service in the Roman Church; it lasts from three to six o'clock in the morning, and is not held at midnight, as the poet seems to suggest. From French *matin*, morning, Latin, *matutinum*, belonging to the morning, from *Matuta*, the goddess of morning: cp. *matutinal*.

17. *peal*, of the midnight bell.

19. *sainted*. The termination *-ed* is used to form adjectives from nouns, as well as to form past participles. Cp. 'feathered,' 'booted and spurred,' 'stiff-necked,' etc., and see Morris, *Hist. Outlines of Eng. Acc.*, p. 217. 'Saint' is itself originally a participle, being equivalent to Lat. *sanctus*, made holy: thus 'Saint Paul' means 'the holy Paul.'

20. *bead*. Strings of beads were originally used to assist the devout in counting their prayers, and the word 'bead' means literally 'a prayer,' being the Ang. Sax. *bed*, from *biddan*, to pray.

22. *bewilder'd*, having lost his way: this is in accordance with the literal meaning of *bewilder*, to lead into a *wildern* or wilderness.

XVI. 2. *bescrew*, curse. See iv. 11, note on *shrewd*.

7. *pass we that*. I can put up with that, I can endure that. *the war and chase*. War does not generally take the definite article unless a *particular* war be indicated; on the other hand, chase requires the article; so that the phrase ought to be 'war and the chase.'

10. *Were ... merriment*, would be merely a thing to laugh at to-morrow.

17. *fall the worst*, if the worst happen.

18. *falchion*, a short, slightly curved sword. From Ital. *falcione*, from Lat. *falx*, a sickle.

XVII. 1. *wound*. To 'wind' a horn is to put *wind* into it, to blow it. 'Wind' in this sense is a weak verb, and its past tense should be 'winded.' There is another verb 'wind,' meaning to turn or twist. This is a strong verb, and its past tense is 'wound.' Cp. Shakespeare, *Much Ado*, I. i. 243, "I will have a recheat winded in my forehead." Scott makes the same mistake again in *Canto III. i. 15*, and in *Ivanhoe*, end of ch. ii. "the Templar wound his horn loudly." He uses the word correctly in *Ivanhoe*, ch. xli. "Wamba winded the bugle," and in *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, IV. xii. 2, "Little care we for thy winded horn." The opposite mistake is made in this Canto, xxv. 7, and in many of the novels.

5. The absolute construction; 'a damsel *being* the guider.'

7. The antecedent of that is *bay*.

8. *Led its deep line*. This sort of personification of places, roads, rivers, etc., is common. Cp. "This road leads nowhere," "Linden saw another sight." 'Deep line' means the steep shore or edge of the bay.



11. The recurrence of the sibilants is intentional, and expresses the rippling sound of the waves lapping on the shore.

14. stand, standing place.

15. brake, means a thicket, and is not the same word as *brake*, a kind of fern, the bracken.

16. Lady of the Lake. This name, which gives the title to the poem, is taken by Scott from Malory's *Morte Darthur*, Bk. I., ch. xxiii., being the name of the damsel from whom King Arthur obtained his sword Excalibur.

24. Naiad. Every stream in Greece had its naiad or water-nymph.

XVIII. 4. What though. Elliptical for 'What did it matter though,' or some such expression.

6. sportive toil, her toil in rowing the skiff, which was mere sport, not hard work. light, easy.

10. She walked not with the stately, formal, and measured steps that are learnt at courts.

15. airy, light as air.

17. mountain tongue, the Gaelic language, which would be considered rough and uncultivated in the opinion of the Lowlanders.

XIX. 2. snood, a fillet or ribbon with which a young woman bound up her hair. See note to Canto III. v. plaid. A woollen shawl of a peculiar chequered pattern, worn by the Highlanders of Scotland. The dress of the ruder Highlanders in remoter times consisted of very little more than this plaid, and was probably not unlike that now worn by some of the hill tribes of India. *Plaid* is the Gaelic *plaid* contracted from *peallaid*, a sheepskin, from Gaelic *peall*, a skin; *peall* appears to have been borrowed from Lat. *pellis*, a skin.

3. such birth betray'd. It is the rich *materials* of her dress (satin, gold, etc.), which indicate her high birth.

10. The brooch 'combined' or fastened together the folds of the plaid.

13. but, only. In older English the construction of such sentences required a negative, thus: 'you need not but.' In modern English the negative can be omitted, as in this example; or it can be inserted, as 'I ask nothing but food,' in which case 'but' is generally considered as a preposition, equivalent to 'except.' See the *New English Dictionary* for a very complete discussion of the word.

15. Gives back, reflects.

16. confess'd, testified to. Her 'freeborn glances' bore witness to the innocence of her emotions just as truly as the lake reflects its banks.

23. The indignant ... North. The generous and ardent feelings of the Highlanders, easily roused to anger and indignation upon hearing a 'tale of injury.'

XX. 1. silent horn, silence of the horn. Cp. II. xxxiv. 13.

11. hasty oar. Cp. vii. 9.

12. shallop, a light boat, is derived from Fr. *chaloupe*, Span. *chalupa*, which is probably an American Indian word.

15. would = is accustomed to.

20. wont, are accustomed. Properly a past participle from an obsolete verb *won*: the word afterwards came to be used as a substantive, and then a new verb *to wont* was formed from it, with p.p. *wonted*. Cp. Shakespeare, *M. N. D.*, II. i. 113, "their wonted liveries"; Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 764, "champions bold Wont ride"; v. 32, "I oft am wont." The use of *wont* as a distinct verb is now rare, except in the participle *wonted*, and the old use of *wont* as a participle is more common.

XXI. 1. age. A good example of the way in which Latin words have been contracted in passing through the French. The old French is *aage* or *eage* from *edage*, from a supposed Low Latin form *aetaticum*. This is derived from Lat. *aetatem*, acc. of *aetas* contracted from *aevitas*, from *aevum*, an age, cognate with Sanskrit *eva*. See Brachet, *Etymological French Dictionary*, § 117, and Morris, *Hist. Outlines*, ch. iii. § 28.

2. signet sage, mark or impress of wisdom and experience.

5. Forward, bold. frolic; an adjective. Now nearly always used as a noun or verb, a new adjective, *frolicsome*, being formed: but it was originally an adjective. From the Dutch *vrolijk*, merry, gay: cp. German *fröhlich*, merry.

12. blade, for sword; an example of the figure of speech called *synecdoche*, one form of which consists in naming a thing by some part; see Bain, *Rhetoric*, i. 191.

17. slighting ... show'd, making light of the plight in which he was, the 'petty need' in which his appearance showed him to be.

18. his benighted road, his being benighted on his road.

XXII. 4. wilder'd, lost in the wilds.

7. Before the sun had risen high enough to dry the dew, and so, *early*.

8. the heather was pulled that was to make your couch or bed. Cp. this Canto, xxxiii. 1.

11. mere, lake. Cognate with Lat. *mare*, the sea, from which *marine* is derived. *Marsh* is derived from *mere*.

12. furnish forth, to provide. Cp. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, I. ii. 180,

“the funeral baked meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.”

13. rood is the same word as *rod*: thence it means a wooden cross (cp. gallows-tree), and in particular the cross upon which Jesus Christ was crucified.

15. misplaced, agrees with ‘welcome.’

18. Absolute participial construction.

19. fair, fair one, fair lady; a courteous expression belonging to the times of chivalry, and to the language of poetry. Cp. Dryden, *Alexander's Feast*, 91.

“The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
Gazed on the fair  
Who caused his care:”

and, as denoting the sex generally, in l. 15, “None but the brave deserves the fair.” And see canto VI. xxvii. 13.

20. ever is redundant after *ne'er* in l. 19. drawn, breathed.

22. fay, fairy. *Fay* is an elf, what is now called a ‘fairy.’ It is derived from Fr. *fée*, Low Lat. *fata*, a fairy; lit. a fate, from Lat. *fatum*, fate. *Fairy*, or *faerie*, from Old French *faerie*, means properly ‘enchantment’: but it has now taken the place and meaning of *fay*.

XXIII. 6. Allan-bane. Bane, in Gaelic; means white, or fair-haired.

10. birchen way, path overhung by birch-trees. For the termination *en* compare ‘oaken,’ ‘ashen,’ ‘wooden,’ ‘golden’; it generally denotes the material of which anything is made.

12. Lincoln green, green cloth, so called from the place of its manufacture. It was used principally for making hunting dresses. Cp. Spenser, *Faery Queene*, VI. ii. 5,

“All in a woodman's jacket he was clad  
Of Lincolne greene.”

Another cloth used for the same purpose appears to have been made at Kendal. Cp. Shakespeare, *Henry IV.* 1st part, II. iv. 246.

18. of fair degree, of high rank.

19. light I held. I thought little of.

XXIV. 2. errant-knight, literally, ‘wandering knight’: a knight who travelled in search of adventures. For an account of knighthood see Scott's *Essay on Chivalry*.

3. *sooth*, true. The word is almost obsolete except in the phrases 'in sooth' 'forsooth,' where it appears as a noun. It occurs frequently in Shakespeare, but always as a noun; nevertheless the earlier (Anglo-Saxon) use of the word is as an adjective. It is connected with the Sanskrit *satya*, true, both words being ultimately derived from the participial form *asanta*, being, from the root *as*, to be. See Skeat's *Etym. Dict.*

4. *doom'd*, destined.

5. I'll lightly front ... *emprise*. 'I will gaily and readily face each dangerous enterprise as it arises, for the sake of being rewarded by one kind glance, etc. ... And as the first of such enterprises, permit me to guide your frigate across the lake.' The language is of course intentionally burlesque. The word *emprise* occurs in Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. ix. i. "In brave pursuit of chivalrous *emprise*," and is frequent in Chaucer. It is an Old French word, from Lat. *in* and *prehendere*, to seize.

8. *frigate*, properly a large ship of war: here applied playfully to Ellen's skiff.

10. *unwonted*. See note, xx. 20.

11. *sure*, surely, certainly. It is certain that his hand had seldom, if ever, grasped an oar before.

13. *main strength*, i.e. with sheer strength *alone*, without skill. *Main* means literally *great*, and is connected with a large family of words, such as *may*, *might*, *magnitude* (Lat. *magnus*, great), *much*, *more*, etc., all from the same root *MAGH*, to be great or strong.

16. *behind*. An adverb.

17-19. *Nor frequent* ... And not many times does the oar strike the water before they reach the island: that is to say, it does not take long to reach the island, so vigorously does the hunter ply the oar. *darkening*, growing dark in the dusk of evening.

XXV. 1. *around*, though an adverb, is used as a quasi-adjective, qualifying shore, being equivalent to 'lying around,' 'that was around him,' or some similar qualifying phrase.

3. *Nor track*; supply 'that' before 'nor,' correlative to 'so' in l. 2.

7. *winded*. See note, xvii. 1. In his novels Scott almost invariably uses the weak form 'winded,' where we would expect the strong form 'wound.' In his poems he uses either form according to the necessities of metre and rime. See Canto IV. xxi. i.

12. "The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which,

as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut, in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward, in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Culloden."—SCOTT.

XXVI. 1. *lodge*, a name generally given to the small houses used as temporary abodes on a hunting expedition. The word properly means an harbour or shelter of *leaves*, and is etymologically connected with *leaf*.

2. *strange of structure*. 'Of' is here what is called a 'preposition of reference': the phrase means 'strange in respect of its structure.' See Bain, *Higher Eng. Gr.* p. 81. 'Of' in the next line means 'made of.' Notice the faulty rime, *size, device*.

5, 6. These lines qualify 'oak and ash' in line 8.

14. *russet*, brown, the colour of 'wither'd heath.' The roof was thatched with heath and rushes. *Russet* also means a kind of brown cloth. Cp. IV. xii. 27. From French *rousset*, Lat. *russus*, for *rul-tus*, cognate with *red, ruddy*.

17. *native pillars*, pillars of wood cut from the neighbouring firs, and so *native*, not imported.

20. *Idæan vine*: a translation of the Latin *vitis Idæa*, which is the botanical name of the red whortleberry, or cowberry.

22. *boasts*. Generally used with a preposition; 'to boast of.' The meaning of the verb 'to boast' in this line is 'to possess as a thing to be proud of,' 'to have to show.' Cp. IV. xxvii. 32. *virgin-bower*, or 'virgin's bower,' a name given to the *clematis vitalba*, a creeping plant with white blossoms. Other popular names for this plant are 'old man's beard' and 'traveller's joy,' the latter being the most common.

23. *could bear*=that could bear. The omission of the relative pronoun is common when it is the *object* in the relative sentence; as, 'Where is the book I lent you?'; but is not so common when the relative pronoun is the *subject* of its sentence, unless the main sentence is, 'it is,' or 'there is.' Cp. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope*, i.; "There is a devil haunts thee," Shakespeare, I *Henry IV.* II. ii. 492; "I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb," *Hamlet*, IV. vi. 25; "Can it be that this is all remains of thee?" Byron, *Giaour*, l. 106. Cp. also this poem, Canto II. v. 15, etc., and see Bain, *Higher Eng. Gr.* p. 299.

27. "Their oath bound the new-made knights to defend the cause of all women without exception; and the most pressing way of conjuring them to grant a boon was to implore it in the name of God and the ladies... But it was not enough that the 'very perfect, gentle knight,' should reverence the fair sex in general. It was essential to his character that he should select,

as his proper choice, 'a lady and a love,' to be the polar star of his thoughts, the mistress of his affections, and the directress of his actions. In her service he was to observe the duties of loyalty, faith, secrecy, and reverence. Without such an empress of his heart, a knight, in the phrase of the times, was a ship without a rudder, a horse without a bridle, a sword without a hilt; a being in short, devoid of that ruling guidance and intelligence, which ought to inspire his bravery, and direct his actions."—SCOTT, *Essay on Chivalry*.

XXVII. 4. **angry steel.** The epithet appropriate to those who use weapons is transferred to the weapons themselves.

5. *i.e.* he flushed with the expectation of danger.

9. **flung**, a participle agreeing with 'that.' **Careless** is used as an adverb.

13. **target**, a kind of shield, used by the Highlanders.

15. **arrows store**, store of, or plenty of, arrows.

16-20. None of these animals is now to be found in Scotland.

21. **Pennons.** The pennon is a long flag or streamer indented at the end like a swallow's tail. It was the proper flag for a knight to display. The square 'banner' was only displayed by barons: squires, when independent leaders, were entitled to display the 'pennoncel,' which was a small streamer, half the breadth of the pennon, and having only one point at the end. 'Pennon' is derived (through the French) from the Lat. *penna*, a feather or wing.

26. **garnish forth.** Cp. xxii. 12. *Garnish*, to adorn, was formerly spelt *warnish*. It is derived from Old French *gar-nir*, or *warnir*, a Teutonic word, the same as English *warn*: the meaning being to warn, defend, fortify, or furnish with means of defence, hence to furnish generally, to adorn. *Garment*, *garrison*, and *garniture* (see VI. xii. 21) are all from the same source. The French *g* or *gu* = Teutonic *w*. See below, xxxi. 22, note.

XXVIII. 7. **might brook to wield**, could endure to wield, could wield. The early use of 'brook' is always in the sense 'to enjoy,' 'to use,' and it comes from the same root as 'fruit' (Lat. *fructus*), the initial *f* of *fructus* passing regularly, in accordance with Grimm's law, into the *b* of *brook*.

9. **took the word**, spoke in her turn, replied.

14. **Ferragus or Ascabart.** Two giants described in the old romances. The former appears in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, under the name of Ferran. He was a pagan warrior, forty feet high, with the strength of twenty men, and Orlando slew him in single combat. Ascabart appears in the History of *Bevis of Hampton* (Southampton), by whom he was conquered. He was a



mere dwarf among giants, being only thirty feet high, and was, so he says, driven out of his town because he was so little.

15. hold, stronghold.

16. menials. Sometimes wrongly derived from 'many,' as though the menials were the many, the vulgar, and so the servants. The true etymology connects it, through the French, with the Latin *mansio*, so that it means 'people of the mansion' or house, members of the household, servants. See Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*

XXIX. 4. Had, would have.

5, 6. To whom Ellen gave all the obedience and affection that is due to a mother, although such attention was more than the kinship between them warranted. See Canto II. xiii. 7.

10. "The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilious excess, are said to have considered it as churlish to ask a stranger his name or lineage before he had taken refreshment. Feuds were so frequent among them, that a contrary rule would in many cases have produced the discovery of some circumstance which might have excluded the guest from the benefit of the assistance he stood in need of."—SCOTT.

11. then, in those times, in that age. The verb 'was' is omitted.

12. fellest; from *fell*, cruel, deadly.

14. the banquet o'er. The absolute construction; the participle 'being' is omitted.

16. The construction is not very regular. 'Knight' appears to be in apposition to 'rank.' Fitz-James. 'Fitz' means 'son': it is the Norman form of French *fils*, which is the same as Latin *filius*, a son.

20. such turmoil, i.e. such as is described in ll. 18, 19.

21. God wot, God knows. 'Wot' is the third person singular, present tense, indicative mood of the verb 'wit,' to know; the past tense of this verb is 'wiste' or 'wist,' and the past participle 'wist.' Probably *wot*, corresponding to Anglo-Saxon *wat*, is originally the past tense of Anglo-Saxon *witan*, to see, so that 'I wot,' means literally *I have seen*. Cp. the Greek *oîda*, I know, the past tense of *îdeîn*, to see; Sanskrit *vid*, to know, originally to see; Sanskrit *veda*, knowledge; Latin *videre*, to see; all from the same root. See Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*

21, 22. to stand for his right..., to maintain or defend his rights by fighting for them.

23. Lord Moray. The Earl Moray who may have been living at the date of the events in this poem was James Stewart, a natural son of James IV., and therefore the brother of James V. But perhaps Scott does not refer to any particular Lord Moray.

XXX. 2. state, rank, condition in life.

8. gentle race, noble family.

9. 'Twere, it would be. ruder rank, i.e. ruder than gentle.

11. Each hint the knight, the relative is omitted; 'each hint (that) the knight gave.'

14. light. An adverb.

15. Weird women we! This is an elliptical sentence, the verb 'are' being omitted. Elliptical sentences of this kind may be classed under the figure of speech called 'Exclamation.' See Bain, *Rhetoric*, Part I. p. 220. Weird, gifted with supernatural powers. 'Weird' is properly a substantive, meaning 'fate, destiny.' It is connected with *weorthan*, to become, and therefore literally means 'that which comes or happens': see note on st. ix. l. 15. Similarly *fate* means 'that which is spoken or decreed,' from Latin *fatus*, participle of *fari*, to speak. down, hill. A.S. *dūn*, a hill; not a true Anglo-Saxon word, but borrowed from Celtic *dūn*, a fortified hill, a fort or town: the cognate A.S. word being *tūn*, a town or fort.

17. Witches were supposed to have the powers here mentioned. blast, wind, storm. Icel. *blása*, to blow.

20. charmed rhymes, rhymes made with charms, or to be used as charms. This speech is of course spoken in jest.

22. See Introductory stanzas l. 15.

XXXI. 1. thy warfare o'er. The absolute construction.

2. sleep ... breaking, deep, continuous sleep.

3. battled fields, fields of past battles, scenes of former fights.

6. See note on st. xxii. l. 8.

8. dewing. *Dew*, both as a verb and as a noun, is used metaphorically of anything refreshing, particularly of sleep. Cp. Shakespeare, *Richard the Third*, IV. i. 84, "the golden dew of sleep."

15. pibroch, the music of the bagpipe, a martial tune. From Gaelic *piobaireachd*, the art of playing the bagpipe, and also a piece of music suitable to the pipe. The Gaelic *piob*, a pipe, is probably only the English word *pipe*.

19. bittern, a wading bird living in marshes. It is now rare in Great Britain, owing to the draining of most of the marshes. It is noted for the 'boom' which it utters during the breeding season, whence its popular names 'mire-drum,' 'bull of the bog' (*Guy Mannering*, ch. i.). Boom is a word of imitative origin. Cp. Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*, v. 44, "The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest": Southey, *Maid of Orleans*, I. v. "The bittern's boom was heard; hoarse, heavy, deep."



13 ... 20. The words and images in these lines seem to be suggested by the lines in Shakespeare, *Othello*, III. iii. 351—

“Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife.”

21. Ruder, harsher, less pleasing.

22. Guards nor warders. These words are ultimately the same, the latter being from the English word *ward*, to watch or protect, the former being the French form of the Old High-German *warten*, to watch. The Old High-German initial *w* was always replaced by *g* or *gu* in French. Similar pairs of words are *gage* and *wage*, *garnish* and *warnish* (obsolete), *guarantee* and *warrant*, *guerilla* and *war* (French *guerre*), *guile* and *wile*, *guise* and *wise*.

XXXII. 1. led the lay, gave a turn or direction to the song. She changed the subject of the song so as to make it refer pointedly to the stranger. Ellen is supposed to improvise the last verse.

8. *Ye* is properly the nominative, and *you* the accusative and dative, of the plural second personal pronoun, and formerly this distinction was always observed. But Shakespeare and the Elizabethan writers generally, not only use *you* as a nominative, but also use *ye* as an accusative. See Morris, *English Accidence*, p. 118. Here Scott uses *ye* for *you* because he is under the necessity of finding a rhyme for *reveillé*.

10. *reveillé*, lit. the awakening, a name given to the bugle-call used to awaken soldiers. From French *réveil*, O. F. *resveil*: the corresponding verb *resveiller* is from Latin *re-*, again, *ex*, out, and *vigilare*, to waken, from *vigil*, wakeful.

XXXIII. 2. See note on xxii. 8.

7. not = not even.

13. broken, defeated and dispersed. Cp. *routed*, from Latin *rupta*, broken.

15, 16. The poet interposes an exclamation of his own.

19. his soul he interchanged, exchanged confidences; confided to his friends the feelings of his heart.

26. Explains the nature of his ‘doubt.’

XXXIV. 13. *affright*, an archaic word, used for the commoner word ‘fright.’

18. *uncouth*, strange, lit. unknown, from A.S. *un* = not, and *cúth*, passive participle of *cunnan*, to know. The provincial word *unkid*, still used in some parts of England, is the same.

XXXV. 4. The quiet of the night is well described by the stillness of the aspen, the light leaves of which tremble in the slightest breeze. Formerly this tree, which is a kind of poplar, was called

the 'asp'; the word *aspen* being an adjective, formed like *oaken*, *birchen*, *wooden*, from *oak*, *birch*, *wood*.

7. *were*, would be. The subjunctive mood.

15. *brand*, sword. The A.S. *brand* is from *brinnan*, to burn; and the name is given to a sword-blade because of its brightness.

16. *Douglas*. The proper name Douglas is here used as an adjective, or else it is in the genitive case; it is not possible to determine which, owing to the absence of inflexions in English.

Douglas is the name of a family celebrated in Scottish history. The name is derived from the river Douglas, or Douglas-water in Douglas-dale, Lanarkshire; here is the village and castle of Douglas, the original seat of the head of the family, and the scene of Scott's *Castle Dangerous*. The word Douglas is supposed to be equivalent to the Gaelic *dubh-ghlaise*, meaning 'black stream': it is the name of several small rivers in Scotland and Ireland, of a river and town in the Isle of Man, and of a river (Diggles) in Lancashire.

20. *resign'd*, abandoned.

21. The absolute construction. *orisons*, prayers: from Fr. *orison*, Lat. *orationem*, from *orare*, to pray or speak. The Latin word has also been introduced directly into English, in the form *oration*. Similar pairs of words are *benison* and *benediction*, *penance* and *penitence*, etc.

23. *told*. The word *tell* is properly 'to count,' and is rightly used in the phrase 'to tell one's beads.' The 'tellers' in the Houses of Parliament are those who *count* the votes.

## CANTO II.

I. 1. As the returning morning prompts the birds to sing, so it also inspires the harp and song of the minstrel.

*jetty*, black as jet. An uncommon word, the ordinary adjective derived from jet being *jet-black*.

3. *matin* spring of life, the impulse to activity and to a renewed life, caused by the return of day after the rest and inactivity of the night. 'Matin' is used as an adjective: it is a French word, meaning 'morning,' and is not used in English except in poetry. Cp. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, I. v. 89, "The glowworm shows the matin to be near," where it is a noun; and Milton, *P. L.* vi. 526, "the matin trumpet," where it is an adjective: and see I. xv. 16, note.

4. *reviving*, qualifies *life*, not *spring*.

9. "Highland chieftains, to a late period, retained in their service the bard, as a family officer."—SCOTT.

II. 4. *tracks* ... , marks out the track or path of the shallop. *in light* refers to the 'bright rippling' of the water in the 'wake' of the boat; and the phrase 'to track in light' is the same kind of phrase as 'to write in ink,' 'to paint in oils,' etc.

8. *good speed the while*. 'Good speed' is probably a corruption of 'God speed,' where 'speed' is a verb, meaning 'prosper, help.' *While* is properly a noun, meaning *time*; and *the while* is used as an adverb of time, equivalent here to 'during the time that you are going, while you go.' So that the whole phrase means 'May God prosper you in your journey.' Cp. 'good-bye' for 'God be with you.'

10. The verb 'be' is omitted. 'High place *be* to thee,' i.e. 'Mayest thou have a high place.'

12. See note on I. iv. 1.

13. That is, at tournaments, where the 'brave' knights contend for the 'honour'd meed,' the prize of victory, in the presence of 'beauty,' i.e. of ladies.

16. See note on I. xxvi. 27.

17. The bard wishes that Fitz-James' life may be so fortunate in love and friendship that, in the enjoyment of his good fortune, he may forget the pleasing adventure and kind reception that he met with on the island. In time of pain or misery we look back with regret on our past happiness, which attracts us by its contrast with our present condition; and the bard wishes that the knight may have no occasion for making such comparisons.

III. 2. *plaided stranger*, a Highlander, one who wears the plaid, and so a *stranger* to the southern Lowlands.

3. *crest, head*. Cp. I. x. 6.

6. *be thine to show*, let it be thy part, thy office, to show: take upon thyself the duty of showing.

8. *thy hap ere while*, what happened to thee formerly. *Ere while* means 'in the before-time, or previous time,' and so 'formerly'; cp. ii. 8, above. 'Remember the good treatment that you received on the isle, and repay it by being kind to any Highland stranger that you may meet in the south.'

9. *stranger* is in apposition to 'thee,' not expressed, but implied in the possessive pronoun 'thy' in the previous line.

10. *main*, the great ocean, as distinguished from the smaller portions of it. So 'mainland' is the *great* land, or continent, as distinguished from an island. *Main* is from Latin *magnus*, great, through the French: though the phrase 'main sea' is said to be Scandinavian. The noun 'main' in the phrase 'with might and main,' and perhaps the adjective in 'by main strength,' is a different word, being from the Anglo-Saxon

*maegen*, strength. But ultimately they both come from the same root. See I. xxiv. 13, note.

14. fickle gale, *i.e.* of fortune.

17. kindred worth, worth akin to, or similar to, thine own.

IV. 11. As, as if.

12. sparkle, a little spark: the termination *le* (for *el*) has a diminutive force. The noun 'sparkle' is not much used in modern English, though the verb 'to sparkle' is common.

14. fire, *i.e.* of inspiration.

15. those who wait, etc., prisoners waiting in silent suspense for their sentence. judgment, abstract for concrete, 'till the judge pronounce the fatal judgment.'

19. as. Cp. l. 11.

20. The relative (sound *that* his harp) is omitted. sped from 'speed' here means 'given out,' or 'sent out.'

V. 1. with lichens wild means 'made wild by lichens.' The lichen growing on the rock gave it a wild appearance.

4. his fleet, *i.e.* of ducks who followed him.

7. then, in that case, *i.e.* in case the supposition is correct that she was smiling at the vexation of her spaniel.

Tell me then, the maid who knows ... Let the maid who knows tell me why she blushed. By 'the maid' the poet means any maid among his readers, who would interpret, by her knowledge of herself and of her own feelings, the motives of the maid Ellen.

9. The interest in the stranger that Ellen shows is spoken of as if it were a breach of the fidelity that she owes to Malcolm.

12. parting, departing: cp. Gray's *Elegy*, l. 1, "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;" Pope, *Odyssey*, xv. 83, "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." wave adieu, bid farewell by waving his hand.

15. See note, I. xxii. 19, and I. xxvi. 23.

16. conquest of her eye. 'Conquest' is used of the person that is conquered, one captivated by her glance.

VI. 3. See note on Canto I. viii. 12. 'Turn' is generally used as an intransitive verb, without the reflexive pronoun.

6-10. The 'festal day' is the day of a tournament, in which the prize for victory would be given by some 'fair lady' of noble rank. Line 8. "Who e'er wore jewel in her hair," contrasts the rank of the highborn lady who gives the prize with the simplicity of the mountain maiden.

13. parts = departs. unconscious; not thinking of what she

was doing, or of the construction that might be put upon her action. Cp. the use of *conscious* in l. 30.

17. Thy Malcolm! An interjectional way of introducing the subject.

19. had = would have. hung on, listened to with eagerness and pleasure.

25. thee. See note I. viii. 12.

31. in hall and bower. The hall was the principal room in the old castles, the room where meals were served, etc.; the bower was the inner apartment set aside for the ladies, corresponding slightly to the modern drawing-room and boudoir, so that the phrase 'in hall and bower,' which is found in very early English, may be considered equivalent to 'among both men and women.'

VII. 15. O well for me. It is well for me if the prophecy of death, implied in the dirge-like tones of my harp, refer only to my own death.

17. my tuneful fathers, those harpers who have preceded me; who, before me, have played this harp. The office of harper to a chief was generally hereditary.

18. Saint Modan. "I am not prepared to show that Saint Modan was a performer on the harp. It was, however, no unsaintly accomplishment; for Saint Dunstan certainly did play on that instrument, which, retaining, as was natural, a portion of the sanctity attached to its master's character, announced future events by its spontaneous sound."—SCOTT.

VIII. 8. Bothwell. Bothwell Castle was the principal seat of the Earls of Angus. Till the time of James IV. their principal seat was the castle of 'Hermitage' in Liddesdale, on the English Border, which came into their possession on the fall of the elder branch of the house of Douglas, the Earls of Douglas, in the reign of James II; but James IV. compelled Archibald Douglas, 6th Earl of Angus, to take the castle of Bothwell in exchange for Hermitage, which then became a royal castle. See *Marmion*, Canto V. xiv. The other castles belonging to the family of Angus were those of Douglas in Douglasdale, and Tantallon on the coast of North Berwick. Bothwell Castle is situated on the Clyde a few miles from Glasgow. banner'd, decorated with banners.

9. Douglasses, to ruin driven. "The downfall of the Douglasses of the house of Angus during the reign of James V. is the event alluded to in the text." The Earl of Angus, grandson of the 6th Earl mentioned above, married in 1514 the widow of James IV. (who had been killed at the battle of Flodden, 1513). This marriage enabled the Earl to make himself regent of the kingdom, and to retain the young King James V. in his hands. At last, in 1528, James managed to escape, and having gathered a number of his friends together, proclaimed that neither the Earl

of Angus nor any of his kindred should dare to approach within six miles of the king's person on pain of punishment for high treason. The Earl was obliged to seek refuge in England, and was unable to return to his own country and resume possession of his estates until after the death of James V.

10. heaven, sky or clime, and so country. The Latin *coelum* is used in the same way; e.g. Horace, *Ep.* I. xi. 27, "Coelum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

18. fraught, laden, filled: p. participle of an obsolete verb 'fraught,' to lade a ship. This verb is used by Shakespeare, *Cymb.* I. i. 126, but only the participle is now used, and only as a poetical word. The modern form is *freight*, which, as a noun, means 'the cargo of a ship,' and as a verb, with p. p. *freighted*, means 'to lade a ship.'

IX. 2. fears of age, fears natural to aged people.

6. Tweed to Spey. The Tweed is the most southern river in Scotland, and the Spey is the most important northern river. 'From Tweed to Spey' then means 'throughout Scotland.' what marvel. The sentence is elliptical: 'what marvel is it.'

11. boding fear, fear arising from the 'boding' or anticipation of future evils.

12. rest us. See note, canto II. vi. 3.

13. in native virtue great, great because of his natural virtues [more than for his accidental honours of lordship, lands, and state].

15. resign'd; past tense, *not* past participle. The construction is 'my sire, in resigning lordship, etc., did not resign more to fortune than yonder oak might give to the wind.'

17. reave, rob, despoil. The word is now almost obsolete, except in the compound 'bereave.' It comes from A.S. *reáf*, plunder, and thence clothing, because the principal part of the plunder taken from men slain in battle consisted of their clothing and armour. In just the same way 'robe' originally signified that which is 'robbed' from a man; *rob* and *reave* being ultimately from the same root. So the Latin *spolium* from which we get *spoil*, signifies 'booty,' and 'the dress or armour of a warrior slain in battle.'

19. For me, as for me, as far as concerns me.

21. whose memory ... days, who can scarcely remember a life of greater splendour than that which I now enjoy.

23-26. This little flower that grows wild in the meadows, may fitly be regarded as an emblem or representative of me: it is refreshed and nourished by the dews of heaven just as much as is the rose growing in the king's garden: in the same way I have



here all that I need to make my life happy, and do not envy the splendour of courts.

X. 5. *fond*, loving; originally a past participle 'fanned,' derived from the verb *fannen*, to be foolish or flighty. To be *fond* of a person then literally means to be foolishly or madly in love, to be distracted with love.

6. *Thrill'd to a tear*, became so 'thrilling' or intense as to cause him to shed tears.

10. *birth-right place*, place by right of birth: the noun 'birth-right' is used adjectivally.

11, 12. These lines seem to have been inserted after the rest of the stanza was written, as they do not appear in Scott's manuscript. The following words, *cause*, *star*, *theme*, *lady*, are in apposition to *thee* in l. 9, and not to *step*, as would at first sight seem to be grammatically necessary.

14. *leading star*. Put for the sake of the metre instead of the more common *lode-star*. *Lode* means *way* or *path*, so that *lode-star* is the star that shows the way to the sailor, the pole-star, or cynosure. Cp. Milton, *Allegro*, 80, "The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

16. *Bleeding Heart*. "The well-known cognizance or badge of the Douglas family."—SCOTT.

XI. 6. *strathspey*. A rustic dance, common throughout Scotland. It takes its name from the 'strath' or valley of the river Spey, where it originated.

7. Nor would my ear be half so pleased to incline [listen] to the lay of the royal minstrel as to thine.

9. *for*, a preposition of reference = as for, with respect or reference to.

13. *Saxon scourge*, scourge of the Saxons. "The Scottish Highlander calls himself *Gael*, and terms the Lowlanders *Sassenach* or Saxon."—SCOTT. *Clan-Alpine*. One of the names of the Macgregors, who supposed themselves to be descended from Gregor, son of a Scotch king named Alpin, who flourished about A.D. 787. Hence they were sometimes called MacAlpin.

16. *A Lennox foray*, a foray or incursion into the Lennox, which was the name given to the rich district that encircles the lower extremity of Loch Lomond. *Lennox* is supposed to be a corruption of *Levenach*, the plain traversed by the river Leven, which joins Loch Lomond to the Clyde. *Foray* is a Lowland Scotch form of *forage*, which is connected with *fodder*, and so with *food*. A foray was therefore literally a plundering expedition in search of food, principally cattle. *for a day*. This is of course ironical.

9. outlaw'd, deprived of the protection of the law. Outlawry was the punishment for refusing to appear at the courts of law to answer to an accusation. The outlawed person could not bring an action at law ; any one could steal his property, or even kill him, without fear of punishment.

13. like a stricken deer. A wounded deer is generally driven away by the rest of the herd; if it venture to approach them, its companions persecute and sometimes kill it. Cp. Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, II. i. 50—

14. "The exiled state of this powerful race is not exaggerated in this and subsequent passages. The hatred of James against the race of Douglas was so inveterate, that numerous as their allies were, and disregarded as the regal authority had usually been in similar cases, their nearest friends, even in the most remote parts of Scotland, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise. James Douglas, son of the banished Earl of Angus, afterwards well known by the title of Earl of Morton, lurked, during the exile of his family, in the north of Scotland, under the assumed name of James Innes, otherwise *James the Grieve* (i.e. Reve or Bailiff)." — SCOTT. peer, equal. Disown'd by all his equals, the nobles.

19. *guerdon*, reward. This is a French word, from the Low Latin *wider-donum* (return gift) which is a corruption of the old German *widarlôn* with the same meaning. The German *w* is, as usual, represented by the French *gu*; see note Canto I. xxxi. 22.: but it must be noticed that *guerdon* is not in any way connected with *reward*, the word corresponding to which is *regard*.

21. To back, to support.



24. Be held, *i.e.* may be held.

XIII. 2. Her father's soul, the courage and determination that she inherited from her father.

6, 7. orphan is in apposition to *child*. 'Since the time when she first sorrow'd o'er her sister's child, who was then an orphan in the wild.' This is one of the instances in which Scott carries his practice of inversion almost to the point of ambiguity.

8-10. The construction is 'A deeper ... debt is owed to her ... son who shrouds my sire from the ire of Scotland's king.'

15. votaress, one consecrated by a vow; especially one devoted to a religious life. *Votaress*, or *votress*, is the feminine form, and *votary* the masculine. Maronnan's cell. "The parish of Kilmaronock, at the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond, derives its name from a cell or chapel, dedicated to Saint Maronoch, or Marnoch, or Maronnan, about whose sanctity very little is now remembered."—SCOTT.

XIV. 3. I grant him brave, I grant him to be brave, I admit that he is brave.

4. Bracklinn. "This is a beautiful cascade made by a mountain stream called the Keltie, at a place called the Bridge of Bracklinn, about a mile from the village of Callander, in Menteith."—SCOTT.

5. Save ... blood, except when his angry passions are roused by revengeful feelings, or he is carried away by a fit of jealousy.

8. claymore, broadsword. From Gaelic *claidheamh*, sword (cognate with Latin *gladius*), and *mor*, great.

10. more, *i.e.* more than Roderick would feel.

14-16. It was the constant habit of those Highland clans who lived in the neighbourhood of the fertile Lowlands to make plundering expeditions into the low country, of which they considered that they had been dispossessed by the "Saxons."

16. slaked, quenched, moistened. *Slake* is the same word as *slack*, loose, and the original meaning is to put water to anything solid so as to *loosen* it into separate portions. With the use of the word in this passage, cp. what Buccleuch says in the ballad of *Kinmont Willie*, l. 53—

"I would set that castell in a low [flame]  
And *sloken* it with English blood!  
There's never a man in Cumberland  
Should ken where Carlisle castell stood."

19. reeking, literally 'smoking.' 'Reeking red' is 'giving off the odour of blood,' 'smelling of blood.'

21. wildly, with an irregular, fitful brilliance.

23. spirit high, his bold nature or character.

26. *instinctive*. An adverb.

28. *shadowy*, dark, *sombre*. *sable plume*, see note III. xxxi. 13.

XV. 1. *while* = time. The dative case; cp. xii. 11, ii. 8.

4. *Tine-man*. "Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so unfortunate in all his enterprises, that he acquired the epithet of *Tine-man*, because he *tined*, or lost, his followers in every battle which he fought."—SCOTT.

5. *What time*, when, at the time when. For this adjectival use of *what*, see Morris, *Eng. Acc.* §§ 201, 202; Bain, *Higher Eng. Gr.* p. 51: and cp. Milton, *Lycidas*, 28, "What time the grey-fly winds his sullen horn." *no longer foes*. Douglas and Hotspur, son of Earl Percy of Northumberland, were opposed to one another at the battle of Homildon-hill, 1402, where Douglas was defeated and taken prisoner by Hotspur. When Hotspur rebelled against Henry IV. of England, he released Douglas on condition of obtaining his assistance against the King of England. The allies were defeated at the battle of Shrewsbury, 1403, where Hotspur was slain, and Douglas wounded and taken prisoner. See Shakespeare, *Henry IV.* Part I.

8. "The ancient warriors, whose hope and confidence rested chiefly on their blades, were accustomed to deduce omens from them, especially from such as were supposed to have been fabricated by enchanted skill, of which we have various instances in the romances and legends of the time."—SCOTT. Scott relates the following German legend, which seems to have given him the idea of the incident referred to in the text. A German nobleman, being overtaken by a thunderstorm, sought shelter in a house of that part of the town in which he happened to be. As he crossed the threshold, a sword hanging on the wall dropped from its scabbard. The owner of the house then declared himself to be the public executioner; and stated that the fall of the sword was an omen that the nobleman would one day perish by the hand of the executioner, and by that very weapon; which accordingly came to pass some time afterwards.

9. *harbour'd*, taken shelter. Not often used as an intransitive verb.

17. *Beltane*. The name of a Celtic festival celebrated on or about the first of May, in connection with which great fires were lighted on the hills. The word is Celtic, but it is impossible to say what the further derivation is. It is generally said that the word means 'Baal's fire,' from *Bel* = *Baal*, a Syrian god, and the Celtic *teine* = fire. But it has been shown that the last syllable is not connected with *teine*, and no evidence whatever has been adduced in support of the very unlikely supposition that the Celts of Scotland indulged in the worship of Baal.

20. *feud*. This word is connected with *foe* and *fiend*. The

spelling has been improperly assimilated to that of *feud*, land held on feudal tenure. Cp. the Lowland Scotch *feide*, hatred, used by Burns, *Tam Samson's Elegy*, l. 58, "Till coward death behind him jumpit, Wi' deadly feide"; and in the Border ballad, *Dick o' the Cow*, l. 7, "England and us have been lang at *feid*."

23. Cp. canto I. xxxv. 3, 4. The verb *wake* applies to both 'birch' and 'aspens': it is in the plural in agreement with the nearest subject.

24. *breath*, a breath of air, a puff of wind. *dimpling in the lake*, throwing the surface of the lake into dimples or ripples.

25. *canna* is an altered form of the Gaelic word *cánach*, the cotton-grass.

28. *pibroch*. See note, Canto I. xxxi. 15.

XVI. 3. *enlarging on the view*, growing larger to the sight as they approached.

5. *Glengyle*. The glen or valley at the head of Loch Katrine.

6. *full upon*, directly towards.

8. *cast*. To cast, in nautical language, is to bring the side of a ship to the wind.

10. The pine-tree was the emblem or crest of the Clan-Alpine, and appears now upon the arms of the Macgregors. Cp. this canto, xxx. 4.

13. *tartans* brave, gay, bright-coloured tartans. Tartan is properly the name of a kind of cloth, but it is always limited to woollen or silk cloth of a chequered pattern in variegated colours. Every Scotch clan has its own pattern, called the clan tartan: that of the Macgregors consists of a chess-board pattern, with squares of black and red. The word 'tartan' is not Gaelic, but is derived from the French *tiretaine*. *Brave* is here used in its original sense: the Scotch *braw* is the same word.

15. *bonnet*, a man's cap. In England this word is used only of a woman's head-dress.

18. *smoke*, spray.

20. *streamers*, the coloured ribbons attached to the bagpipes for ornament.

21. *chanters*. The pipe of the bagpipes on which the tune is played, is called the chanter. The other pipes of a set of bagpipes, of which there may be three or four, generally sound only one note each, as a sort of accompaniment to the tune.

23. *amain*: see I. viii. 20, note.

XVII. 3. *by distance tame*; the wild and fierce notes of the pibroch are *tamed*, or softened by being heard at a distance.

8. **Gathering.** The tune used to summon the clans to gather together for war.

11. **Thick,** numerous and in quick succession.

13. **hurrying,** agrees with the unexpressed antecedent of 'their.'

\* 17. **closing battle** does not mean 'ending,' but 'beginning' of the battle. To 'close' in fight is to join in fight, to come to close quarters with the enemy. Cp. Canto V. xiv. 32.

21. **pause** is governed by *with* in l. 18.

\* 23. **rallying.** There are two verbs 'to rally'; the first, used here, is equivalent to 're-ally,' to ally again, to gather together again: the second, meaning 'to banter or jeer,' is the same as 'to rail.'

28. **Sunk.** See note, Canto I. ii. 4.

30. "Some of these pibrochs, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion, resembling a march; then gradually quicken into the onset; run off with noisy confusion, and turbulent rapidity, to imitate the conflict and pursuit; then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy; and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession."—Dr. Beattie, quoted by Scott.

XVIII. 8. **with measured sweep,** i.e. keeping time to the sweep of the oars. **burden.** See note, canto I. Introd. l. 17.

\* 9. **cadence,** the measure or rhythm of music. The technical meaning of the word, as a term in music, is properly the last two chords of a musical composition.

\* 12. **Vich** is a phonetic spelling of 'mhic,' the vocative of 'mac'=son. The words 'ho! iro!' are mere interjections.

\* 14. **ditty.** We can hardly, in modern times, speak of a 'martial ditty,' as the word now means a trifling song on a trifling subject. *Ditty* is from Old French *ditie*, a kind of poem, from Lat. *dictatum*, a thing *dictated* from writing: from Lat. *dictare*, the frequentative form of *dicere*, to say.

XIX. 3. **glances, gleams, glitters.**

\* 7. **bourgeon,** to bud. An uncommon word, now used only in poetry. It is derived from French *bourgeon*.

10. "Besides his ordinary name and surname, which were chiefly used in the intercourse with the Lowlands, every Highland chief had an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity as head of the clan, and which was common to all his predecessors and successors. This name was usually a patronymic, expressive of his descent from the founder of the family. But besides this title, which belonged to his office and dignity, the chieftain had usually another peculiar to himself, which

distinguished him from the chieftains of the same race. This was sometimes derived from complexion, as *dhu*, 'black,' or *roy*, 'red'; sometimes from size, as *beg*, 'little,' or *more*, 'great.' The line of the text therefore signifies 'Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine.'—SCOTT.

11, 12. These lines are an imitation of a well-known Gaelic poem of the seventeenth century, an elegy on the death of Sir Lachlan Maclean.

12. Beltane, the beginning of May, as being the time at which the Beltane festival was held; see xv. 17, note.

14. The more: *the* is the instrumental case of the definite article: *the more* = *more by that*, i.e. by the whirlwind. Cp. l. 17, below. *her*, refers to Clan-Alpine; *her shade*, the pine-tree that shades her.

17. *him*; reflexive. See note Canto I. viii. 12. *blow*; subjunctive mood. 'The ruder it (the tempest) blows, the firmer he (the pine-tree) roots himself.'

18. Breadalbane. The country along Loch Tay, extending as far as the western border of Perthshire.

XX. 1-3. Glen Fruin. A valley near the southwest of Loch Lomond. Bannoch, Glen Luss and Ross Dhu are all in the immediate neighbourhood. In 1602 Glen Fruin was the scene of a sanguinary battle between the Macgregors and the Colquhouns, in which the former were victorious. See the introduction to Scott's novel of *Rob Roy*.

2. slogan, the battle-cry of the Highlanders: from Gaelic *sluagh-ghairm*=army-cry. The word 'slug-horn,' sometimes met with in English poets, is a corruption of slogan, and was evidently supposed to be some sort of musical instrument: e.g. Browning, *Childe Roland*, last line but one, "Dauntless the slughorn to my lips I set."

8. Leven-glen. The Leven is the small river which drains Loch Lomond into the Clyde. Lennox includes the glen of the Leven and a great part of Dumbartonshire besides.

13. The rest of this stanza is the expression of the wish that Ellen, who is "the rose-bud that graces yon islands," should marry Roderick and bear him offspring.

XXI. 5. acclaim. The use of this word as a noun is confined to poetry. Cp. V. xxi. 19.

10. land; subjunctive mood.

11. a Douglas thou, And shun, etc. There is an ellipsis of the verb 'to be' in the first part of this sentence, 'thou to be a Douglas and (yet) to shun, etc.' This independent use of the infinitive mood of the verb is common in exclamatory sentences,

e.g. Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, 3. 3, "And he to turn monster of ingratitude, and strike his lawful host!"

16. In the mid-path: not 'in the middle of the path,' but, 'half-way.'

19. Be ours to guide, let it be our part to guide.

XXII. 2. This line qualifies 'feelings.'

5. So should be followed by *that*: "so limpid ... that it would not stain." Cp. I. xxv. 2, 3.

12. an hero's. *An* was originally the *only* form of the indefinite article, the loss of the final *n* before a consonant having taken place about A.D. 1200. *An* and *one* are etymologically the same, both being descended from the A.S. *án*. The rule of grammarians is that *a* should replace *an* before a consonant or an aspirated *h*: but if the first syllable of the aspirated word is unaccented, *an* is retained, e.g. *an hotel*, *an histor'ian*. But this rule is by no means universally observed, and the modern tendency seems to be to use *a* before an aspirated *h* in all cases. Up to the seventeenth century the rule was to use *an* before *h* in all cases. Since *hero* is accented on the first syllable, and the *h* is pronounced, we would now say *a hero*. *weep'd*, for *wept*, apparently put to suit the rime.

XXIII. 4. pride, the show and state which accompanied Roderick. The bard contrasts this in his mind with the condition of the once powerful Douglas, who arrives unattended by followers.

12. The minstrels would be stationed in the castle immediately above the gate, ready to welcome with music their lord as he returned victorious from battle.

15. Percy's Norman pennon was won by the Earl of Douglas in a skirmish before the walls of Newcastle, 1388. The attempt to recover it led to the sanguinary battle of Otterbourne, in which Douglas was slain, and Percy (not Earl Percy, but his son Hotspur), was taken prisoner. This battle is celebrated in the Scotch ballad of the *Battle of Otterbourne*, given in the *Border Minstrelsy*. An English ballad, on the same subject, is given in Percy's *Reliques of English Poetry*, Bell's *Early Ballads*, etc. The pennon remained in the possession of the Douglasses, and Scott either represents it as being carried before them in subsequent times as a sort of trophy, or refers to some later capture of a pennon. The Percies, Earls of Northumberland, were wardens of the Marches, or Borders, between England and Scotland: the Earls of Douglas held a similar office on the Scotch side of the Border, so that conflicts between the followers of the two families were continually occurring.

17. the least a name, etc. The least of whom possessed a rank and title as mighty as any that Roderick is entitled to.



22. *the waned crescent.* A silver crescent was one of the badges of the Percies, and would be represented on their pennons. Cp. Percy's *Reliques of English Poetry*; in the ballad of the *Rising of the North*, l. 105,

"Earl Percy there his ancient spread,  
The *Half-Moon* shining all so fair,"

where 'ancient' means 'ensign' or standard: and in Percy's own ballad of *The Hermit of Warkworth*, he says that Lord William Percy, in the time of William the Conqueror,

"journeying to the Holy Land,  
There bravely fought and died;  
But first the *silver crescent* won,  
Some paynim Soldan's pride."

24. *Blantyre.* Blantyre Priory was situated opposite to Bothwell Castle, on the other side of the Clyde.

25. *flung back*, re-echoed. The song of the bards in the Castle serves as an echo to the hymns from the Priory.

26. As is the correlative of so in l. 20.

31. *out-beggars*, makes quite beggarly or worthless. 'All I lost is poor compared with this.'

XXIV. 5. *shame-faced*, modest. This word has been corrupted, by popular etymology, from *shamefast*, fast or firm in modesty. Compare *steadfast*, *soothfast*.

5, 6. In order to hide her blushes, she pretends to be occupied with the hounds and hawk.

12. *unhooded.* Hawks were carried with hoods over their heads, to prevent them from seeing: as soon as their prey was sighted, they were unhooded to enable them to see and follow it.

13. *trust*, believe me. Cp. xxiii. 20.

14. *Goddess of the wood*, a wood-nymph, such as the Greeks believed in.

16. *aught* qualifies *o'erweigh'd*, as an adverb.

XXV. 8. The difficulty of seeing the ptarmigan in the snow is owing to the fact that its plumage becomes white in winter.

16. *sob*, generally used only of the 'convulsive sigh or catching of the breath in sorrow.' It is used here, of course, to describe the convulsive breathing caused by great exertion. So Thomson, *Autumn* 441, describing the hunted stag, "He sweeps the forest oft: and *sobbing*," etc.; and this poem, canto I. vii. 5. *confess*, show, be evidence of.

23. *nearest*, most intimately.

29. *Voice* is but seldom used as a verb: it has the sense of 'proclaim.' It occurs in Shakespeare, *Timon of Athens*, IV. iii. 81.

XXVI. 8, 9. *were* = would be. All that I have remaining to me of the occupations and characteristics of the Douglasses would be reft from me if I were deprived of that pastime.

11. *Glenfinlas* (Glen of the green women) is a valley lying to the north-east of the Trosachs. The legend from which it received its name is given in Scott's ballad of *Glenfinlas; or Lord Ronald's Lament*.

14. *royal ward*. When the owner of an estate died, leaving a child as his heir with no natural guardians, the estate and heir both were placed under the guardianship of the king, until the heir came of age.

15. By assisting the outlawed Douglas, Malcolm would render himself liable to forfeit his life and estates.

20. *Despite old spleen*. See stanza xv.

21. *Strath-Endrick*. The valley of the Endrick, a small river running into Loch Lomond at its south-east corner.

XXVII. 7. *light*, unencumbered with heavy arms or armour.

10. *news* is generally regarded as a singular noun. We say 'What is the news?'

17. *As*. Cp. stanza iv. 11.

XXVIII. 2. *'glozing*, deceptive, flattering. 'To gloze' originally meant to interpret, and is derived, through Latin and French, from the Greek *glossa*, a tongue, a language; from which also comes the English word, 'gloss,' an explanation. But there is another English word 'gloss,' meaning *shininess*, *lustre*, and it is owing to a confusion between the two words that 'gloze' has obtained its present meaning.

12. In 1529 James V. assembled an army of ten thousand men, consisting of his principal nobility and their followers, who were directed to bring their hawks and dogs with them, that the monarch might refresh himself with sport during the intervals of military execution. With this array he swept through Ettrick Forest on the borders, where he caused to be hanged many of the most notorious freebooting chiefs of that district. Having thus 'tamed the Border-side' he next turned his attention to the Highland chiefs; and by similar severe measures he brought the Northern mountaineers also into comparative subjection.—See Scott's notes.

18. This is related to have really happened to one of the Border chiefs, Piers Cockburn of Henderland, who, fearing no evil from the king's approach, had prepared a feast for his reception. He was hanged over the gate of his own castle.

19. *Loud cries their blood*, i.e. for vengeance. This is a Biblical expression; see *Gen.* iv. 10, "The voice of thy brother's blood cryeth unto me from the ground." *Meggat's mead*, the meads or meadows lying along the banks of the Meggat. The Meggat



is a small stream running into the *Yarrow*, which runs into the *Ettrick*, which itself is a tributary of the *Tweed*. The *Teviot* is another tributary of the *Tweed*, lying further south than the *Ettrick*.

20. *brae* is a Scotch word, meaning the side of a hill, or the steep bank bounding a river valley.

28. *pretext*. This word, here accented on the second syllable, is generally accented on the first. Shakespeare however has, *Coriol.* V. vi. 20,

“And my pretext’ to strike at him admits  
A good construction.”

33. *espial*, an observation made by means of spies: sure, trustworthy, certain; an adjective qualifying *espial*.

34. I ask your counsel in the strait (difficulties) that I reveal to you. The spelling ‘streight’ seems peculiar to Scott.

XXIX. 16. *were* = would be.

19. *homage*. A French word, from Latin *homo*, a man. / “The vassal or tenant upon investiture did usually homage to his lord; openly and humbly kneeling, being ungirt, uncovered, and holding up his hands together between those of the lord, who sat before him; and there professing that he did become his *man*, from that day forth, of life and limb and earthly honour: and then he received a kiss from his lord. Which ceremony was denominated *homagium*, from the stated form of words, *devenio vester homo*.”—BLACKSTONE, *Commentaries*, Bk. ii. ch. 4.

XXX. 2. So help me Heaven, may Heaven help me only so far as I refuse to agree to your proposal.

6. *lineage*, those who belong to the family or line.

8. *to wife*. *To* = as, for, in the capacity of. / See Bain, *Higher Eng. Gr.* p. 84, and compare Bunyan, “He hath a pretty young man to his son,” i.e. as a son; Shakespeare, *Timon*, II. ii. 103 “(a usurer) has a fool to his servant.” *to mine aid*, in the same line, is in the same construction.

10. *allies*. The accent is here on the first syllable, contrary to general custom. / Scott accents the word in the usual way, on the last syllable, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, iii. 372, “And warn their vassals and *allies*.” *enow*, a poetical spelling of *enough*, just as *plough* is sometimes spelt *plow*. / In all these words ending in *gh*, the final consonants were formerly pronounced as a guttural, as they still are in many cases in Scotland. The guttural has now been softened down into the sound of *f*, as in *enough*, *cough*, *rough*, or is not pronounced at all, as in *plough*, *bough*, *through*, *high*. In some cases where it is not pronounced the old *g* has been confused with *y*: in other cases it has

been replaced by *w*, as *day* for *dæg*, *silly* for *sælig*, *sorrow* for *sorge*, *gallows* for *galga*.

14. **Links of Forth.** The word 'links' means 'the windings of a river,' also 'the rich land lying among these windings.'—JAMIESON, *Scottish Dictionary*.

15. **Stirling.** The town of Stirling on the Forth contained a strong castle which was a favourite place of residence of the Scottish kings.

20. Roderick's mother makes signs to him to stop his wild talk of battle and flame, seeing how distasteful it is to Ellen, who blanches or shrinks in disgust and terror.

21. **I meant ... say**; what I say is merely the outpouring of my heart, the expression of my emotions, and is not to be taken quite seriously.

XXXI. 1. **there are who have, there are people who have**; the Latin *sunt qui*.

3. **beetled, projected.** In this sense it appears to have been first used by Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, I. iv. 71, "the cliff that beetles o'er his base into the sea." The idea is derived from the expression 'beetle-browed,' having projecting or sharp eyebrows, or else, having shaggy eyebrows like the antennæ of some kinds of beetle. *Beetle* itself is derived from *bite*, being the *biting* insect.

8. **startler**, one who starts with astonishment, from *startle*, an intransitive verb, the frequentative form of *start*. The word is apparently not found elsewhere.

11. **battled fence**, the battlements, or indented parapet at the top of the tower. Cp. Canto V. xxix. 17, "the Castle's battled verge."

17. **astound, distracted.** 'Astound' is not now used as an adjective except occasionally in poetry. It appears to be a form of *astoned* or *astunned*, past participle of *astone* or *astun*, a word now obsolete, derived either from the French *estoner* (Mod. Fr. *étonner*), from a supposed Latin *extonare*, to thunder out; or from Anglo-Saxon *stunian*, with intensive prefix *á*, whence the English verb *stun*, in which case the sense has been influenced by the French word. The participial adjective *astound* has now given rise to a new verb, *to astound*, with its own participle *astounded*. Cp. note, Canto I. xx. 20.

19. **crossing terrors, conflicting terrors**; fears for Douglas if she refused Roderick's proposal, and for herself if she accepted it.

22. **with her hand**, by giving her hand in marriage. Part of the marriage ceremony consists in joining hands; cp. xiii. 13.

XXXII. 5. **hectic strife**, the feverish alternation of flushing and pallor in her cheek. A *hectic* is a certain kind of fever, characterised by flushing.

13. For the construction, cp. I. xx. 19.

23. *despite my wrongs ... tongues.* In spite of the wrongs that I have suffered from his hasty wrath and from the tongues of those that have slandered me to him.

26. 'if your cause is not combined with mine.'

XXXIII. 7. *Stooping, bending, lowering down*: used transitively.

8. *nighted* for 'benighted,' overtaken by night.

18. *its chequer'd shroud, his tartan plaid.* See note, stanza xvi. 13, on the Macgregor or MacAlpine tartan. The pronoun *its* refers to *hope* in l. 15; the shroud of his dying hope.

22. *might brook*, could endure. Cp. Shakespeare, *Henry V.* II. ii. 100, "may it be possible?" The verb *may* (past tense *might*) is almost obsolete in this sense, which is its original one; its place being taken by the verb *can*.

24. *the Græme.* The definite article is used in Scotland and Ireland as a sort of honorific prefix, applied usually to the chief of a clan, as 'the Chisholm,' 'the O'Donoghue.' Cp. 'the Douglas' in the next line; 'the Bruce' in the *Lord of the Isles*, etc.

XXXIV. 10. *minion.* "Once no more than darling or dearling (mignon). It is quite a superaddition of later times that the 'minion' is an unworthy object, on whom an excessive fondness is bestowed."—TRENCH, *Select Glossary*. The French *mignon* is from Old High German *minne*, love.

13. *punishment delay'd*, the delay of punishment.

18. *their desperate hand*, the desperate hand of each.

19. *Griped to*, gripped towards, reached towards the dagger in the attempt to grip or seize it.

20. *had been* = would have been, would have resulted.

22. *forego* should be spelt *forgo*, like forbid, forgive, forget, forlorn, forsake, etc. This prefix *for* has an intensive force: the prefix *fore* means in front, coming first, and is rightly used in forebode, foretell, etc. The word *foregone* in such phrases as 'a foregone conclusion' is from a verb *fore-go*, to go before, different from the above, which means 'to relinquish, cease, leave off.'

26. 'That,' the correlative of 'so,' in the previous line, is omitted. 'doom'd the spoil, adjudged as the prize.'

XXXV. 4. *As falter'd ... dream*, as if uttered or shrieked out in some frightful dream or nightmare.

8. "Hardihood was in every respect so essential to the character of a Highlander that the reproach of effeminacy was the most bitter that could be thrown upon him."—SCOTT.

10. *fell*, hill. A Scandinavian word, probably the same as the English word *field*. Both *fell* and *field* appear in the names of mountains; e.g. Scafell, Crossfell, Fairfield, Dovrefeld (in Norway).

11. *lackey*, here used as a verb = to attend as a lackey. Generally a noun, but cp. Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra* I. iv. 46, "Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream, Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide." Milton, *Comus*, 455, "A thousand liveried angels lackey her." And Spencer, *Faery Queene*, VI. ii. 15, "Unfit to tread and lackey by him." Etymology doubtful; but perhaps from the Old High German *lücken*, to run.

13. More would he ... know, if he wish to know more.

14. Suggesting that Malcolm is a spy.

15. What ho! an interjection used in calling persons, especially with impatience.

*henchman*. "This officer is a sort of secretary, and is to be ready upon all occasions to venture his life in defence of his master; and at drinking-bouts he stands behind his seat, at his haunch, from whence his title is derived, and watches the conversation to see if any one offends his patron."—*Letters from Scotland* (1754) quoted in Scott's note. But the suggested derivation is wrong; the word is for *heng'st-man*, from *hengest* an old English word for 'horse' (cp. German *hengst*), and *man*; so that it means 'horse-man,' or 'groom'; and this derivation is in accordance with the use of the word in the earliest examples that we possess.

16. *safe-conduct*, a passport, or other warrant of safety given to a person to enable him to pass freely through a disturbed district.

18. *hold*, stronghold, retreat.

19. The relative is omitted. 'The spot (that) an angel, etc.'

23. The verb 'is' is omitted.

30. *but* is equivalent to 'that not.' 'So secret that we shall not meet.'

32. He said, he finished speaking. An imitation of the Latin.

XXXVI. 5. *Fiery Cross*. See canto III. i. 18, note.

7. *were* = would be.

9. *land*. The infinitive mood.

10. *Himself, he himself*, i.e. Allan. All up to this point is dependent on 'told how' in l. 3.

XXXVII. 1. *abrupt*, an adverb.

4. *point* = point out, show.

5. in ward, see st. xxvi. 14.

13. The breaking off in the middle of a sentence in this way is called in grammar an *aposiopesis*.

### CANTO III.

I. 2. our infancy, us in our infancy. Cp. *boyhood* in the next line.

3. legends store, store of legends, many legends. Cp. I. xxvii. 15, and VI. xx. 9. Store appears to be here used as an adjective. Cp. Milton, *P. L.* ix. 1078, "evil store."

4. ventures, adventures. happ'd, happened.

8. tide is the object of *wait* in l. 7. Wait, generally an intransitive verb, is here used instead of 'await' or 'wait for.'

10. Yet live there still. There are still some people living. Cp. II. xxxi. 1.

15. What time = when, at the time when: see II. xv. 5, note. wound, see note I. xvii. 1.

16. kindred banner, banner of their clan.

17. the gathering sound, the signal for gathering. See II. xvii. 8 and note. Yell'd is generally an intransitive verb.

18. Fiery Cross. "When a chieftain designed to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the *Fiery Cross*, also *Crean Tarigh* or the *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the symbol implied inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal dispatch, to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbours, if the danger was common to them. At sight of the Fiery Cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair, in his best arms and accoutrements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burnt marks upon this warlike signal."—SCOTT.

II. 10. The word fancy is here used somewhat in its earlier sense of *imagination*, as Milton and others use it. See Trench, *Select Glossary*.

17. *flecked*, dotted with light clouds. A *fleck* is a 'spot.'

18. *revelry*, sounds of revelry, sounds expressing delight.

19-20. Cp. Heywood. "Sing from thy nest, Robin red-breast, and give the lark good-morrow." To 'give good morrow' is to give a morning salute. *Morrow*, the earlier forms of which are *morwe*, *morge*, originally meant morning. For the change of *g* to *w* see note on II. xxx. 10. Just as the meaning of the word *morrow* has changed from 'morning' to 'following day,' so the word *eve* has changed its meaning from 'evening' to 'preceding day,' e.g. Christmas eve, the day *before* Christmas day.

22. The whole of this description of the awakening of a new day deserves notice as an example of Scott's power of calling up a picture of natural scenery by a few touches.

III. 6. *impatient*. See note I. vii. 9.

10. For antiquity (i.e. ancient tradition) had taught that such ritual) was the meet (or proper) preface.

17. *sails*, wings. The metaphor of sailing is often used to describe the flight of birds, and conversely, the sails of a ship are poetically spoken of as 'white wings.'

18. *reclined*; a past participle agreeing with 'she' in the previous line. And connects 'spread' and 'silenced.' *heaven*, sky; compare "middle air," I. xiv. 23.

IV. 2. *rowan*, the mountain-ash. The wood of this tree was supposed to have magical properties, so that it was appropriately used in the incantation described in the text. The word *rowan* is Scandinavian; it has a remote connexion with the Latin *ornus*, an ash-tree.

3. *shivers*, thin splinters of wood. *Shiver* is the diminutive of *shive*, a slice; and *shive* is allied to *shave*. There is also a verb *shiver*, meaning to break into shivers or small pieces (see V. xx. 37); this verb must not be confounded with *shiver*, to tremble, which is from a different source, being merely another form of *quiver*.

6. *frock* and *hood*. The *frock* is the long robe worn by a monk, the *hood* being a portion of the same garment, disposed so as to cover the head.

7. *grisled*, more often spelt *grizzled*, means slightly gray. It is from the French *gris*=gray.

9. *seam'd o'er*, marked all over with seams or scars.

10. *scars of frantic penance*, scars of wounds which he had in his frenzy inflicted upon himself as penance.

11. The grammatical construction is, "the danger ... had drawn that monk ... from solitude."

14. *Benharrow* is a mountain near Loch Lomond.



16. *Druid's*, i.e. his (mien) was the *Druid's* (mien). Although he was a Christian priest, he showed none of the mildness of Christianity, but rather seemed like some old Druid risen from the grave, accustomed to endure the sight of human sacrifices. The Druids were the priests of the old British religion, which countenanced the sacrifice of human beings.

20. *mix'd*, mixed itself, was mixed.

21. *The hallow'd creed* ... The creed of Christianity, instead of softening his curses, was used only to add to their emphasis and power.

25. *bound*, boundary.

27. *strath*, valley; from Gaelic *srath*.

28. *desert-dweller*, hermit. / his and he refer to 'hunter' in l. 21.

29. *between*, in the intervals of his prayers. To 'sign the cross' is to make the sign of a cross on the body or in the air with the finger. The cross, being a symbol sacred for Christians, was supposed to act as a charm against supernatural evils.

30. His terror took the appearance of devotion. The only cause of his devotion or prayer was the terror that he felt.

V. 2. *midnight fold*. A fold where the sheep are kept at night, such folds being often in desolate places, far from the abodes of men.

3. *deep within*, in the depths of.

6. *drifting wind*, *driving wind*, wind driven or blowing across anything. / *Drift* is formed with suffix *-t* from an old verb *drifen*, to drive.

9. *Knot-grass*. The botanical name of this grass is *polygonum aviculare*: it has what is called a 'prostrate' stem; that is, it creeps along the ground, binding down to the earth the stones or anything else over which it grows.

12. *That buckler'd*. The bone that shielded or protected a heart that knew not fear.

14. *field-fare*, a kind of bird. The name means literally 'field-wanderer,' from A.S. *faran*, to fare, travel. /

15. *blind-worm*. Otherwise known as the slow-worm; a kind of snake. /

16. *that mock'd at time*. That once despised or were careless of all that time could bring upon them. The warrior rejoicing in his strength and swiftness forgets that the day approaches when "the strong men shall bow themselves" and "man goeth to his long home." The contrast is between the vigour of the living and the stillness of the dead: "A living dog is better than a dead lion," says Solomon; and the slow-moving blind-worm is swifter than

those limbs, once so fleet, over which he crawls. Cp. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, V. i. 105 *seq.*

18. chaplet, a garland of flowers for the head; from Latin *caput*, head, through the French. *flush'd* and *full*. *Flush'd* describes the purple colour of the heath-bell: *full* = full-blown.

20. supplied, took the place of, furnished a substitute for.

24, 26. snood. "The *snood* or ribbon with which a Scottish lass braided her hair, had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the *curch*, *toy*, or *coif*, when she passed, by marriage, into the matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to lose pretensions to the name of maiden, without gaining a right to that of matron, she was neither permitted to use the snood, nor advanced to the graver dignity of the *curch*."—SCOTT.

30. Or .. or. A common poetical substitution for *either ... or*.

32. The story of the birth of Brian is adapted by Scott from a local legend describing the birth of the founder of the church of Kilmalee, near Inverlogie.

VI. 1. compeers, equals.

8. 'To wood ... wail, in order to bewail his lot or ill-fortune in the hearing of the woods and streams. / With the word 'spend' the usual construction is the verbal substantive preceded by the preposition 'in'; as 'I spend my nights *in reading*.'

11. meteor fire, the lightning or any other transitory light seen in the sky. Formerly the word *meteor* was applied to any phenomenon of the atmosphere: rain, hail, snow, fog, etc., were called *aqueous*, or watery, meteors; whirlwinds were called *aerial* meteors; and lightning, the aurora, shooting stars, etc., *igneous*, or fiery meteors: the science relating to all these being still called meteorology. The word 'meteor' is now generally used only of shooting or falling stars, aerolites or meteorites. /

14. cloister, monastery: Lat. *claustrum*, an enclosure, *claudere*, to shut; a place shut off from the world. pitying gate. See note I. vii. 9.

16. sable-letter'd, black-letter'd. Some of the later manuscripts, and most of the earlier printed books, were in what is called the Old English, or Gothic, character, called 'black-letter' because of the thickness and blackness of the strokes. /

20. cabala. A method of interpretation of the Old Testament, handed down by tradition among the Jewish Rabbins. At a later period the word was applied to a mystical system of theosophy, current among the Jews: and finally the name was applied to any system of secret magic. /

22. curious, eager to discover what is unknown.



23. fired, excited. The hermit is described as being driven to a sort of frenzy by reflecting on the mystery of his birth, and by the study of magic.

VII. 2. *spectre*, from the Latin, corresponds to *phantom* (see above, vi. 12) from the Greek. The former literally means something *seen* (Lat. *specere*, to see); the latter means something *shown* (Greek *φαντάζειν*, to show).

3. *with* has here the sense of 'against' as it has in the phrase 'to fight with a person' and in the word 'withstand': cp. German *wider*, against. The torrents are represented as toiling or struggling against the black rocky sides of the narrow channels through which they force their way.

6. "In adopting the legend concerning the birth of the founder of the church of Kilmalie, the author has endeavoured to trace the effects which such a belief was likely to produce, in a barbarous age, on the person to whom it related....It was a natural attribute of such a character as the supposed hermit, that he should credit the numerous superstitions with which the minds of ordinary Highlanders are almost always imbued. A few of these are slightly alluded to in this stanza. The River Demon, or River-horse, for it is that form which he commonly assumes, is the Kelpy of the Lowlands, an evil and malicious spirit, delighting to forebode and to witness calamity. He frequents most Highland lakes and rivers; and one of his most memorable exploits was performed upon the banks of Loch Vennachar, in the very district which forms the scene of our action: it consisted in the destruction of a funeral procession, with all its attendants. The 'noontide hag,' called in Gaelic *Glas-lich*, a tall emaciated, gigantic female figure, is supposed in particular to haunt the district of Knoidart. A goblin dressed in antique armour, and having one hand covered with blood, called, from that circumstance, *Lham-deary*, or Red-hand, is a tenant of the forests of Glenmore and Rothiemurcus. Other spirits of the desert, all frightful in shape and malignant in disposition, are believed to frequent different mountains and glens of the Highlands, where any unusual appearance, produced by mist, or the strange lights that are sometimes thrown upon particular objects, never fails to present an apparition to the imagination of the solitary and melancholy mountaineer."—SCOTT.

13. *Seer*, literally, one who *sees*; and applied particularly to those persons who were supposed to have the power of seeing into the future, or of seeing events that were happening at a distant place. This power was called second-sight; it was firmly believed in by the Highlanders, among whom it was said to be common. See canto I. xxiii. 6-8, Campbell's poem, *Lochiel's Warning*, and Scott's account of Allan Macaulay in the *Legend of Montrose*.

14. Being expelled from human society, he imagined himself surrounded with a spiritual, a ghostly society.

16. the mortal kind, mankind. *Kind* is the same as the Latin *genus*, and the connexion between them is a familiar example of the operation of Grimm's Law. See Morris, *Hist. Outlines of Eng. Acc.* chap. ii.

17. parent. His mother, who belonged to the Clan Alpine.

20. Ben-Shie. A phonetic spelling of the Gaelic *bean-sídhe*, or *woman of the fairies*. In certain families, the lamentations or appearance of the Ben-Shie are supposed to indicate the approaching death of the chieftain. The same belief is common in Ireland, where the spirit is called the *banshee*; and similar superstitions are found in Germany. The Gaelic *sídhe* is said to mean 'peace.' Cp. *Rob Roy*, ch. 28, where Bailie Nicol Jarvie, speaking of the fairies, says, "They ca' them *Daoine Schie*—whilk signifies, as I understand, men of peace; meaning thereby to make their gude-will." Cp. the euphemistic name given by the Greeks to the Furies, whom they called *Eumenides*, i.e. the well-disposed ones.

24. "A presage of the kind alluded to in the text is still believed to announce death to the ancient family of M'Lean of Lochbuy. The spirit of an ancestor slain in battle is heard to gallop along a stony bank, and then to ride thrice around the family residence, ringing his fairy bridle, and thus intimating the approaching calamity."—SCOTT.

27. He girt his loins. A biblical expression, generally with the preposition *up*; cp. 1 Kings xviii. 46. To 'gird up the loins' is to tie up the garments round the loins so as to leave the legs free for walking or any other exercise.

29. *ban* = curse. Originally it meant 'to proclaim' or 'to summon,' a meaning which survives in the expression 'marriage banns,' proclamations of marriage: but the present meaning of the word is found as early as 1300.

VIII. 10. crosslet. The termination *let* has a diminutive force; cp. brooklet, streamlet, etc.

11. measure due, measure exact and proper for the purpose.

13. Inch-Cailliach, island of old women, so called from the nunnery that formerly existed there, is at the lower extremity of Loch Lomond. It is still used as a burial ground for the clan Macgregor or Macalpine.

15. Lomond's breezes deep, the deep hoarse noise of the breeze as it sweeps across the open surface of the lake, to which the rustling of the trees waving in the wind is an answer.

18. With haggard eye, hollow-eyed, meagre. A corruption of *hagged*, the original sense being hag-like, witch-like. The cor-

ruption in spelling is due to confusion with another word *haggard*, meaning a wild hawk.

20. *anathema*, curse. A Greek word meaning originally 'a thing devoted,' then 'a thing devoted to evil, an accursed thing,' finally 'a curse.'

IX. 2. *sepulchral*. So called because it grew on the place of sepulture of the clan.

5. *dwelling low*, grave, burial place.

7. "The Highlanders are as zealous [jealous] of their rights of sepulture as may be expected from a people whose whole laws and government, if clanship can be called so, turned upon the single principle of family descent. 'May his ashes be scattered on the water,' was one of the deepest and most solemn imprecations which they used against an enemy."—SCOTT.

10. *him* is the dative case = to him. The common construction would be 'shall doom him (accus.) to wrath and woe.'

11. *word*. Cp. I. xxviii. 9.

13. *naked brands*, drawn swords.

14. *strook*. An old form of the past tense of 'strike,' used only in poetry.

21. *Ben-an's grey scalp*, the rocky summit of the mountain, bare of vegetation.

23. The wolf and eagle are represented as rejoicing in the prospect of a war which would enable them to prey upon the bodies of the slain.

X. 4. *the while*, whilst: cp. II. ii. 8, note. *scathed*. 'To scathe' is to injure, here by burning.

6. *holiest name*, the name of God or Christ.

7. Compare III. iv. 19, 20.

14. *kindred*, like, similar. Cp. II. iii. 17.

15. *volumed*. An uncommon word, meaning voluminous, vast.

18. *Shall call down ... shame*, shall call down from Heaven, shall call upon Heaven to award him wretchedness, etc.

21. *goss-hawk* or *goshawk*. A kind of hawk: literally *goose-hawk*.

23. *trill*. Literally, a shaking or quavering voice: here applied to the imperfect utterance of children.

31. *Coir-Uriskin*. See st. xxv. note.

33. *Beala-nam-bo*. See st. xxvii. note.

XI. 6. *the clansman*. *The* is demonstrative = that.

8. *saw and disobey'd*, should see and disobey.

10. *among* is but seldom used with a singular noun, except the noun is collective; as 'among the crowd,' 'all among the barley.' Here we would expect *in* instead of *among*. 'Among' is for A.S. *on mang*, where *mang* is a mixture, a crowd. The same root occurs in *mingle*.

16. *shuns to speed*, fails or neglects to hasten to the meeting-place of the clan.

23, 24. Let the blessing that this sign (*i.e.* the cross) brings to all others be denied to him. The 'grace' is the pardon or salvation promised to Christians, of which the cross is the token, and which Christ is said to have *bought* for mankind.

25. contrast this with st. x. 30.

XII. 4. *henchman*. See II. xxxv. 15, note.

5. *muster-place*, a place for assembling: *lit.* a place for showing oneself, from the Latin *monstrare* to show, through the French *mostre*. For the loss of the *n*, compare *cost* from Lat. *constare*, *measure* from *mensura*. *be*. Imperative mood. *Lanrick-mead*, the meadow or flat ground at the western end of Loch Vennachar.

6. *instant the time*, let the time (of mustering) be now, instantly.

16. *wide, distant. fathom*, words expressing measures of length, weight, etc., often omit the plural inflexion: thus we may say 'his height is five *foot* ten inches, and his weight is eleven *stone* seven pounds.'

18. *brand* here means fire: the expression 'blood and brand' being used for the more common 'fire and sword,' meaning war and the destruction caused by war.

XIII. 1. *the dun deer's hide*. "The shoes or *brogues* of the Highlanders are made of half-dried leather, with holes to admit and let out the water; for walking the moors dry-shod is a matter altogether out of question. The ancient buskin was still ruder, being made of undressed deer's hide, with the hair outwards."—SCOTT.

5. *steepy, steep*. Used only in poetry.

8. *trembling bog*. In such a bog, the ground is springy and elastic, so that it 'trembles' beneath the feet: *false morass*, morass or marsh in which the footing is uncertain and treacherous.

10. *questing, hunting*. Literally, seeking: the word is almost obsolete.

11. *scaur*, the bare face of a cliff. Properly applied to a rock cut off from the mainland: it is a Scandinavian word, allied to the English words *shear, sheer, shred, share*, etc.

22. are in thy course, depend on thy course : the message that you bear imports danger, death, and warlike deeds.

XIV. 4. They, *i.e.* the huts and hamlets.

\* 10. dirk and brand, dagger and sword.

\* 11. cheer, used in its old sense of *face* or *look*. The word is from Old French *chère*, from Low Latin *cara*, from Greek *kapá*, the head.

12. swathe, or *swath*, a row of mown grass.

16. at bay ; see note, canto I. viii. 3.

\* 23. bosky, bushy : a poetical word.

24. stilly ; an adverb. It is also used (in poetry) as an adjective, meaning 'still.'

XV. 2. Duncraggan lies between Loch Achray and Loch Venachar.

6. Their Lord, the lord of Duncraggan. The plural 'their' refers to 'huts' in l. 2.

8. shot him : see canto I. viii. 12, note.

22. coronach. "The *Coronach* of the Highlanders, like the *Ululatus* of the Romans, and the *Ululoo* of the Irish, was a wild expression of lamentation, poured forth by the mourners over the body of a departed friend. When the words of it were articulate, they expressed the praises of the deceased, and the loss the clan would sustain by his death ... The coronach has for some years past been superseded at funerals by the use of the bagpipe ; and that also is, like many other Highland peculiarities, falling into disuse, unless in remote districts."—SCOTT.

XVI. 9-16. The reaper cuts the ears of corn that are hoary or ripe, and the autumn winds carry away the leaves that are dry and withered ; but Duncan has been taken from us by death in the prime of his manhood.

15. flushing, full bloom.

\* 17. correi, "the hollow side of a hill, where game usually lies" ; so that the line means 'fleet in pursuit of game.'

\* 18. cumber, trouble or difficulty. From French *combrer*, to hinder ; from Low Latin *cumbrus*, a heap ; a corruption of Latin *cumulus*, a heap.

19. Red hand, a hand red with blood, and so, a hand prompt and powerful to strike.

XVII. 1. Stumah, "faithful," the name of a dog. the bier beside. The preposition 'beside' follows its object ; an inversion unusual even in poetry. Cp. xxvii. 13.

XVIII. 3. the stripling, *i.e.* Angus.

10. like Duncan's son, in a manner worthy of the son of the brave Duncan.

24. That. The antecedent of 'that' is contained in *his* in the previous line.

27. his duty done ; the absolute construction. I have full trust that God, who is the guardian of orphans, will guard my son if he does his duty.

29. and you. This is addressed to the men who are mourning for Duncan.

30. hest, command ; a word now used only in poetry ; the more common form is 'behest.' From Ang.-Sax. *hæts*, a command. The final *t* in *hest*, like the *t* in *whilst*, *against*, etc., is not properly a part of the word.

29, 30. Mark the order in these lines. You, true in many a danger ; you that drew your blades at Duncan's hest.

31. To arms ! an imperative exclamation, in which the verb is omitted : equivalent to 'fly to arms,' 'seize your arms.'

XIX. 1. "Inspection of the provincial map of Perthshire, or any large map of Scotland, will trace the progress of the signal through the small district of lakes and mountains, which, in exercise of my poetical privilege, I have subjected to the authority of my imaginary chieftain, and which, at the period of my romance, was really occupied by a clan who claimed a descent from Alpine ... The first stage of the Fiery Cross is to Dun-craggan, a place near the Brigg of Turk, where a short stream divides Loch Achray from Loch Vennachar. From thence, it passes towards Callander, and then, turning to the left up the pass of Leny, is consigned to Norman at the chapel of Saint Bride, which stood on a small and romantic knoll in the middle of the valley called Strath-Ire. Tombea and Arnandave, or Ardmandave, are names of places in the vicinity. The alarm is then supposed to pass along the lake of Lubnaig, and through the various glens in the district of Balquidder, including the neighbouring tracts of Glenfinlas and Strathgartney."—SCOTT.

7. Teith's young waters. The small streams which unite to form the Teith ; here, in particular, the river Leny.

10. Saint Bride. The same as St. Bridget, an Irish nun who lived in the fifth century. Several churches and towns in Ireland and Scotland are named after her.

14. sympathetic. The dizzy motion of the water produced in him, when he looked at it, a corresponding feeling (sympathy) of dizziness.

15. amid. Generally used with a plural or collective noun. With a singular noun the equivalent phrase 'into the middle of.'



'into the midst of,' would be used. Compare the use of 'among' in st. xi. 10.

18. stay, make firm or steady.

19-20. The stream is imagined to express by its 'hoarser swell' its eagerness to make the youth its victim.

21-22. The exclamation takes the place of the grammatically proper form of the verb. And if he had fallen—then we might have said farewell for ever to Duncraggan's orphan heir.

24. Firmer. Adjective for adverb.

26. strain'd; see note I. vii. 6.

XX. 1. rout, crowd, assembly. See I. iii. 14. note. tides, time. *Time* and *tide* are from the same root; a cognate word is German *zeit*=time. The use of the word *tide* to denote the alternate ebb and flow of the waters of the sea arise, from the fact that these occur at fixed intervals of *time*. The meaning of the word is further extended to denote any flowing stream of water. Compare l. 18 in the preceding stanza.

5. Gothic arch, an arch rising to a sharp point at the top; this kind of arch being characteristic of the style of architecture called Gothic, not because it was introduced by the Goths, but because it was considered to be barbarous when compared with the Roman style; and everything barbarous was attributed to the Goths or to the Vandals.

6. 'bridal, here used, somewhat peculiarly, for 'wedding party or procession.' The proper meaning of the word is 'a wedding,' literally 'bride-ale' or bride-feast. Compounded of *bride* and *ale*, the latter being a common name for 'feast.'

8. coif-clad. The coif was a covering for the head, worn only by married women. See st. v. 24. note. The word *coif* is derived from O. H. G. *chuppá*, which, Latinized into *cofia*, gave rise to the French *coif*, and thence to the English word. *Coif* is related to *cup* but not to *cap*.

11. unwitting, not knowing.

12. shrilly is a poetical form for *shrill*; cp. *steepy*, xiii. 5.

13. measures, tunes. Compare the description in Coleridge, *Ancient Mariner*—

"The bride hath paced into the hall,  
Red as a rose is she;  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy."

16. morning rose. The epithet *morning* suggests the dew lying upon the rose, as the tear lies on the cheek of the bride.

18. kerchief's snowy band, the coif, mentioned above, l. 8: it was made of white linen. *Kerchief* is from Old French *couvre-*

*chef*, from *couvrir*, to cover, and *chef*, the head, Lat. *caput* : cp. *curfew*.

XXI. 14. so blithe that rose. Notice the inversion.

XXII. 6. him, himself. speed is generally an intransitive verb. See st. xxiv. 2.

8. The Leny, one of the streams which forms the Teith, flows from the southern end of Loch Lubnaig.

9. racer. This word is now used only to signify a race-horse.

10. Cp. *Proverbs* xiii. 12, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

\* 22. glanced, used *literally* of the sparks of fire flying from the flint; *metaphorically* to express rapid motion. From Swedish *glans*, brightness; connected with glint, glitter, etc.

24. voluntary. Free and unconstrained, spontaneous.

XXIII. 2. The bracken must be, etc.

3. The word *warder* generally means the guard of a castle or prison; here it means the sentinel of a camp.

5. more stilly laid, my couch, etc.; *laid* agrees with the antecedent of *my*: 'the couch of me more stilly laid may be, etc.' See this canto, xiv. 24, and xviii. 24, notes.

17. with feeling fraught. The meaning is, 'I have no time now to give way to my feelings; I must keep all my energies for action; but a time will come when I can allow my heart to be filled by those feelings which I am now obliged to suppress.'

\* 21. This line is elliptical, 'if (I shall have) returned.'

XXIV. 2. Balquidder, a small town at the north end of Strath-Ire. The 'Braes of Balquhidder' form the north side of the valley running westward from the town. This valley contains the two lakes, Loch Voil and Loch Doine, which are fed by a small river, the Balvaig.

blaze. "It may be necessary to inform the southern reader that the heath on the Scottish moorlands is often set fire to, that the sheep may have the advantage of the young herbage produced, in room of the tough old heather plants. This custom (execrated by sportsmen) produces occasionally the most beautiful nocturnal appearances, similar almost to the discharge of a volcano."—SCOTT. The same practice prevails in some parts of India immediately before the rainy season.

8. As. Properly, we should have 'not faster *than*, nor as far as, the voice of war (speeds) o'er thy heaths.' The 'voice of war' is the 'signal for war,' i.e. the fiery cross.

\* 9. coil, noise, bustle, confusion. A Celtic word; from Gaelic *goil*, to boil, to rage. *Coil* in the phrase 'a coil of rope' is a



different word, being derived from Lat. *colligere*, through French *cuellir* or *coillir*, and connected with *cull* and *collect*.

10. *sullen*, an adjective constantly applied to still, stagnant lakes, or to deep, slowly moving rivers. The original and literal meaning is *lonely*; the derivation being from French *solain*, from Latin *solus*, alone.

14. *road* and *broad* do not form a perfect rime, if pronounced in the ordinary English way. In Scotland, however, *broad* is pronounced so as to rime with *road*.

15. Till every man that might claim, etc. (i.e. every man belonging to Clan Alpine) rose in arms. For the omission of the relative, cp. I. xxvi. 23, II. v. 15.

27. *rendezvous*, an appointed place of meeting; a French word, meaning literally, render yourselves, or assemble yourselves; from *rendez*, imperative of *rendre*, to render, and *vous* = you. As an English word it is at least as old as Shakespeare, being found in *Hamlet*, IV. iv. 4.

31. *hand*. "The deep and implicit respect paid by the Highland clansmen to their chief, rendered this both a common and a solemn oath. But for oaths in the usual form they are said to have had little respect."—SCOTT.

XXV. 4. *Menteith*. See canto I. v. 4, note.

6. The Græmes and the Bruces, holding lands in the lowlands of Dumbartonshire and Stirlingshire, would naturally be opposed to the Highland freebooters.

7-10. *Rednock*, *Cardross*, and *Duchray* are fortified castles on the borders of the Highlands in the valley of the Forth. *Loch Con* is a small lake a little to the south of *Loch Katrine*; a small stream called the *Avondhu* issues from it, and after passing through *Loch Ard* joins the *Duchray* river near *Aberfoyle*, the united streams forming the Forth.

11. *wot ye*, do you know; see I. xxix. 21, note.

13. *repair*, go. Literally, to return to one's native country; from Lat. *repatriare*, from *re*, back, and *patria*, one's native land or father-land. Notice the irregularity in the tense.

16. *cruel*, i.e. because she had rejected Roderick's suit.

17. See Canto II. xxix.

22. *Coir-nan-Uriskin*. "This is a very steep and most romantic hollow in the mountain of Benvenue, overhanging the south-eastern extremity of *Loch Katrine*. It is surrounded with stupendous rocks, and overshadowed with birch-trees, mingled with oaks ... The name literally implies the Corri, or Den, of the wild or shaggy men. Perhaps this may have originally only implied its being the haunt of a ferocious banditti. But tradition has ascribed to the *Urisk*, who gives name to the cavern, a figure

between a goat and a man; in short, precisely that of the Grecian Satyr. 'The *Urisks*,' says Dr. Graham, 'were a sort of lubberly supernaturals, who, like the Brownies, could be gained over by kind attention to perform the drudgery of the farm, and it was believed that many of the families in the Highlands had one of the order attached to it. They were supposed to be dispersed over the Highlands, each in his own wild recess, but the solemn stated meetings of the order were regularly held in the Cave of Benvenue.'—*Scenery on the Southern Confines of Perthshire.*"—SCOTT. *Sing* is generally an intransitive verb, or at most takes only a 'cognate' accusative, as 'to sing a song.' The transitive verb is 'to sing of, or about.' The use of *sing* as a transitive verb is an imitation of the Latin idiom: compare the opening of the *Æneid* of Virgil.

\* 24. *grot*, a cavern. From French *grotte*. The *tt* stands for *pt* in this word, which ultimately is derived from Greek *κρύπτειν* (*krýptein*, to hide).

XXVI. 1. Compare Canto I. xi. 19 for the omission of 'as.'

5-10. The rocks broken from the top of the mountain had rolled down until they were stopped by this 'trench' or ravine, where they were piled up 'in random ruin.'

\* 6. *primeval*, belonging to the first period of the world's existence, when it is supposed that earthquakes were more common and more violent. From Latin *primus*, first, and *ævum*, an age.

\* 9. *incumbent*, lying or resting upon, overhanging. See any dictionary for the various uses of this word, as an adjective and as a noun.

17. *still*, for 'stillness' or 'silence.'

\* 19. *chafed*. Cp. Shakespeare, *Jul. Cæs.* I. ii. 101, "The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores"; and *Lear*, IV. vi. 21,

"The murmuring surge,  
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high."

The original sense is simply 'to warm'; specially 'to warm by rubbing'; then to inflame, fret, vex; intransitively to fret or rage. It is derived through French *chauffer* from Low Lat. *caleficare*, to make warm; from *calere*, to be warm, and *facere*, to make.

23. *Suspended cliffs*. Cp. Shakespeare, *Lear*, IV. i. 76,

"There is a cliff, whose high and bending head  
Looks fearfully in the confined deep."

\* *sway*, inclination, bending.

25. *sprung*, been born.

28. *space*, space of time.

29. The spot was a safe hiding-place because the superstitious vulgar were afraid to venture near it, believing it to be haunted. grey superstition, hoary, venerable superstition.

30. Debarr'd ... to. The verb 'debar' is used in two constructions; to debar a thing to a person, or to debar a person from some thing or action: the latter construction is the more common.

31. fays: see I. xxii. 22, note.

33. maze, the intricacies of the dance. Cp. Canto I. Introd. l. 20, where the word refers to the intricacies of the harp.

34. Many of the stories of fairies and other supernatural beings insist upon the danger incurred by any mere mortal who is discovered watching their proceedings. Burns' poem of *'Tam o' Shanter* turns upon a similar belief with regard to witches.

XXVII. 6. Beal-nam-bo. "Bealach-nam-bo, or the pass of the cattle, is a most magnificent glade, overhung with aged birch-trees, a little higher up the mountain than the Coir-nan-Uriskin treated of in a former note. The whole composes the most sublime piece of scenery that imagination can conceive."—Scott.

9. cross, for 'across.'

13. his men behind, for 'behind his men'; the proper place for the chief being in front. Cp. xvii. 1.

15. "A Highland chief, being as absolute in his patriarchal authority as any prince, had a corresponding number of officers attached to his person. He had his body-guards, called *Luichtach*, picked from his clan for strength, activity, and entire devotion to his person. Besides these, the following domestic officers belonged to his establishment: 1. The Henchman; 2. The Bard; 3. *Bladier* or spokesman; 4. *Gillie-more* or sword-bearer; 5. *Gillie-casflue*, who carried the chief, if on foot, over the fords; 6. *Gillie-comstraine*, who leads the chief's horse; 7. *Gillie-Trushanarinsh*, the baggage man; 8. The piper; 9. The piper's gillie, or attendant, who carries the bagpipe."—From Scott's note. See also *Waverley*, ch. 16, for an account of "the chief with his tail on."

20. low-levell'd. Cp. I. xi. 2.

25. feathers. Cp. *Waverley*, ch. 16, "His bonnet had a short feather, which indicated his claim to be treated as a *Duinhé-Wassel*, or sort of gentleman." And see *Rob Roy*, ch. 36, and *Legend of Montrose*, ch. 11, to the same effect.

28. mountain-strand, shore of the lake among the mountains, i.e. Loch Katrine; see l. 17 above.

XXVIII. 9. Notice the alliteration in this and the following line.

11. prove, try, experience.

13. *Eve finds*. This sort of personification of time is common enough in prose as well as in poetry. Cp. "Morning found them still engaged in discussion." His resolve had lasted but one day.

14. The ghosts of the dead were supposed to frequent the places in which, when living, they had concealed treasure: sometimes to guard it, in other cases for the purpose of revealing it.

15. *deny*. The conditional or subjunctive mood. Strictly speaking, as this is the statement of a fact, and not the suggestion of a possible condition, the verb should be in the indicative mood.

Though he is too proud to see her or to be seen by her again, yet his love will not permit him to depart without at least trying to hear her voice once more.

20. *sound* is a noun.

21. *strain*, the sound of the trees rustling in the wind.

\* 23. *high*, solemn and majestic.

25. *melting*, moving, exciting to tearful emotion. *attends*, waits on, accompanies.

26. This is as much as to say that Ellen's voice may be fitly compared to the voice of an angel. Cp. st. xxx. 10.

XXIX. *Virgin*, the Virgin Mary, the mother of Jesus.

1. *Ave Maria*, i.e. Hail, Mary! These words occur in a Latin prayer to the Virgin Mary, and allude to the angel's salutation as given in the Latin Vulgate of Luke i. 28, viz., 'ave, gratia plena.'

3. *wild*, desert. Cp. II. xiii. 6.

12. *down of eider*. The soft plumage of the eider duck, which is used to make pillows and coverlets for beds.

17. *list*. Generally used with a preposition, 'list to.'

\* 19. *stainless*, pure, immaculate; one of the common epithets applied to the Virgin Mary (*immaculata*). / *styled*, called, entitled.

XXX. 1. The last notes of the hymn died away as the music of the harp ceased.

9. The conjunctive 'that' is omitted: 'the last time *that* Roderick shall ever hear that angel-voice.'

11, 12. *his stride hied*. An uncommon use of the verb 'hie'; it usually has a personal subject; cp. I. x. 13. / *hastier* for 'more hastily.'

14. *instant*, adjective for adverb.

15. *silvery bay*: cp. I. xvii. 12.

XXXI. 1. *various, varied.* Cp. Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*, 545, "A man so various."

5. *known, distinguished.*

13. *eagle plume.* See xxvii. 25, note. The *eagle's* plumemarked the chieftain.

18. *Bochastle's plain.* Near the junction of the Leny and the Teith: see I. vi. 6, note.

19. The shout died away and was followed by the silence natural to night.

#### CANTO IV.

I. 2. *dawns from fears, springs from fears, succeeds a time of fear: hope is strongest, by contrast, after we have been depressed by fears.*

5. *wilding*, for 'wild.' A rare word, used only in poetry. As a noun, it denoted a wild sour apple; see Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, iii. 7. 17.

9. *What time* = when, at the time when. For this adjectival use of *what* see Morris, *Eng. Acc.* §§ 201, 202; Bain, *Higher Eng. Gr.* p. 51; and cp. Milton, *Lycidas*, 28, "What time the grey-fly winds his sullen horn"; and Shakespeare, 3 *Henry VII.* ii. 5. 3.

II. 1. *fond, idle, trifling. conceit*, used in the old sense of idea, conception; more especially, a quaint, fanciful idea.

3. *All while, while.* *All* is almost superfluous; it has a very slight intensive force.

8. *instant.* Cp. III. xxx. 14.

10. *Braes of Doune.* Doune is a small town and castle on the Teith: the 'Braes of Doune' are the hills on the north bank of the river in the neighbourhood of Doune.

14. *scout*, a scouting expedition; an expedition made for the purpose of obtaining information about the enemy's movements. This is an uncommon use of the word. 'Scout' has lost an initial 'e,' being derived from French *escoute*, a spy; from *escouter* (modern French *écouter*) to listen; Latin *auscultare*, to listen. Cp. *stranger* from *estranger*, Lat. *extraneus*; *story* from *estoire*, Lat. *historia*.

22. *eagle watch, sharp, keen, watch.* The eagle is remarkable for the keenness of its sight.

III. 5. *ready boune.* 'Boune' means *ready*, so that 'ready boune' is tautological; however, the phrase is used in Old English. *Boune* is the same as *búinn*, past participle of the Scandinavian

verb *búa*, to till, to get ready; from the same root the word *boor* is derived, and also the last syllable of the words *husband*, *neighbour*: see Skeat's *Dictionary*. *Boune* is now generally spelt *bound*, as in the phrase 'the ship is homeward bound,' i.e. ready to go homeward. *Busk*, to prepare oneself, is the reflexive form of the same verb, and the two were often used in combination: cp. the ballad of *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne*, in Percy's *Reliques*, l. 21 "Busk ye, boune ye, my merry men all."

7. princely powers. 'Power' is used in the sense of 'persons having dominion, chiefs,' as in Milton, *P. L.* ii. 11, "Powers and dominions, deities of heaven!" l. 310, "Thrones, and imperial powers, offspring of heaven."

9. The assembling of the army which will invade the glens is compared to the gathering clouds which precede a thunderstorm.

11. *bout*. Properly 'a turn'; hence a turn of events; one event out of a number of similar events. *Bout* was formerly spelt *bought*, and is the same word as *bight*, a coil of rope; the root appears in the word *bow*, from A.S. *būgan*, to bend. The word *turn* is itself used in much the same way.

12. The language is still metaphorical. Just as his plaid protects the mountaineer from the storm, so his hardy and warlike habits will enable him to endure the attack of the invaders.

16. *hath caused repair*. After the verb 'caused' the infinitive with *to*, 'to repair,' should be used. We say 'He caused them to go'; on the other hand we would say 'He made them go.' *repair*, go. Literally, to return to one's native country; from Lat. *repatriare*, from *re*, back, and *patria*, one's native land or father-land.

19. and given his charge, and that he has given his command.

20. *nor ... nor*; common in poetry for 'neither ... nor.'

23. *dear pledge*; the women, children, and old men. *Pledge* is used rather inaccurately for 'object of affection or value'; perhaps with the additional idea of something deposited for security. Cp. III. xxv. 16. As applied to children, the word is common enough in the phrase 'pledges of affection.' Cp. *Ivanhoe*, ch. 22, where the Jew Isaac speaks of his daughter Rebecca, as "the last of six pledges of her [his wife's] love."

IV. 1. *advised, considered, planned*.

2. *bespeaks, shows, betokens*.

9. *Taghairm*. "The Highlanders, like all rude peoples, had various superstitious modes of enquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the *Taghairm*, mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock, and deposited beside a waterfall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the



scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation, he revolved in his mind the question proposed ; and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination, passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits, who haunt the desolate recesses."—SCOTT.

14. When our merry-men swept, *i.e.* plundered and devastated Gallangad. **merry-men**; a name given especially to freebooters such as the followers of Roderick: cp. 'Robin Hood and his merry men.' The epithet may express their careless and improvidently happy disposition. Scott, however, asserts that *merry* in this phrase means *famous, renowned*; and that merry-men means, not men of mirth, but men of renown. Gallangad, in the southern part of the Loch Lomond district.

19. **kernes**. From Gaelic *ceathairneach* (the *th* is not sounded), a soldier, from Gaelic *cath*, a battle. The word *cateran* has the same derivation. Shakespeare has 'kernes and gallowglasses,' *Macbeth*, I. ii. 13.

20. Beal 'maha, on the east side of Loch Lomond. Dinnan's Row is a few miles further north, near Ben Lomond.

23. **scatheless**, harmless, without harm to itself.

V. 2. **beside**; for the position of the preposition, cp. III. xvii. 1, xxvii. 13.

4. **Adown** is the original form of *down*. It stands for A.S. *of-dune*, literally, off or from the hill. It is now only used in poetry. **boss**, a projection, a round knob; applied particularly to the knob in the centre of a Highlander's target or shield, to which the face of the rock is compared.

5. **verge**. Properly a border or edge. Here it appears to mean the whole face of the cliff.

6. **Hero's Targe**. "There is a rock so named in the Forest of Glenfinlas, by which a tumultuary cataract takes its course."—SCOTT.

7. **shelve**. Apparently used for *shelf*. Or Scott may have formed the noun (which does not occur elsewhere) from the verb *shelve*, to slope: in which case it would mean 'a sloping part of the rock.' The words *shelf*, a flat ledge of rock, and *shelve*, to slope, are not etymologically connected, though they have long been confused: see Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*

20. **broke**, quartered. "Everything belonging to the chase was matter of solemnity among our ancestors; but nothing was more so than the mode of cutting up, or, as it was technically called, *breaking*, the slaughtered stag. The forester had his allotted portion, the hounds had a certain allowance; and, to make the division as general as possible, the very birds had their share also. 'There is a little gristle,' says Turberville,

'which is upon the spoone of the brisket, which we call the raven's bone; and I have seen in some places a raven so wont and accustomed to it, that she would never fail to croak and cry, for it all the time you were in breaking up of the deer, and would not depart till she had it.'—SCOTT.

VI. 5. shroud of sentient clay, the body, with its capability of feeling; the idea being that the body 'shrouds' the soul, or covers it as with a garment.

8. rouse, rise up. The feeling that the hair 'stands on end' is a common effect of extreme terror. *Rouse* is now always used transitively—to raise up. But it was originally, as here, intransitive. It is not connected with *rise*.

11. Let every quaking limb, etc., be a witness that I have borne this.

16. An. The use of *an* is irregular, or, rather, archaic. The rule of grammarians is that *a* should replace *an* before an accented syllable beginning with *h*. If the syllable is unaccented we retain *an*, as *an hotel*, an histor'ian: though this rule is by no means universally observed, and the modern tendency seems to be to use *a* before *h* in all cases. Up to the 17th century the rule was to use *an* before *h* in all cases. Cp. II. xxii. 12, V. iii. 7. avouch, declare. From O. F. *avouer*, Lat. *advocare*, to call in some one to guarantee the truth of a declaration; hence to declare solemnly; originally a legal term.

17. bred ... dead: see III. v.

23. blazed in scroll, emblazoned, written in bright colours on paper or parchment. *Blaze* is from Icel. *blása*, to blow, cognate with Lat. *fla-re*, to blow, and with *blow* itself; cp. *blast*: (not related to *blaze*, a flame.) Originally it meant to proclaim by blowing a trumpet; then to proclaim or describe in writing or pictures; its use in the latter sense being apparently due to confusion with the word *blazon*, a shield, also the pictorial or descriptive representation of the emblems on a shield, with their proper colours according to the rules of heraldry.

25. Which spills the foremost foeman's life. Originally, and perhaps more correctly, written, *which foremost spills a foeman's life*. *Spills*, conquers; the present tense is used for the future. "Though this be in the text described as a response of the Taghairm, or Oracle of the Hide, it was of itself an augury frequently attended to. The fate of the battle was often anticipated in the imagination of the combatants, by observing which party first shed blood. It is said that the Highlanders under Montrose were so deeply imbued with this notion, that on the morning of the battle of Tippermoor, they murdered a defenceless herdsman, whom they found in the fields, merely to



secure an advantage of so much consequence to their party."—  
SCOTT.

VII. 4. But first ... : *but* means *except, without*; without our broadswords first tasting blood: we were always the first to strike.

5. surer, *i.e.* surer than the chance of shedding first blood in actual battle.

8. On the personification of evening, see III. xxviii. 13, note.

14. those shall, those *that* shall.

VIII. 1. glaive, sword. Old French *glaive* from Latin *gladius*.

3. the. Cp. I. xxxv. 18, II. xxxvi., etc. The definite article is used in Scotland and Ireland as a sort of honorific prefix, applied usually to the chief of a clan, as 'the Chisholm,' 'the O'Donoghue.' silver star. The coat of arms of the Morays (or Murrays) bears in its upper part three silver stars, or mullets, as they are called in heraldry; that of the Earls of Mar contains a *sable pale*, *i.e.* a black band. These coats of arms would be embroidered upon their banners.

5. high tidings, important and pleasing news.

8. for battle boune; see iii. 5, note.

10. for, as regards.

11. Clans of Earn: the clans living in the upper valley of the Earn, a river rising in Lochearn near Balquhiddier, and flowing right across Perthshire into the Firth of Tay.

12, 13. bide the battle, await the shock of battle, await the attack. If we were strengthened by the clans of Earn, we would be strong enough to risk a battle on the open face of Benledi: but as our numbers are so small, we shall do better to man the more easily defended glen of the Trosachs.

15. Trosach's shaggy glen. This is the spelling of the edition of 1834; the usual form of the word is *Trosachs* or *Trossachs*. It signifies the *rough* or *bristled* territory; and is the name given to the country around Lochs Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar.

17. All; see this canto, ii. 3, note.

25. stance, station; a Scotch word. From Old Fr. *estance*, a situation, from Low Latin *stantia*, from the root of Lat. *stare*, to stand. It was formerly used as equivalent to *stanza*; and it occurs as a verb, *e.g.*—

“Roy Roy ne'er advanced

From the place where he stanced.”

*Ballad of Sheriffmuir.*

33. I. The poet speaks in his own person.

IX. 3. Fast by, close to. makes her moan, laments.

8. well was it time, it was *quite* time.

15. streamers. The name given in Scotland and the North of England to the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, a luminous appearance occasionally seen in the northern sky on winter nights.

16. they ride, they (*i.e.* the boats) float: cp. the phrase 'to ride at anchor,' and the word 'roads,' meaning a place where ships may be safely anchored.

X. 17. Trow'd, believed. Connected with *true*, *trust*. *Aught* = anything. Think'st thou that he believed thine omen to be anything of importance.

21. both endangered because of us.

22. dare not pause. The honour of the Douglas will not allow him to hesitate to sacrifice himself in order to save others who are endangered on his account.

25. Cambus-Kenneth. This abbey is on the Forth, a little way below Stirling.

30. had, would have. For the sentiment, compare III. xviii. 10.

XI. 7. See x. 14.

8. bode of ill. *Bode*, to foretell, is generally used without a preposition.

9. gifted dream. Allan has the *gift* of second-sight. See I. xxiii. 8.

\*10, 11. He gives examples to show that his visions foretell the truth.

13. Sooth, true. The word is almost obsolete except in the phrases 'in sooth' 'forsooth,' where it appears as a noun. It occurs frequently in Shakespeare, but always as a noun: nevertheless the earlier (Anglo-Saxon) use of the word is as an adjective. It is connected with the Sanskrit *satya*, true, both words being ultimately derived from the participial form *asanta*, being from the root *as*, to be. See Skeat's *Etym. Dict.*

16. still, always.

XII. This fairy tale is founded upon an old Danish ballad, of which Scott in his notes gives a translation under the title of *The Elfin Gray*. The story may be compared with the tale of 'Young Tamlane,' given in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*.

2. mavis, thrush; from French *mauvie*, a thrush; supposed to be a Celtic word. merle, blackbird. From French *merle*, Latin *merula*.

3. in cry. Cp. I. ii. 11.

7. hold by, remain in, dwell in.

8. *wont*, are accustomed. Properly a past participle from an obsolete verb *won*: the word afterwards came to be used as a substantive, and then a new verb *to wont* was formed from it, with p.p. *wonted*. Cp. Shakespeare, *M. N. D.* II. i. 113, "their wonted liveries." Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 764, "champions bold Wont ride," v. 32, "I oft am wont." The use of *wont* as a distinct verb is now rare, except in the participle *wonted* and the old use of *wont* as a participle is more common.

17. *pall*, purple cloth; from A.S. *pæll*, which is from Latin *palla*. Cp. Lat. *pallium*.

23. *darkling*, in the dark. Cp. Shakespeare, *Lear*, I. iv. 237, "Out went the candle, and we were left darkling." The suffix *ling* is the A.S. *lunga*, which appears also in *headlong*, *sidelong*. The *l* is a mere insertion, the proper suffix being *unga*. See Morris, *Hist. Outlines of English Accidence*, pp. 194, 220. The suffix *ling* in *dar-ling*, etc., is of course different, being a diminutive. Morris, p. 214.

25. *vair*, a variegated fur. A French word, from Lat. *varius*, variegated.

26. *crimson*, for 'crimson cloth.' The ultimate derivation of 'crimson' is from the Sanskrit *krimi-ja*, produced by an insect (*krimi*, an insect; *jan*, to produce), because the colour was obtained from the cochineal insect. See Skeat, *Etym. Dict.* *sheen* is an adjective, glittering, bright. The word *sheen* is used as a noun = brightness, and an adjective *sheeny* has been formed from it; cp. Byron, *Destruction of Sennacherib*, "The sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea." *Sheen* is not connected with 'shine,' but with 'show'; see Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*

27. *russet* is properly an adjective, 'reddish-brown.' See I. xxvi. 14. Hence applied to a coarse brown rustic dress, and to the material of such dress, without special regard to its colour.

XIII. 6. *wonn'd*, *dwelt*. See xii. 8, note. "The *Daoine Shi*", or Men of Peace, of the Highlanders, though not absolutely malevolent, are believed to be a peevish, repining, race of beings, who, possessing themselves but a scanty portion of happiness, are supposed to envy mankind their more complete and substantial enjoyments. They are supposed to enjoy, in their subterraneous recesses, a sort of shadowy happiness—a tinsel grandeur; which, however, they would willingly exchange for the more solid joys of mortality. They are believed to inhabit certain round grassy eminences, where they celebrate their nocturnal festivities by the light of the moon."—DR. GRAHAME.

10. *moonlight circle's screen*, the trees (beech and oak) which screen from vulgar eyes the open grassy spot where the fairies dance in a circle by moonlight. Rings of grass, of a brighter green than the grass immediately surrounding them, are very

common in meadows and on hills and moors: they are commonly called *fairy rings* or *circles*, and were supposed to be made by the feet of the fairies as they danced in a circle. Cp. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, I. 158—

‘Merry elves their morris pacing,  
To ærial minstrelsy,  
Emerald rings on brown heath tracing.’

14. The fairies’ fatal green. “As the *Daoine Shi*”, or Men of Peace, wore green habits, they were supposed to take offence when any mortals ventured to assume their favourite colour.”—SCOTT.

15. Urgan. This name appears to be taken from the old romance of *Sir Tristrem*, where it occurs as the name of a gigantic knight, slain by Tristrem.

16. The Elves were supposed greatly to enjoy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals who had fallen into their power a certain precedence, founded upon this advantageous distinction.”—SCOTT.

17. cross or sign. The sign of the cross, the sacred symbol of Christianity, was supposed to be efficacious in warding off supernatural evils, the attacks of demons, etc.

XIV. 8. grisly, fearsome, terrible. A different word from *grizzly*, greyish, which is sometimes spelt *grisly*, just as *grizzled*, greyish, is sometimes, as in III. iv. 7, spelt *grisled*. In III. viii. 9, probably the two words are confused.

14. thou bold of mood, thou who art bold in respect of thy mood, or, whose mood is bold. The use of the adjective as a substantive is poetical. Compare *Song of Solomon* i. 8, “O thou fairest among women.” With ‘bold of mood’ compare ‘fleet of foot,’ ‘slow of speech,’ etc., and compare also the use of the preposition *in*, ‘poor in spirit,’ ‘pure in heart.’

16. thine own kindly blood, the blood of thine own kinsman.

XV. Here the dwarf speaks, relating the manner of his enchantment.

6. “No fact respecting fairy-land seems to be better ascertained than the fantastic and illusory nature of their apparent pleasure and splendour.”—SCOTT.

18. wist I, if I knew. See I. xxix. 21.

20. mold, mould, shape. Old French *molle*, *modle*, Lat. *modulus*, a measure. Cp. *model*.

24. The fouler. *The* is the instrumental case; cp. II. xix. 14.

28. mold, mould, earth. Not connected with *mold* in l. 20 above.

32. Dunfermline grey. The abbey of the Grey Friars in Dunfermline, a town in Fife.

XVI. 5. claims. Although there is more than one subject, the verb is in the singular; *each* claims remembrance.

15. marshall'd the path. Guided me, escorted me on the path. bourne, stream. *Bourne* or *bourn* is the English spelling; the Scotch form of the word is *burn*.

20. The relative is omitted: 'aught *that* could augur.' The omission of the relative pronoun is common when it is the *object* in the relative sentence; as 'Where is the book I lent you?'; but is not so common when the relative pronoun is the *subject* of its sentence, unless the main sentence is 'it is,' or 'there is.' Cp. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," Campbell, *Pleasures of Hope*, i.; "There is a devil haunts thee," Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV.* II. iv. 492; "I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb," *Hamlet*, IV. vi. 25; "Can it be that this is all remains of thee?" Byron, *Giaour*, l. 106. Cp. this poem Canto II. v. 15, and see Bain, *Higher Eng. Gr.* p. 299. scathe, harm. Cp. Shakespeare, *Richard III.* I. iii. 137, "To pray for them that have done scathe to us."

24. sure, right, safely.

27. had not, would not have.

XVII. 2. worthy care. An obsolete, or poetical, construction, instead of 'worthy of care.' Shakespeare uses both constructions. Cp. *Coriolanus* III. i. 211, "Marcius is 'worthy of present death,'" and III. i. 298, "What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?"

10. feud, revenge, private war. The word *feud* is etymologically connected with *foe* and *fiend*.

11. Bochastle; see I. vi. 5, note. Notice the change of accent, which is here on the first syllable.

19. That fatal bait. 'Bait' refers in a loose way to the two previous lines. Your knowledge that I was flattered by your previous attentions has induced you to return, and so imperilled your life.

24. forth it shall, it shall come forth, it shall be confessed.

25. Thou; addressed to herself. light, frivolous.

29. The price of blood is on his head, *i.e.* a price or reward is offered to any one who will kill him. Cp. *St. Matthew's Gospel*, xxvii. 6, "And the chief priests took the silver pieces, and said, It is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood."

33. If yet he is, if he still lives.

XVIII. 1. train, snare, device.

7. *mantled*. A mantle is a cloak, a covering; 'to mantle' is therefore to cover as with a cloak.

10. As, as if. Cp. l. 23 below.

14. *proffer'd* ... *side*, offered to be her friend and companion

17. (It is) safer for both (that) we go apart, *i.e.* separately.

19. If, whether. *yon wily kern*, Fitzjames' guide; see xvi. 21-24.

XIX. 9-11. Cp. I. xxix. 16-22.

10. *helm*, helmet. *Helmet* is a diminutive of *helm*, which is from the Teutonic base *HAL*, to cover; cp. A.S. *helan*, to hide: cognate with Lat. *cel-are*, to hide, *conceal*. *Helm*, in this sense, is of course a different word from the *helm* of a ship.

11. *lordship*, domain, the territory under the rule of a lord. *embattled field*. Cp. 'battled fields,' I. xxxi. 3.

13. *reck of*, care for, wish for.

24. *wending*. The verb *wend*, to go, is now scarcely used in the present tense except in poetry, in the phrase 'to wend one's way'; *e.g.* this Canto, xxvi. 30. But the past tense *went* is used as the past tense of the verb 'to go.'

XX. 3. *whoop'd*. The *w* in this word, like the *w* in *whole*, and a few others, is not part of the original word.

13. *fared*. A. S. *faran*, to travel. *Farewell* means 'may you travel or speed well.' *Ferry* is from the same root, and so is the Sanskrit *pri*, to bring over.

\*XXI. 5. *weeds*, garments. Now used only in poetry and the phrase 'widow's weeds,' *i.e.* a widow's mourning apparel.

7. *glancing*. *Glance* is an intransitive verb, here used transitively.

9. Seemed to notice nothing, though she looked at everything.

10. *gaudy broom*. The flower of the broom is a bright yellow.

XXII. 5. "The Allan and Devan are two beautiful streams, the latter celebrated in the poetry of Burns, which descend from the hills of Perthshire into the great carse, or plain, of Stirling."

—LOCKHART. They join the Forth not far from Stirling.

13. *betide*, befall, happen. Cp. "Woe worth the chase" in I. ix. 15.

XXIII. 9. *Devan-side*. Such compounds are common in the North; as *Tayside*, *Deeside*, *Tyneside*.

13. *Maudlin*; a corruption of *Magdalene*, the name of a woman.

17. Cp. *Waverley*, chap. 19, "Matches were then made for running, wrestling, leaping, *pitching the bar*, and other sports." 'Pitching the bar' appears to have been much the same as the modern 'throwing the hammer.'

20. pennons, wings or feathers: from Lat. *penna*, a feather or wing.

22. groom; used in contrast with 'champion,' l. 18. *Groom* appears to be a corruption of Old English *gome*, A. S. *guma*, a man, cognate with Lat. *homo*, a man. For the inserted *r*, compare *part-r-idge* from Lat. *perdix*.

25. batten, to feed; lit. to grow fat. From Scand. *batna*, to grow better. The root is *bat*, the same as in English *better*, *best* (for *betest*).

XXV. 1. toils, nets for catching game. French *toile*, from Lat. *tela*, a web, anything woven; for *tex-la* from Lat. *texere*, to weave. The root is *tak*, to prepare, appearing in a large number of words; e.g. Sansk. *takshan*, a carpenter, Greek *τέκτων*. See Skeat, *Etym. Dict.* p. 734.

2. This line is a mere *refrain*, such as was common in old ballads.

5. stag of ten. A stag having ten branches on his antlers; and therefore full-grown, strong and swift. The song is intended to warn Fitz-James of his danger: the 'stag of ten' is Fitz-James; by the wounded doe she means herself; and the hunters are Roderick and his followers.

XXVI. 12. thrill'd, quivered.

14. ne'er had Alpine's son, no son of Alpine, no Macalpine, no member of Clanalpine ever had, etc.

17. Fate ... strife, the issue of the race is settled by fate.

19. kindred ambush, i.e. ambushed kindred. Cp. l. 22.

30. slower, used as an adverb. wended. See xix. 24, note.

XXVII. 1. birchen. Cp. I. xxiii. 10. In ordinary prose we would say 'birch-tree.'

6. daggled, moistened. Cp. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, I. xxix. 9,

"The warrior's very plume, I say,  
Was daggled by the dashing spray."

*Daggle* is a frequentative form of the provincial English *dag*, to sprinkle with water, from the same root as *dew*.

15. mine avenger born, born to be, fated from birth to be my avenger.

21. shred; past participle of *shear*. The participle is usually *sheared* or *shorn*.

27, 28. Blanche feels herself still wavering or wandering in mind, and prays that her reason may be made clearer in the hour of parting from life.

32. boasts. See I. xxvi. 22.



33. Cp. II. xxxiii. 2. 7.

36. *wreak*, revenge. More often used with the cognate accusative, as 'To wreak his vengeance,' where the sense is 'to inflict, or to work out, his vengeance': *wreak* being probably connected with *work*.

XXVIII. 6. *as*, according as, only so far as.

12. *favour*. A token of favour or affection, generally a piece of ribbon, a glove, or a lock of hair, bestowed upon a knight by his 'lady love.'

16. *The chase is up*. 'Up' means 'on foot, in progress, in action.' Cp. Shakespeare, *Tit. And.* II. ii. 1, "The hunt is up"; and Scott, *Fair Maid of Perth*, ch. 18, "St. Johnston's hunt is up."

22. *Heartless*, out of heart, downhearted. Cp. Dryden, "Heartless they fought, and quitted soon their ground." The ordinary meaning of *heartless* is 'without a *kind* heart; hard-hearted; cruel.'

25. *thought over*, reflected on, his toils and perils. *Toil* here means labour, fatigue; and is radically different from the word *toil* in xxv. 1.

35. *fall upon*, fall in with, encounter. The more common meaning of the phrase 'to fall upon the foe' is 'to attack the foe.'

37. *darkling*. See xii. 23. note.

XXIX. 11. *And*, used, not to connect this sentence with the preceding one, but to introduce an additional circumstance: cp. VI. viii. 10, and *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, III. i. 1. *summer solstice*; that point of the ecliptic (the sun's apparent path in the heavens) which is furthest from the celestial equator, on the north side of the equator: or the time (21st June, the longest day) when the sun reaches that point. The corresponding point *south* of the equator is called the *winter solstice*; the sun reaches it on 21st December. From Latin *solstitium*, from *sol*, the sun, and *stitum* for *statum*, supine of *sistere*, to cause to stand, a reduplicated form of *stare*, to stand. So called because at the solstice the sun is stationary with respect to the equator, neither approaching it nor receding from it. Here the phrase means merely 'the heat of midsummer.'

XXX. 1. *Bask* is supposed to be a shortened form of *bathask*, to bathe oneself, from Scand. *batha*, to bathe, and *sk*=*sik*, oneself. Cp. German *sich*, oneself; and cp. *busk*, for *bua-sik*, to prepare oneself.

4. A verb, such as 'tell,' is of course to be supplied. Such an ellipsis of the verb in the imperative mood is common; e.g. 'the watchword!' for 'give the watchword.' Similarly in the next line, 'I am' must be supplied.



8. **gale.** In common language this word denotes a *strong* wind, almost a storm; especially as a seafaring term. By the poets it is frequently used to denote a light current of air, thus we have 'Blow, gentle gales,' 'balmy gales,' etc., and see Canto I. ii. 10, xx. 2. Here it means the cold mountain wind, without reference to its strength.

14. **privilege of chase.** See next two lines.

15. **law.** To give law to a stag is to allow it a start of a certain distance or time before the hounds are slipped, the object being to ensure a long chase. The word in this sense seems properly to mean a concession, and to be a corrupted form of A.S. *leáf*, leave, permission; distinct from A.S. *lagu*, law, statute. See Palmer's *Folk-Etymology*.

16. **slip, to let loose.** The thong with which the deerhounds are held is called the 'slips'; cp. Shakespeare, *Henry V.* III. i. 31, "I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips"; *Jul. Caes.* III. i. 273, "let slip the dogs of war."

17, 18. This doctrine is startling to the fox-hunting Englishman of modern times, who is as anxious to give law to the fox as to the stag, and who considers it little short of a crime to trap or shoot a fox. But the modern sport of fox-hunting with hounds originated only in the 18th century in England, and has never thoroughly established itself in Scotland.

Scott mentions that this illustration was actually used by St. John, the Attorney-General, when engaged in confuting the plea of law put forward on behalf of the Earl of Strafford at his trial in 1641. "'It was true,' he said, 'we give law to hares and deer because they are beasts of chase, but it was never accounted either cruelty or foul play to knock foxes and wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey.' In a word, the law and the humanity were alike; the one being more fallacious, and the other more barbarous, than in any age had been vented in such an auditory."—Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, 1702, vol. i. p. 183; Hume's *History of England*, ch. 54.

19. **Thus treacherous scouts.** Notice that this is an unfinished sentence, an *aposiopesis*; he was going to add 'deserve to be treated,' or words to that effect.

21. **Come.** Imperative mood.

24. **I write ... crest,** I will carve with my sword upon their crest my denial of this falsehood. An exaggerated way of saying that he will repel the accusation and prove his honesty by his sword against Roderick and his two best men. Notice that the present tense is used for the future.

25. **blaze,** the light of the watch-fire.

26. **belt and spur of Knight.** Part of the ceremony of knight-hood consisted in belting the candidate for that honour with his

sword, and in buckling on his gilded spurs. A squire might wear silver spurs, but was not allowed to have them gilded.

XXXI. 1. cheer, fare, entertainment. Cp. I. xxii. 12.

2. The harden'd flesh of mountain deer. This seems to have been prepared by compressing the flesh between two boards, so as to force out the blood and render the flesh extremely hard. It was then dried, either at the fire or in the open air, and eaten without further cooking.

9. spoke, for 'spoken.'

12. augury. See vi. 25, 26.

13. it rests with me, it is at my choice.

14. art. Present tense for future. Cp. I. 28, below.

16. worn, worn out, wearied.

25. O'er stock and stone. Cp. I. vii. 17.

27. Coilantogle's ford. The ford across the river that issues from Loch Vennachar.

28. warrant, security; that which guarantees safety.

34. wreath; the bed of heather.

## CANTO V.

I. This introductory stanza gives the keynote to the Canto, pointing out, for our admiration, the 'martial faith and courtesy' shown both by the chieftain and by the knight in the conduct of the combat and in the events that preceded it.

2. bewilder'd, lost. Cp. I. xv. 22.

6. far = by far.

II. 1. sheen, properly means fair, though it is often (and probably here) used as equivalent to *shining*, as though it were connected with *shine*. See IV. xii. 26, note.

3. rousing: see IV. vi. 8, note.

5. dappled sky, sky flecked or spotted with small light clouds. *Dapple* means a spot: cp. *dapple-grey*, grey variegated with spots of a darker colour.

6. soldier matins. *Soldier* is used as an adjective: 'soldier matins' means 'such morning prayers as are short and simple enough to suit a soldier.' 'To mutter by' means 'to mutter over' so as to get them done with.

7. to steal, to take quickly.

8. as short; i.e. as their muttered prayers.

13. *wildering*, wild, confused : cp. I. xiv. 21. *winded*. The proper past tense is 'wound'; cp. IV. xxi. 1; the opposite mistake is made in Canto I. xvii. 1, where 'wound his horn' is used for 'winded' (put wind into, blew) 'his horn.'

15. *Commanding*, overlooking.

17. *between that lie*. Notice the inversion; that lie between.

18. *till*, to the point where. *Till* generally has reference to time, and means 'to the time when.' It was originally a preposition = *to*, and is still used in that sense in the north.

19. *then* : correlative of *now* in l. 13. *sunk in copse*, etc.; they being buried, hidden in the thick copsewood, could not see further in front of them than the length of a horseman's lance.

23. *bursting through*, i.e. when they burst through. This construction is very irregular.

24. *hawthorn*, a thorny bush, so called because it is commonly used in England for making hedges : *haw* (A. S. *haga*) being merely another form of *hedge* (A. S. *hege*). Cp. *haw-haw*, a kind of fence.

III. 2. *deep*, the lake. 'The deep' generally means 'the sea.'

7. See the account in *Rob Roy*, ch. 30, of the fight in a similar place on the shore of Lochard. *an hundred*; see IV. vi. 16, note.

14. It held ... rivalry, it rivalled the copse in height, it was almost as high as the copse.

16. *dank*, moist. A nasalised form of prov. Eng. *dag*, *dew*. See note on *daggle*, IV. xxvii. 6.

IV. 3. *sooth* to tell, to say, to speak the truth : the phrase 'sooth to say' is more common. *Sooth* is here a noun; see IV. xi. 13, note.

5. *since*, ago. Cp. the title of Scott's novel : *Waverley : or 'tis Sixty Years Since*; and Shakespeare, *Much Ado*, II. ii. 13, "I told your lordship a year *since*," which is explained by Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 62, as an ellipsis : "I told your lordship : (it is) a year since (I told you)." This use of the word *since* for *ago* is, however, not to be imitated.

15, 16. A specimen of the contempt with which the knight regarded the mechanic, or artisan, and his daily round of unvarying, unadventurous duties. An idea of the wandering habits of a knight-errant, and of the extraordinary adventures that he sought and met with, may be obtained from Scott's *Essay on Chivalry*.

17. *Enough*, I sought, etc. It is reason enough to say that I sought, etc.

24. The danger's self... alone, the very danger by itself, the very fact that the path is dangerous, is sufficient, without any other attraction.

V. 2. *ye*. Note the change from the singular pronoun in l. 1 to the plural. *Ye* is the proper plural nominative; *you* is accusative and dative.

7. *nor doubt I aught, but*... *But*, after 'I doubt not,' is archaic: the modern construction being 'I do not doubt *that*.'

9. *abroad be flung, be unfurled, spread to the breezes*.

11. *were loth, would be unwilling*.

16. *mountain game, pursuit of game among the mountains*.

17. *show*: *i.e.* show yourself to be, appear to be. This intransitive use of *show* was formerly common, but is now almost obsolete. Cp. Shakespeare, *Cor.* IV. v. 68. "though thy tackle's torn, Thou show'st a noble vessel": *Ant.* and *Cleop.* IV. viii. 7. "You have shown all Hectors."

24. See II. xii. 5.

VI. 11. *outrage*. This word is not connected with *out* or *rage*; it comes from French *oultre*, Latin *ultra*, beyond: *age* being a mere suffix. So that it means violence 'beyond bounds.'

13. The Duke of Albany, cousin of James IV., was regent of Scotland for a short time during the minority of James V.

15. *mew'd, shut up*. From Fr. *muer*, Lat. *mutare*, to change. The French verb was used particularly of hawks changing their feathers or *moulting*: as they were confined in cages at the period of moulting, such cages were called *mues* (Eng. *mews*). Hence the verb came to mean merely 'to confine or cage up.' The modern use of *mews* as a range of stabling is owing to the fact that the Royal Mews, or place for falcons, in London, was in 1534 rebuilt and turned into stables for the king's horses. See Stow's *Survey of London*, 1842, p. 167, quoted in Skeat's *Etym. Dict.*

16. *stranger to respect*, was not treated with respect: nobody cared for his authority, since he had no real power.

VII. 12. *reft*; past tense of *reave*, to rob: a word now almost obsolete, except in the compound *bereave*, *bereft*.

15. *Ask we, if we ask*; conditional mood.

16. *steer*, a young ox; A. S. *steór*, cognate with Latin *taurus* (for *staurus*), a bull.

25. *as we may, as we can, as far as we are able*. This use of *may* is now confined to poetry.

28. *shock, sheaf*.

30. *maze* refers to the intricate windings of the river.

36. "So far, indeed, was a *Creagh*, or foray, from being held

disgraceful, that a young chief was always expected to show his talents for command as soon as he assumed it, by leading his clan on a successful enterprise of this nature, either against a neighbouring sept, for which constant feuds usually furnished an apology, or against the *Sassenach*, Saxons, or Lowlanders, for which no apology was necessary. The Gael, great traditional historians, never forgot that the Lowlands had, at some remote period, been the property of their Celtic forefathers, which furnished an ample vindication of all the ravages that they could make on the unfortunate districts which lay within their reach."—SCOTT.

VIII. 8. *good faith*. An interjection, emphasising the statement to which it is attached. *Even* if you had said 'I seek, etc.'

10. *marks*, indicates, is the sign of.

23. *love-lorn* ; *lorn* is the old participle of the verb *lose* ; cp. *forlorn*, utterly lost. For the use of *lorn* by itself, cp. *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, I: 249, 'If thou readest, thou art lorn.' For the change from the *s* of *lose* to the *r* of *lorn*, cp. *iron* from an earlier form *isen* (modern German, *eisen*).

IX. 11, 12. *bristling into*, etc., seem changed into a bristling mass of swords and axes.

24. *verge* ; the face of the cliff. See IV. v. 5, note.

32. "This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the inconsistency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of generosity, and of cruel revenge and perfidy. The following story I can only quote from tradition, but with such assurance from those by whom it was communicated, as permits me little doubt of its authenticity. Early in the last century, John Gunn, a noted Catheran, or Highland robber, infested Inverness-shire, and levied *black-mail* up to the walls of the provincial capital. A garrison was then maintained in the castle of that town, and their pay (country banks being unknown) was usually transmitted in specie, under the guard of a small escort. It chanced that the officer who commanded this little party was unexpectedly obliged to halt, about thirty miles from Inverness, at a miserable inn. About nightfall, a stranger, in the Highland dress, and of very prepossessing appearance, entered the same house. Separate accommodation being impossible, the Englishman offered the newly-arrived guest a part of his supper, which was accepted with reluctance. By the conversation he found his new acquaintance knew well all the passes of the country, which induced him eagerly to request his company on the ensuing morning. He neither disguised his business and charge, nor his apprehensions of that celebrated freebooter, John Gunn. The High-

lander hesitated a moment, and then frankly consented to be his guide. Forth they set in the morning; and, in travelling through a solitary and dreary glen, the discourse again turned on John Gunn. 'Would you like to see him?' said the guide; and, without waiting an answer to this alarming question, he whistled, and the English officer, with his small party, were surrounded by a body of Highlanders, whose numbers put resistance out of question, and who were all well armed. 'Stranger,' resumed the guide, 'I am that very John Gunn by whom you feared to be intercepted, and not without cause: for I came to the inn last night with the express purpose of learning your route, that I and my followers might ease you of your charge by the road. But I am incapable of betraying the trust you reposed in me, and having convinced you that you were in my power, I can only dismiss you unplundered and uninjured.' He then gave the officer directions for his journey, and disappeared with his party, as suddenly as they had presented themselves."—SCOTT.

X. 7. The Earl of Athole is related to have used similar language when surprised by his enemies on the occasion of the battle of Kilblene, 1335. "He looked at a great rock which lay beside him, and swore an oath that he would not fly that day until that rock should show him the example."—SCOTT, *Tales of a Grandfather*, ch. xiv.

11. Cp. IV. viii. 6.

25. glint. Obsolete, except in poetry. It is generally an intransitive verb = glance.

26. jack. A leather coat used by the footmen and common soldiers instead of a coat of mail. The 'jack' was sometimes strengthened by having small pieces of iron stitched into it. The word *jack* is the same as the French *jaque*, a coat of mail; but the ultimate origin is not certainly known.

XI. 13. on, depending on. Even though the possession of every vale, etc., depended on the result of our strife.

15. So move we on, therefore let us move on: imperative mood.

16. reed, feeble support.

22. wont, usual, accustomed. The word is here used in its original sense, as the participle of *won*. But we would now say *wanted*. For further explanation see IV. xii. 8, note.

25. rife with, swarming with, full of.

36. wind. The present tense seems here to be used simply for the sake of the rime.

37. green, stretch of grass.

XII. 3. three mighty lakes. - Katrine, Achray, Vennachar.



4. in silver breaks, breaks out, issues in a foaming silvery stream.

5. ceaseless, ceaselessly, continually; an adverb. The torrent, as it sweeps across the plain, continually undermines the lines (entrenchments, earthworks) where the Romans, conquerors of the world, once formed their camp.

8. eagle wings. In allusion to the eagles on the Roman standards.

“The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennachar, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence, called the *Dun* of Bochastle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some intrenchments, which have been thought Roman.”—SCOTT.

20. vantageless, with no advantage over thee in respect of weapons.

22. keep thee, defend thyself, protect thyself.

XIII. 7. atone, appease. This use is archaic. Formerly, to *atone* persons meant to reconcile them, to set them *at one*. Now nearly always used as in ‘to *atone for* an offence,’ i.e. to make compensation or give satisfaction for an offence.

6. better meed, a better reward, a more grateful return than I should show if I endeavoured to slay you.

8. Are there no means? *Means*, though properly plural, is very often used as a singular noun: e.g. ‘by this means.’

11. See III. v.

16. riddle, read. To *read* is to interpret or explain: A.S. *rædan*, to advise, to discern. *Riddle* stands for an earlier form *redels*, from A. S. *rædelse*, something requiring to be *read*, or explained. Cp. German *räthsel*, a riddle, from German *rathen*, to advise, to guess.

24. favour free, unconditional favour.

26. strengths, strongholds.

XIV. 2-4. Does thy presumption soar so high (as) to name (suggest) to Roderick Dhu that he should do homage? *homage*. A French word from Latin *homo*, a man. “The vassal or tenant upon investiture did usually homage to his lord; openly and humbly kneeling, being ungirt, uncovered, and holding up his hands together between those of the lord, who sat before him; and their professing that he did become his man, from that day forth, of life and limb and earthly honour: and then he received a kiss from his lord. Which ceremony was denominated *homagium*, from the stated form of words, *devenio vester homo*.”—Blackstone, *Commentaries*, Bk. ii. ch. 4.

10. *carpet knight*. "A knight ... may be dubbed ... in time of peace upon the carpet ... he is called a knight of the carpet, because that the king sitteth in his regal chair of state, and the gentleman ... kneeleth before his sovereign upon the carpet or cloth usually spread ... for the sovereign's foot-stool."—*Ferne* [1586]. A 'carpet-knight' was thus distinguished from a 'knight-banneret,' i.e. a knight dubbed on the field of battle for valiant deeds. The word 'carpet-knight' is, however, generally contemptuously used in the secondary sense of a knight whose achievements belong to 'the carpet' (i.e. the lady's boudoir, or carpeted chamber) instead of to the field of battle.

15. *steels my sword, strengthens my arm, makes me use my sword with vigour.*

25. Compare Roderick's language, xi. 7.

26. *hilt to hilt*, in *single* combat.

27. *falchion*. Properly, a *sickle-shaped* sword: Latin *falcio*, from Latin *falx*, a sickle.

30. *They*. Ungrammatically put for *he*.

XV. 2. *targe*. "A round target of light wood, covered with strong leather, and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's equipment. In charging regular troops they received the thrust of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted it aside, and used the broadsword against the encumbered soldier. ... The use of defensive armour, and particularly of the buckler, or target, was general in Queen Elizabeth's time, although that of the single rapier seems to have been occasionally practised much earlier."—SCOTT.

5. *train'd abroad*. Probably in France, where the use of the rapier alone, without the target or buckler, was common.

8. *To thrust ... guard*. These infinitives are in apposition to *pass* and *ward*.

9. *Repose you, to repose yourself: you* is the reflexive object.

11. *attendance*. Abstract for concrete.

12. *hest*. See III. xviii. 30, note. for service or array, to wait upon you or to dress you.

13. *Permit I marshal, for 'permit that I marshal.'* We would say 'permit me to marshal.' *Marshal you the way* means 'marshal the way for you, lead the way': cp. *Macbeth*, II. i. 42, "Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going"; cp. also this poem, II. xvi. 15.

21. *at advantage ta'en*. This refers to 'Roderick,' or to 'weapon.' 'To take at advantage' is 'to surprise'; to take when the opportunity is a favourable one for the taker: and the



phrase has much the same effect as the more common one 'to take anyone at a *disadvantage*'; where the disadvantage is of course implied to be on the part of the loser.

23. *backward borne*: these words belong to 'Chieftain,' in the next line.

XVI. 4. *recreant*; literally, one who changes his belief; it appears also to have been used to denote one who owned himself beaten in a duel or judicial combat: hence, a coward. Cp. *Fair Maid of Perth*, ch. xxiii., "The villain is both guilty and recreant."

6. *toil*. See IV. xxv. 1, note. It is not often used in the singular.

11-14. These lines are the exclamation of the poet, excited by the situation, which he describes as vividly as if it were actually present to his eyes. It seems almost unnecessary to remark upon this: but the passage has been curiously misinterpreted in Professor Bain's *Rhetoric and Composition*, Part II., p. 89, where these four lines are supposed to be spoken by Roderick.

25. *advantage*, opportunity, favourable chance. Cp. xv. 21.

26. *To turn the odds*, to transfer the superiority from one side to the other. In games or contests of any kind, if one of the players or combatants has a greater chance of winning than his opponent, we say that the *odds* are in favour of the first, and against his opponent.

33. *close*, a struggle at close quarters. Cp. II. xvii. 17, 'closing fight.'

34. *all*; an adverb = *quite*.

XVII. 6. *paid*, paid for, avenged.

8. The good faith and valour displayed by Roderick will be rewarded with praise if he live, which praise will be lost to him, if he die. This is what the words seem to mean as they stand; but the sentiment intended to be expressed appears to be that whether Roderick lives or dies, his faith and valour deserve praise. Faith and valour are personified, and give praise to Roderick for the observance that he has paid to them.

9. *With that*, thereupon.

25. *palfrey*, a small saddle-horse, especially a lady's horse. The derivation is (through the French) from the Low Latin *paraveredus*, from Greek *παρά*, and Lat. *veredus*, a post-horse; thus the word meant an 'extra post-horse.' *Veredus* is said to be a contraction of *veho-rhedus*, from *vehere*, to draw, and *rheda*, a Gallic word meaning a four-wheeled carriage. The ordinary German word for horse, *pferd*, is also from *paraveredus*.

28. *I will before*, I will go before.

29. weed, clothing. Cp. IV. xxi. 5. 8, note.

30. boune, ready. Cp. IV. iii. 5, note.

32. lightly, quickly, easily. Bayard. A common name for a horse; it is properly applied only to a *bay* horse. From French *bai*, bay-coloured. In mediæval romance it is the proper name of the bright-bay-coloured magic steed given by Charlemagne to Rinaldo. clears the lea, passes over the ground.

XVIII. 10. steel, spur. Cp. I. vii. 2.

12. fair; fairly, properly, i.e. firmly seated. The original sense of *fair* (A.S. *fæger*) appears to have been *fit*, firm, and it is allied to Greek *πηγός*, firm. So we say, 'he hit the mark *fairly* in the centre.

13. bolt, an arrow; particularly the short thick iron arrow or 'quarrel' used with the cross-bow.

16. Carhonie, and the other places mentioned in this stanza, all lie on or near the banks of the Teith, between Loch Vennachar and Stirling. In his introduction to the poem, Scott says, "I took uncommon pains to verify the accuracy of the local circumstances of this story. I recollect, in particular, that to ascertain whether I was telling a probable tale I went into Perthshire to see whether Fitz-James could actually have ridden from the banks of Loch Vennachar to Stirling Castle within the time supposed in the poem, and had the pleasure to satisfy myself that it was quite practicable."

17. prick'd, spurred; hence 'rode quickly.' Cp. Spenser, *Faery Queene*, first line, "A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine": and Chaucer, *Rime of Sir Thopas*, where the word occurs several times in imitation of its use in the old romances, of which *Sir Thopas* was a parody.

18. merry-men, followers. See IV. iv. 14, note. as they might, as fast as they were able: cp. vii. 25, above.

25. Blair-Drummond. Blair, meaning a plain or battlefield, occurs as a prefix in the names of many Scotch towns; e.g. Blair Athol, Blairgowrie. Equally common is the prefix Ochter or Auchter, meaning 'the summit'; e.g. Auchterarder, Auchtermuchty.

29. sweltering, heated. The word *sultry* is a modern spelling of *sweltry*, formed from the verb *swelter*.

31. opposing. Cp. III. xix. 25.

32. plash, an older form of 'splash,' the s being prefixed for emphasis.

XIX. 6. Who town-ward holds the rocky way. Who is proceeding along the rocky path towards the town. *Ward* is a suffix expressing direction, as homeward, northward, outward,

etc. For the use of 'hold' cp. 'to hold one's course'; the more common phrase is 'to hold *on* a course or way.'

12. **field**, battlefield.

14. **Out**, used as an interjection, expressive of anger or remonstrance.

21. "The Douglas of the poem is an imaginary person, a supposed uncle of the Earl of Angus."—SCOTT.

27. **postern**, a back-door, or gate. From Lat. *posterula*, a diminutive from *posterus*, behind, from *post*.

XX. 9. **ward**, ward off.

10. **late**, *i.e.* too late.

12. **the bride of Heaven**. An epithet applied to those who become nuns.

15. **by**, past, done with; cp. st. ii. 6.

18. William, 8th Earl of Douglas, was stabbed by King James II. in Stirling Castle in 1452.

19. **fatal mound**. An eminence on the north-east of the Castle, where state prisoners were executed, for which reason it was called the 'heading-hill.'

26. **Franciscan steeple**. The steeple of the church belonging to the religious order called the Franciscans, after St. Francis their founder. They are also called Gray Friars, being distinguished from the Dominicans or Black Friars and the Carmelites or White Friars.

30. **morrice-dancers**. A morrice-dancer was also called a *morisco*, and the dance itself bore the same name. *Morisco* is a Spanish word meaning Moorish, and the dance was so called because it was supposed to have come from the Moors of Spain.

31. **quaint**, strange, curious, whimsical. From French *coint*, Lat. *cognitus*, known; thence it means famous, remarkable, curious, etc.

32. "Every burgh of Scotland of the least note, but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn *play*, or festival, when feats of archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar, and the other gymnastic exercises of the period. Stirling, a usual place of royal residence, was not likely to be deficient in pomp upon such occasions, especially since James V. was very partial to them. His ready participation in these popular amusements was one cause of his acquiring the title of King of the Commons... The usual prize to the best shooter was a silver arrow."—SCOTT.

36. **career**. A technical term for the charge of the combatants in a tournament or tilting-match.

37. *shivers*, breaks into splinters with the shock of the charge. To 'shiver' is to break into 'shivers' or 'shives': a 'shive' is a thin slice, a 'shaving.'

39. *play*, play for.

40. *stark*, stiff, rigid; and hence 'strong.'

XXI. 8. *jubilee*, a time of great joy. This is a Hebrew word, introduced into French and thence into English, through the Latin *jubilæus*, the year of jubilee among the Jews, when all slaves were set free, and all lands reverted to their former possessors. It took place every fifty years. The name comes from Hebrew *yôbel*, a blast of a trumpet, because the advent of this season was announced by blowing upon a trumpet: see *Leviticus* xxv. 9. The meaning has probably been influenced by the Latin *jubilum*, a shout of joy (whence we get our *jubilation*): but there appears to be no connexion between the two words. *huzza*. The rime is defective, the *a* in *huzza* being broad, like the *a* in *father*.

10. *jennet*, a small Spanish horse. From Spanish *ginete*, a word of Moorish origin, originally signifying a horse-soldier.

13. *doffing*, taking off. *Doff* is a contraction of *do off*, just as *don*, to put on, is a contraction of *do on*, and *dout*, to extinguish, is a contraction of *do out*.

14. Their *pride* at being saluted by the king made them smile with pleasure, while their *shame*, *i.e.* modesty or bashfulness, made them blush at the notice thus attracted to them.

19. *acclaims*. The use of this word as a noun is confined to poetry; cp. II. xxi. 5.

27. *pride*: cp. II. xxiii. 4.

28. *mean*, of low birth.

34. See note on II. xxviii. 12, showing how James V. endeavoured to curb the power of the Scottish nobles and chiefs.

XXII. 2. *chequer'd*, dressed in garments of variegated patterns and colours.

3. For a description of the dress of a morrice-dancer, see *Fair Maid of Perth*, ch. xvi. and note on ch. xx.

4. *their mazes wheel*: turn round in the mazes of the dance. Cp. III. xxvi. 33.

6. *Robin Hood*. A celebrated outlaw and robber who frequented Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire. He had the reputation of being a sort of redresser of wrongs, a friend of the people, who robbed the rich in order to give to the poor. Several ballads exist describing his exploits. See Percy's *Reliques of English Poetry*, Ritson's *Ancient Popular Poetry*, etc. "The exhibition of this renowned outlaw and his band was a favourite frolic at such festivals as we are describing."—SCOTT. See also Scott's

*Abbot*, note G. to ch. xiv., and Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, in which all the characters here mentioned are introduced as forming part of Robin Hood's band. Maid Marian was the mistress of Robin Hood; Friar Tuck, the chaplain to the band, was himself able to use the quarter-staff when necessity arose; he appears in *Ivanhoe*, as the hermit of Copmanhurst. Mutch, or Midge, 'the miller's son,' and the brothers Scathelocke and Scarlet were archers of the band; and Little John was Robin Hood's trusted lieutenant.

13. **a bow of might**, a strong bow, a bow that only a strong man could bend.

14. **white**. The centre, or 'bull's eye,' of the target used in archery was painted white. The word *blank* (French *blanc*, white) was used with the same meaning.

16. If we are to believe the old ballads, such feats as these were not unprecedented. See the ballad of "William of Cloudesly" in Percy's *Reliques of English Poetry*; and Scott's *Ivanhoe*, ch. xiii.

18. **stake**, prize, being a silver arrow.

19. **lily lawn**, a lawn overspread with lilies, a flowery lawn. In Scotland the word *lilies* is often used to denote flowers in general. Cp. *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iv., p. 119, *Thomas the Rhymer*,

"And see ye not that braid braid road,  
That lies across that *lily leven*?"

when *leven* = *lawn*. Cp. also *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. i., p. 360, *Battle of Otterbourne*,

"Bury me by the bracken bush  
That grows on yonder *lily lea*,"

where *lee* or *lea* means meadow.

22. **wight**, active, strong, valiant: cp. *Lord of the Isles*, VI. xxiv. 2, "Are these, he said, our yeomen wight?" *Marmion*, VI. xx. 14. "O, for one hour of Wallace wight." A common word in Middle English, but now obsolete: it occurs continually in the *Robin Hood* ballads as a 'permanent epithet' of 'yeomen.' From Scand. *vigr*, serviceable for war; allied to A. S. *wīg*, war; Latin, *vincere*, to fight. There is another word *wight*, meaning a person; this word is distinct from the above, and is the same as *whit*.

23. The description of the king's behaviour to Douglas is an imitation of a story told by Hume of Godscroft, concerning the king's treatment, under similar circumstances, of Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie.

XXIII. 6. The pause, indicated by the dash, is to be filled up

by the image of Douglas wrestling with the two 'superior' champions. The result is given in the next three lines.

7. fare, fate, lot, hap. The noun *fare* is not often used in this sense.

10. The usual prize of wrestling was a ram and a ring, or a ram only. "But," says Scott, "the animal would have embarrassed my story." See Chaucer, *Sir Thopas*, l. 29—

"Of wrastling was ther noon his peer,  
Ther any ram shal stonde":

and the *Tale of Gamelyn* (Skeat's ed. 1884) l. 279—

"Tho that wardeynes were · of that wrastelyng  
Come and broughte Gamelyn · the ram and the ryng,  
And seyden, 'have, Gamelyn · the ryng and the ram,  
For the beste wrasteler · that ever here cam.'"

17. Cp. IV. xxiii. 17.

22. rood. The same word as *rod*, being the length of a measuring rod,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards long. The word *rood* is now generally used to signify an *area*, viz., that of a square the sides of which are each one *rod* in length.

Cp. *The Lay of Havelok the Dane*, l. 1052, where Havelok puts the stone twelve feet further than all the other champions.

26. moralize, make reflections upon.

XXIV. 2. Ladies' Rock. "In the Castle-hill is a hollow called 'the Valley,' comprehending about an acre, and having the appearance of an artificial work, for justings and tournaments, with other feats of chivalry. Closely adjoining to this valley, on the south, is a small rocky pyramidical mount, called '*The Ladies' Hill*,' where the fair ones of the court took their station to behold these feats."—NIMMO'S *History of Stirlingshire*, p. 282.

4. pieces broad. After the introduction of 'guineas' in 1663, the twenty-shilling pieces of the preceding reigns were called 'broad-pieces,' because they were much broader and thinner than the new coins.

8. dark grey man. This appears to indicate a theory of the meaning of the name Douglas, viz. *Dubh-glas*, Gaelic for black-gray. But the name of the family is in reality derived from the name of the river Douglas, as explained in the note to I. xxxv. 16.

10. free, generous.

25. circled, stood in a circle: a rare use of this verb.

27. call'd ... to mind, recognized, i.e. openly recognized. They pretended not to remember him.

29. held ... place, considered it an honour to ride beside him.

30. Begirt his board, surrounded his table, sat round his table as guests.



XXV. 2. *bade* let loose. The object of *bade* is the infinite clause 'let loose, etc.' The king 'gave orders' (to) let loose. Cp. *Numbers*, xiv. 10. "All the congregation bade stone them with stones."

5. free, without charge.

6. archery, the company of archers. It generally means the art or practice of the archer.

11. mid-way, half-way. Cp. II. xxi. 16.

17. leash. The leather thong by which greyhounds and deerhounds are held until they are 'slipped' for the chase.

33. Needs, it needs. Only a buffet is needed.

XXVI. 4. pack. Used contemptuously, as if comparing them to a pack of hounds. On your lives, as you value your lives.

13. mis-proud, wrongfully proud, proud to a fault. This word is not, I believe, found elsewhere. The prefix *mis* has two sources. In words like mischance, mischief, miscreant, it represents a French form of the Latin *minus*, less, used with a depreciatory sense; in misdeed, mislead, etc., the prefix is English, signifying *amiss* or *wrongly*.

16. woman-mercy; weak mercy; mercysuch as might be shown by a woman. "Thou wert the only man of thy ambitious clan whom I was too merciful to treat as a foe."

20. ward, safe keeping, *i.e.* in prison.

XXVII. 1. misarray, disorder; see note on xxvi. 13, above. The word *misarray* also seems to be one of Scott's coinage.

3. prick'd. Cp. xviii. 17.

11. scale, climb. From Latin *scala*, a flight of steps, or a ladder.

17. Sir John of Hyndford. There was a Sir John Carmichael of Hyndford who was Warden of the Borders between England and Scotland in the reign of Queen Mary of Scotland: see 'The Raid of the Reidswire,' in the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. ii., p. 15. The Sir John in the poem may be supposed to be the ancestor of the Warden. Hyndford is a village in Lanarkshire, on the Clyde.

XXVIII. 4. tender free, freely offer: free is used as an adverb.

5. The construction is somewhat irregular. It should be 'so weak *that* they must require,' or 'so weak as *to* require.'

12. my kind, my fellow-men.

15. "To know that your spears which our foes" should dread are, for my cause, red with the blood of your fellow-countrymen."

17-20. The construction is very loose, and cannot be reduced to grammatical form. 'For me' in l. 18 is apparently to be

taken with 'begun' (in spite of the comma), and the whole may be paraphrased thus: it will not soothe me to know that mothers lament the loss of their sons who have fallen in a useless brawl that was begun for me; nor will it soothe me to know that it is through me (for me) that the widow's mate expires, etc ...

19. widow's mate. This is anticipating matters somewhat, seeing that a woman does not become a widow *until* her 'mate' expires. This sort of anticipation is called 'prolepsis' by grammarians.

20. weep. Used transitively, equivalent to 'weep for,' 'lament.'

21. insulted laws, the insult to the laws: cp. II. xxxiv. 13, 'punishment delay'd.'

23. ward. Cp. xx. 9.

XXIX. 12. prattlers, *i.e.* the children. Douglas had prevented the fathers from sacrificing their lives in his cause; therefore the children might be said to *owe* the lives of their fathers to him.

14. bier beloved. An example of the transferred epithet, 'the bier of some beloved person.'

15. trailing arms. When escorting a funeral the soldiers would carry their spears in a horizontal or slightly sloping position. This is called 'trailing arms.'

17. battled verge, the entrance, the gateway of the castle, surmounted by battlements: cp. II. xxxi. 11, 'battled fence.'

XXX. 6. changeling, *i.e.* changeful. The word *changeling* was most commonly used as a name for children substituted for other children at the time of birth, such substitution being a trick commonly attributed to the fairies.

7. acclaim. Cp. xxi. 19.

15-22. This has been compared with the passage in Shakespeare, *Coriolanus* I. i. 186, where Coriolanus, addressing the citizens of Rome, says,

"With every minute you do change a mind,  
And call him noble that was now your hate,  
Him vile that was your garland."

XXXI. 1. Soft! used interjectionally, with the sense of 'stay.' messenger of speed, a speedy messenger. This is called the 'adjectival' use of the preposition *of*. Cp. 'a pearl of great price,' 'hand of blood and brow of gloom,' IV. xxvii. 34, 'a man of courage, etc.'

3. cognizance. A badge, worn by the followers of a knight or noble, by which they were recognized. Latin *cognoscere*, to know.



4. **cousin.** A term of courtesy used by kings towards one another, and sometimes towards their nobles. It does not necessarily imply any kinship.

12. **loose, riotous, undisciplined.** **banditti**, robbers, outlaws. Plural of *bandit*, the termination being Italian. *Bandit* is the Italian *bandito*, participle of *bandire*, to outlaw, to proclaim, from Low Latin *bannire*, to proclaim. This again is from *bannum*, a proclamation, a ban: so that a bandit is a man against whom there is a *ban*, a *banished* man. Notice particularly that *banditti* does not mean a number of men *banded* together.

15. **Your grace.** This was the common form of address to a king. The title 'Majesty' was assumed by Henry VIII., but it does not appear to have at once superseded the earlier titles borne by English kings. See Froude's *History*, vol. iii. p. 53.

XXXII. 3. **lost, lost sight of, forgot.**

5. **spare not ... steed.** Do not spare to hasten, do not refrain from making haste, from the fear of spoiling your steed.

13. **leaders lost.** The loss of their leaders. Cp. xxviii. 21, above.

15. **Nor would we, nor do I wish: vulgar,** the common people; a noun of multitude, and therefore plural.

21. **The turf ... spurn'd.** *Spurn* means literally *to kick*, and is connected with *spur*: its ordinary modern meaning is 'to reject with scorn.' There is here a combination of the two meanings; the horse, in his rapid flight, seems to disdain the turf as he bounds over it.

XXXIII. 12. See xx. 18, note.

23. **pennons brown,** dark wings: the shades of night descended.

## CANTO VI.

I. 1. The poet moralizes on the various scenes upon which the awakening sun looks down. This is introductory to his description, in this Canto, of the varied fates of the different characters of the tale, and the different scenes herein described; the soldiers' barrack-room, the prison of Roderick, the battle-field of the Trosachs, and the court of James V.

3. **caitiff**, a miserable creature; one who lives a life of toil. Properly 'a captive,' from O.Fr. *caitif*, Latin *captivus*, a captive or prisoner. From Latin *captus*, pp. of *capere*, to take: root KAP, from which is also derived the word *have*, the changes in the consonants being in strict accordance with Grimm's Law, for which

see Morris, *Accidence or Historical Grammar*, Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*, Appendix III.

4. inheritance. See *Genesis*, iii. 19, where labour is enjoined on Adam and his descendants as a punishment for his disobedience.

7. battled tower. Cp. V. xxix. 17.

9. kind nurse of men, sleep. Cp. Shakespeare, *2 Henry IV.* III. i. 5, "O sleep, O gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse."

12. pallet; a kind of mattress or couch, properly one of straw. French *paillet*, a heap of straw, from Latin *palea*, straw. Cp. Skt. *palāla*, straw.

15. gyve, a fetter. Seldom used in the singular.

16. love-lorn; see V. viii. 23, note.

II. 5. loop, a narrow window, a loop-hole.

6. Court of Guard; the part of the castle in which the soldiers of the guard were quartered.

9. comfortless alliance, an unpleasant blending of the light of the sun with the light of the torches,—a dismal, dreary kind of light.

16. with fragments stored, heaped with the remains of the night's feast.

17. beaker, a drinking cup. Formerly *biker*, same as the Scotch word *bicker*. Another word from the same source is *pitcher*.

24. harness, armour. This is almost always its meaning in early writers; and Scott imitates the old romance. It is a Celtic (Breton) word meaning, literally, something made of iron (*houarn*).

III. for their fields, in payment for, or as rent for, their fields. The custom in feudal times was for the tenant to give his services in war to his feudal superior in return for the use of the land. When times became more civilized, such services were no longer required, and they were commuted for a payment in money or rent.

The feudal system prevailed throughout England, and had penetrated as far as the Lowlands of Scotland, where many of the nobles were of Norman descent. In the Highlands the *patriarchal* system prevailed. The chief was regarded as the father of his clan; they were bound to follow him in war, and to render him such obedience as is due from children to a father. On the other hand it was his duty to extend to them a father's protection of his children.

5. Adventurers. These were mercenary soldiers, such as the Swiss Guards employed by the French kings, the Varangian Guards of Constantinople, etc. James V. was the first who introduced

them into Scotland as his body-guard. Compare *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, IV. xviii.,

“The mercenaries, firm and slow,  
 Moved on to fight, in dark array,  
 By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,  
 Who brought the band from distant Rhine,  
 And sold their blood for foreign pay.  
 The camp their home, their law the sword,  
 They knew no country, own'd no lord :”

and see Scott's *Legend of Montrose*, particularly chs. ii. and iii. where the mercenary soldier, Dugald Dalgetty, gives an account of himself. The Varangian Guard of the Greek Emperors is described in *Count Robert of Paris*, ch. ii.

7. clouded, dark-complexioned.

10. more freely. That is, the Switzer (Swiss) breathed more freely among the mountains of Scotland, which reminded him of those in his own country, than in the plains of other parts of Europe in which he had served. The Swiss are particularly remarkable for their attachment to their own land of mountains, and they often suffer, when in other countries, from a severe form of nostalgia or home-sickness.

11. The Flemings are natives of Flanders, where the soil is extremely fertile.

14. merry England. ‘Merry’ is here what is sometimes called a ‘permanent epithet,’ because it is so frequently used as descriptive of England by the old poets.

18. halberd, a long-handled axe.

IV. 11. burden. The groans of the wounded are heard through the noisy talk of the guard-room in the same way as the ‘burden’ is heard accompanying a tune. The ‘burden’ or ‘bourdon’ in music was a continuous low note or drone, underlying the tune and serving as an accompaniment to it. The word is also applied to the refrain of a song, viz. certain lines or words repeated at the end of each verse as a sort of chorus. This word is derived ultimately from the Latin *burdo*, the buzz of a bee, and is probably of imitative origin. It has nothing to do with ‘burden’ or ‘burthen’ meaning a load, which is connected with the verb *to bear*.

17. In host, in war : it is contrasted with ‘in peace’ in l. 16. mutineer, a disobedient unruly character.

19. was to do : this is the gerundial or dative infinitive, like ‘this house to let,’ ‘good to eat,’ etc. The passive form may also be used in such cases, as ‘a deed to be done,’ ‘a house to be let,’ ‘food good to be eaten.’

20. **grieved** = *grieved for* or *over*. their games cut short. Cp. V. xxxii. 13, 'their leaders lost.'

21. **And marr'd ... sport**. John of Brent is annoyed because the games have been cut short (V. xxvi. 23) and is determined that his companions shall also be annoyed; so he interferes among those who are playing with dice, and spoils their sport.

23. **Catch**, a song: properly, a peculiar kind of part-song for three or more voices. **troll**, sing. 'To *troll a catch* is, probably, to sing it irregularly.' Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*

24. **buxom**, pleasing, lively. A.S. *būgan*, to bow, to bend, the suffix being *sum*, or some: cp. 'winsome' from 'wyn-sum.' Cp. also German *biegsam*, pliable. *Buxom* therefore meant originally 'easily bent or bowed'; then 'obedient' and so 'pleasing.' **bear**. To *bear* a chorus, is to sustain, or keep up, the chorus. Cp. Chaucer, prologue, l. 673, "This sompnour *bar* to him a stiff burdoun."

V. 1. **Poule**, Paul.

2. **swinging**, pres. part. of *swinge*, to beat, whip; so swinging means lashing, cutting, sharp, severe. Here it is used more vaguely, as an intensive adverb.

3. **black-jack**, a large leathern jug for beer; so named from its likeness to a *jack-boot*, a large boot with a front piece to protect the knee, worn by soldiers.

4. **seven deadly sins**. These are Pride, Idleness, Gluttony, Lust, Avarice, Envy, and Wrath; see Gower, *Confessio Amantis*: Spenser, *Faery Queene*, I. iv. **sack**. A Spanish wine of the *dry* or *rough* kind. Hence its name, from French *sec*, Latin *siccus*, dry. A common word in Shakespeare's plays.

6. **upsees out**. Scott states that this is a Bacchanalian interjection, borrowed from the Dutch. It appears to be a variation of *upsee-freeze*, a corruption of Dutch *op-zyn-fries*, i.e. 'in the Dutch or Frisian fashion.' Cp. Dekker, *Seven Deadly Sins of London*, 1606 [Arber's edition, p. 12], "Drunk according to all the learned rules of drunkenness, as *Upsy-Freeze*, Crambo, Parmizant. **fig**. Used to denote a contemptible trifle. Cp. Shakespeare 2 *Henry VI.* II. iii. 67, "a fig for Peter"; and see *Henry V.* III. vi. 60, IV. i. 60. The sentence in the text means, 'I care nothing for the vicar, I do not care what he preaches.'

9. **kerchief**, a covering for the head; from Old French, *couvre-chef*, from *couvrir*, to cover, and *chef*, the head, Lat. *caput*.

14. **dues**. Payments made to the clergy were so called. **cure**. The charge of parish of a priest; that which is committed to his care. French *cure*, Lat. *cura*, care, attention. **placket and pot**. Used, by metonymy, to denote 'women and wine.' One meaning of *placket* is a petticoat.

15. *lurch*. To lie in wait for, to try and catch. The same word as *lurk*.

17. *bully-boys*, good fellows, fine fellows; the word *bully* implying friendly admiration. The original meaning of *bully* appears to have been sweetheart, darling, applied to both sexes; later it was applied to men only, with the meaning stated above; and finally the sense of 'brave fellow, gallant' seems to have developed into 'a blustering, fighting fellow, a ruffian, especially a coward who attacks only the weak.' The derivation is probably from Dutch *boel*, a lover, a brother. Cp. German *buhle*, a lover.

For the degradation in meaning, compare *bravo*, originally meaning brave, valiant; now a cut-throat, a hired assassin.

VI. 24. *juggler*. From old French *jogleor*, *jongleur*, Latin *joculator*, a jester, Latin *jocus*, a jest, whence our word *joke*. "The jongleurs, or jugglers, ... used to call in the aid of various assistants, to render these performances as captivating as possible. The glee-maiden was a necessary attendant; her duty was tumbling and dancing. ... The facetious qualities of the ape soon rendered him an acceptable addition to the strolling band of the jongleur."—SCOTT.

VII. 5. *purvey them steed*; *them* is dative: *purvey* is the same as *provide*; both are derived from Latin *providere*, but *purvey* has come through the French *porvoir* or *porveier*, while *provide* has come directly from the Latin. A similar pair is *survey* and *supervise*.

7. 'your alarm' would generally mean 'the alarm *felt* by you': here of course it is 'the alarm caused by your conduct.'

10. We generally say 'bent *upon*,' not 'bent *to*.'

13. To pay the forester his fee. See IV. v. 20, note. The nature of the fee expected may be seen from the following lines in Scott's *Doom of Devorgoil* :—

"O, Robin Hood was a bowman good,  
And a bowman good was he,  
And he met with a maiden in merry Sherwood,  
All under the greenwood tree.

Now give me a kiss, quoth bold Robin Hood,  
Now give me a kiss, said he,  
For there never came maid into merry Sherwood,  
But she paid the forester's fee."

21. *tartan screen*. See vi. 9, 10.

VIII. 7. *still*, always.

8. *or ... or*. whether ... or. Cp. III. v. 30.

9. I shame me. *Shame* is not now used reflexively. It was

formerly an impersonal verb, and the above phrase would be 'it shames me' or simply 'me shameth,' where *me* is the *dative* case. The modern construction is 'I am ashamed.' Cp. the old impersonal construction of *repent*, "It repented the Lord that He had made man," *Gen.* vi. 6, with the later reflexive construction, "Then Judas repented himself," *Matt.* xxvii. 3.

10. *And*. This conjunction is often used to introduce an additional circumstance, in explanation or amplification of what precedes: or simply to continue the narrative from a previous sentence. This is fairly common: see Maetzner, *English Grammar*, iii. 336, and the *New English Dictionary*. Cp. IV. xxix. 11.

11. *An outlaw I*. For the omission of the verb, cp. I. xx. 9.

12. *Needwood*. A forest in Staffordshire. Cp. *Ivanhoe*, ch. ix., "I must see how Staffordshire and Leicestershire can draw their bows—the forests of Needwood and Charnwood must rear good archers."

21. *shaft*, arrow: connected etymologically with *shave*; a shaft is a 'shaved' rod, a stick smoothed into the shape of an arrow.

IX. 2. *Tullibardine's house*; the family of the Murrays of Tullibardine in Perthshire.

3. *spurs of knight*. Cp. IV. xxx. 26.

6. *Forward*, not sufficiently reserved or modest.

13. *Might ... strange*, might easily be misconstrued, misinterpreted.

18. *errant damosel of yore*. In the 'days of yore,' when chivalry was the fashion, any oppressed 'damosel' could obtain redress by proceeding to the court of the nearest king, and asking for a champion. Among the knights who frequented the court some one would volunteer, or be appointed, to act as her champion and avenge her upon her enemies. Cp. for instance Malory's *Morte Darthur*, book vii., ch. 2, or the same story as told in Tennyson's *Gareth and Lynette*. *Damosel*, an older spelling of *damself*; *yore* was originally the genitive plural of *year*, so that 'of yore' means 'in years past, years ago.'

19. *high quest*, important enterprise. Is your enterprise so important that you require a knight for your champion, or will a squire like myself be sufficient.

27. *grateful claims*, claims on his gratitude.

X. 3. *This ring ... own*; *duties* is the subject, *ring* the object of the sentence: our duties include paying respect to this ring; the person who brings this ring has a claim on our duties.

7. *Soon ... gates*, as soon as it is fully daylight. The 'gates'



are the gates of day; cp. Shakespeare, iii. *Henry VI.* II. i. 21, "See how the morning opes her golden gates."

8. Please you, may it please you, let it please you: *you* is dative.

9. Repose you, to repose yourself: *you* is the reflexive object.

11. attendance. Abstract for concrete.

12. hest, command. A word now used only in poetry; the more common form is 'behest.' From Ang.-Sax, *hæst*, a command. The final *t* in *hest*, like the *t* in *whilst*, *against*, etc., is not properly a part of the word. for service or array, to wait upon you or to dress you.

13. Permit I marshal, for 'permit that I marshal.' We would say 'permit me to marshal.' *Marshal you the way* means 'marshal the way for you, lead the way'; cp. *Macbeth*, II. i. 42, "Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going"; cp. also this poem, II. xvi. 15.

25. barret-cap, a flat cap. The same word as *biretta*, a name given to the square cap of a priest.

26. jeopardy, danger. From French *jeu parti*, lit. a divided game; a *jeu parti* is properly a game in which the chances are exactly even; thence it comes to signify anything uncertain or hazardous.

27. Where ... afar. Scott gives the English archer some share of the chivalrous spirit that was proper to a knight. It was common enough for a knight to venture upon some daring deed of arms, to gain or to justify the favour of his lady: Brent boasts that if Ellen will honour him with the gift of her purse, he will wear it as a favour in his cap, and will bear it into the most dangerous parts of the battle-field, where no knight will dare to venture: the 'gayer crests' are the crests of the knights, contrasted with his own simple barret-cap.

XI. 5. His minstrel I. Cp. viii. 11.

7. The office of bard in a chieftain's or nobleman's household was hereditary.

13. grace, celebrate, honour with songs of praise.

16. board, table. One of the duties of the bard was to furnish music during meals.

25. part, conduct, characteristic behaviour.

26. Beaudesert, his landlord's name, means 'well deserving.' For the pronunciation (desart) compare *clerk*, pronounced *clark*: as proper names we have also Desart and Clark; and cp. also Derby, pronounced Darby.

27. *but*=if not. If I had not loved ... I would not now be dwelling.

28. *steer*. Cp. V. vii. 16. Here it means an ox used for ploughing.

XII. 8. *wheel*. An instrument of torture. The victim was tied upon it in an extended position, and his limbs were then broken. *headsman*, executioner.

9. *an hideous*. The use of *an* is irregular: see IV. vi. 16, note; and cp. II. xxii. 12, and V. iii. 7. *engine*, instrument, machine; a skilful contrivance. From Lat. *ingenium*, genius or invention; an engine, therefore, is something invented by a man of *genius*. (In modern English, an engine is distinguished from a machine: an engine contains a source of power within itself; a machine requires an engine to drive it.)

12. *their* refers to *artist*, and should therefore be in the singular. Or *artist* should be *artists*. They were so ashamed of their horrible work that they would not give names to the engines they invented.

16. *unhasp*, to unloose from a hasp, to let go; a word apparently coined by Scott. A hasp is the clasp or socket into which a bolt fits.

19. *dungeon*. A prison-cell, generally underground, in which the light would only be admitted by narrow loop-holes. The same word as *donjon*, the *keep* or central tower of a castle, which was its strongest part, and which contained the castle prison: afterwards applied to any kind of prison. *Donjon* is a French word, from Low Lat. *domnio(nem)*, the same as *dominium*, dominion; so called because the donjon was the chief tower of the castle.

21. *garniture*, furniture, adornment: the garniture of the walls would be 'hangings' of cloth or tapestry. *Garniture* is connected with *garnish* and *garrison*.

24. *hold*, prison.

26. *Leech*, a physician: from Ang-Sax. *læce*. An old-fashioned word in this sense.

35. Cp. vii. 4, for the omission of the subject in the absolute clause.

36. *deem'd* ... *sought*, thought that he sought the chief, i.e. Roderick.

XIII. 1. *prore*, prow or stem: Latin *prora*.

4. *astrand*: for 'on strand,' 'stranded.' This word is scarcely to be found elsewhere; it is formed on the model of 'aboard,' 'afoot.'

13. *scan*, scrutinize, and so recognize. This word has dropped a *d*: it is from Latin *scandere*, to climb, to scan a verse. The *d*



in *scand* was wrongly supposed to be the participial termination and was therefore dropped.

XIV. 7. again where ne'er = where ne'er again.

10. Dermid's race. The *slioch-nan-Diarmid*, or race of Diarmid, is the name given to the Campbells in the Highlands. See *Legend of Montrose*, ch. xix. The name implies their descent from an ancestor of the name of Diarmid: 'sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,' as they are called in Flora Mac-Ivor's song, *Waverley*, ch. xxii. The Macgregors, or Clan Alpine, and the Campbells were hereditary enemies. The Campbell clan, being much the more powerful of the two, ultimately secured for themselves most of the territory of Clan Alpine: the name Macgregor was proscribed by law (1603), and many of those who bore it were compelled, for their own safety, to assume other names, sometimes even that of their oppressors. The reader of Scott's novels will remember Rob Roy's assumed name of 'Mr. Robert Campbell.'

12. glanced; a participle agreeing with 'picture.'

13. Fling me the picture of the fight. *Fling* is used somewhat in the same way as we use 'throw off'; the line means, execute for me, by a few rapid and vigorous touches, a picture of the fight: throw off for me a freely-improvised and vivid description such as will enable me to picture to myself the scene of battle.

18. For, in exchange for. The fair field ... shall appear to take the place of these grates and walls.

XV. Beal' an Duine means 'the pass of the man.' "A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the Trosachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text [see stanza xx.]. It was greatly posterior in date to the reign of James V."—SCOTT. This battle occurred in the time of Cromwell.

The description of the battle is made more vigorous and lively by the freedom and variety of the metre, in which respect Scott returns to the style of his earlier poems, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Marmion*. It should be compared with the description of the "Battle of Flodden" in *Marmion*, Canto VI., and with that of "Bannockburn" in the *Lord of the Isles*, Canto VI.

1. The Minstrel came. The bard is speaking of himself.

9. eyry, otherwise spelt *aery*, an eagle's nest. It is derived from French *aire*, the origin of which is uncertain: Skeat suggests the Scandinavian *ari*, an eagle; the *New English Dictionary* leaves the matter in doubt between Latin *area* (1) a space of ground for building, (2) a building or nest, and Latin *atrium*, (1) the entrance to a house, (2) a hall, house, or other dwelling place. The spelling *eyry* is due to a popular etymology from *ey*,

an egg. Erne, A.S. *earn*, an eagle, is cognate with the above-mentioned *ari*, and also with Greek *ὄρνις*, a bird.

12. springing, the trout, which at other times would be leaping out of the water, now lies still. These little details make up the picture of the heavy stillness in the air, foretelling the approach of the storm described in stanza xx.

18. The nominative to the verb 'echoes' is 'tread' in the next line.

22. they. The pronoun is grammatically unnecessary, the subject 'beams' being expressed in the next line. Cp. l. 30, below. This reduplication of the subject, by means of a preceding or following pronoun, serves to give greater weight and emphasis to the subject.

25. See IV. viii. 3.

28. bound, ready. The same as *bourne*. See IV. iii. 5, note.

XVI. 4. looked dark and sombre, like a forest in twilight.

5. barbed horsemen. The adjective *barbed* applies to the *horses*, not to the horsemen. A corruption of *barded*, from French *barde*, armour for a horse. The further derivation of the word is not certain.

6. battalia, an army in battle array. From Italian *battaglia*, used in the same sense. *Battaglia* is the Latin *batalia*, a vulgar word used instead of *pugna*. It was originally a neuter plural but was afterwards assimilated to feminine singular nouns ending in *a*. Cp. *Lord of the Isles*, VI. xx. 20,

"And in the pomp of battle bright  
The dread battalia frown'd,"

and Shakespeare, *Richard III.* V. iii. 11, "our battalia trebles that account."

7. clarion. A clarion is a *clear*-sounding horn: Latin *clarus*, clear, bright.

13. Cp. I. xxxv. 4, II. xv. 23.

15. vaward, for *vanward* or *vanguard*, the front of an army: here used adjectivally. *Van* is for French *avant*, in front, before: only the accented syllable being retained in English. The spelling *va-ward* is common in Shakespeare: cp. *Henry V.* IV. iii. 130, "I beg the leading of the vaward."

XVII. 4. peal'd, shouted. *Peal* is a shortened form of *appeal*, O. Fr. *apeler*, to call, from Latin *appellare*, to call upon. *banner-cry*, a cry summoning soldiers to assemble or rally round a banner.

8. their plight they ply. A curious expression, the meaning of which appears to be, they do their utmost to extricate themselves from their plight, or, they toil along in their plight. *Plight*

means 'a condition of danger, peril,' and 'to *ply*' is 'to toil at anything.' See Canto I. xxiv. 16.

17. The spearmen's twilight wood. Cp. xvi. 4, and *Marmion*, VI. xxxiv. 12,

"The stubborn spearmen still made good  
That dark impenetrable wood."

Cp. also *Tales of a Grandfather*, ch. vii. in the description of the battle of Falkirk: "nor could they make their way through that wood of spears, as it is called by one of the English historians."

18. Down, down ... your lances down, bend down, lower your lances to receive the charge. 'Down' is used elliptically for 'bend down.'

28. *Tinchel*. "A circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding a great space, and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to break through the *Tinchel*."—SCOTT. And see the description in *Waverley*, ch. 24.

XVIII. 3. Compare this simile with that of xvi. 19, and note the difference.

19. Now gallants! for your ladies' sake. This is quite in the spirit of chivalry, every knightly action being performed in honour of, or to gain the favour of some lady. Cp. Scott, *Essay on Chivalry*, "It was the especial pride of each distinguished champion to maintain, against all others, the superior worth, beauty and accomplishments of his lady ... To break a spear for the love of their ladies, was a challenge courteously given, and gently accepted, among all true followers of chivalry. ... There were knights yet more adventurous, who sought to distinguish themselves by uncommon feats of arms in honour of their mistresses."

24. They soon make lightsome room. *Lightsome* seems here to indicate the spirit in which the action is performed: i.e. light-somely; easily, freely, in a light-hearted manner. They 'make room' by clearing the enemy away from their front.

29. *refluent*, flowing back: from Latin *refluens* from *re-*, back and *fluere*, to flow. The simile of a wave is still kept up. *pass of fear*, fearsome pass, the 'dangerous glen' of xvi. 26.

33. *Bracklinn*. "This is a beautiful cascade made by a mountain stream called the Keltie, at a place called the Bridge of Bracklinn, about a mile from the village of Callander, in Men-teith."—SCOTT.

34. *linn*, cataract. *Linn* also means (1) the pool at the foot of a cataract, (2) the ravine through which a torrent flows.

XIX. 2. *doubling*, winding. For the position of the preposition, cp. III. xxvii. 13, and VI. viii. 19.

5. *defile*, a narrow path in a ravine, along which people can only pass in a *file* or row, one after another. From French *péfiler*, to pass along in file : where *dé* = *des* = Lat. *dis*, apart ; the rest of the word being from Lat. *filum*, a string or thread.

14. *agen*. This spelling of *again* is used by Scott whenever it is required to suit the rime ; it is found also in Byron and other modern poets. It is a revival of a spelling used by writers of the 13th century. Cp. II. xix., xxvi., V. viii., with I. viii., II. i., VI. xii., etc.

19. *spoke*, declared, proclaimed ; was evidence of.

22. *passing soul*. Passing from the body at death. *Pass* sometimes = *die* ; cp. *Lear* V. iii. 313, "O, let him pass," and cp. the expression the *passing-bell*, the bell that is rung at the hour of death.

23. *dim-wood*, dark with woods. A compound adjective apparently coined by Scott.

31. At weary bay ; wearied, and standing at bay. The word *bay* in the phrase *at bay* very rarely admits a qualifying adjective. *band* is here treated as a collective noun, and therefore the verb and pronoun are plural.

XX. 2. *trance*, bewildorment, perplexed inaction.

8. *wont*. See IV. xii. 8, note.

9. *bonnet-pieces*. The bonnet-piece was a gold coin, issued by James V. of Scotland ; it was so called because it bore the effigy of the sovereign represented as wearing a bonnet. *store*. Cp. III. i. 3, I. xxvii. 15.

10. The verb is omitted : my purse shall be given, or I will give my purse, to him that will swim, etc. For the omission of the relative cp. IV. xvi. 20, and see note thereon. *bow-shot*. The distance that an arrow shot from a bow will travel.

11. See IV. iii. 19-22.

13. *Lords* is in apposition to *we* in the previous line : if we capture (become lords of) his mate, etc., we will easily (lightly) tame the war-wolf.

15. *casque*, helmet : etymologically the same word as *cask*. *corslet*, a piece of armour worn to protect the front of the body : *corslet* is a diminutive of Old French *cors*, or *corps*, a body, from Latin *corpus*.

27. (It was) well for the swimmer (that) they swell'd (so) high (as) to mar the Highland marksman's eye. *Eye* = *aim*.

32. A bad rime. The *bow* of a boat is pronounced like *now*, *how*.

35. *Duncraggan's widow'd dame* ; see III. xvi.

XXI. 3. elemental rage, the storm, the rage of the elements. In this sense *element* means the air, especially when agitated by storms: cp. *Lear* III. i. 4, "Contending with the fretful element"; *Tempest* I. i. 24, "if you can command these elements to silence."

21, 22. feeling ... look, strong emotion made his expression change.

XXII. 3. Breadalbane. The country along Loch Tay, extending as far as the western border of Perthshire. shade: shelter, protection; with particular reference to the Pine of Clanalpine.

4. requiem. The Mass for the Dead was called the *requiem*, because the anthem began with the words "*Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine*" (Give them everlasting rest, O Lord).

5, 6. For thee ... for thee. These words are to be taken with 'I'll wail' in l. 90: I'll wail for thee, Alpine's honour'd Pine.

7. line, race, family.

13. battles done, cp. l. 15, *sword ungirt*, and iv. 20. This construction is probably adopted into English from the Latin: cp. Milton, *Comus*, l. 48, "After the Tuscan mariners transformed"; and again l. 816, "without his rod reversed ... we cannot free the lady."

19. on mortal stage, during life. The comparison of life to a stage on which men play their several parts is common in the poets: a well-known example is Shakespeare, *As you like it*, II. vii. 139, "All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players."

XXIII. 4. storied pane. Imitated from Milton, *Il Penseroso*, l. 159, "storied windows richly dight, Casting a dim religious light." These are 'stained-glass windows,' i.e. windows the glass of which is painted or coloured so as to form a picture representing some scene from stories or from history. Cp. *Marmion*, V. Introd. 184,

"As the ancient art could stain  
Achievements on the storied pane.

5, 6. fall, lighten'd, note the change of tense, which is irregular. tapestried wall, wall covered with tapestry, a kind of carpet material, embroidered with representations of figures of men, animals, historical scenes, etc.

8. A rich collation, a luxurious repast or meal. *Collation* (from Latin *collatio*) is literally 'a bringing together,' a conference; also a bringing together (e.g. of texts) for the purpose of comparison. "The sense of a light repast comes from convents, in which the monks made a daily *collation*, or reading and discussion on Holy Writ. This conference was followed by a light

meal, which accordingly took the name of *collatio*.”—Brachet, *Etym. French Dict.*

10. curious glance. The banquet and the decorations of the room scarcely roused her curiosity so much as to make her look at them.

12. with better omen, i.e. with a better prospect of happiness. On the island, she began each day with the consciousness that it would bring her happiness: here, she is filled with forebodings.

14. the dun-deer's hide: see I. xxvii. 23-26.

19. bent on, intent upon, thinking intently about.

XXIV. 4. thrall; used for *thralldom*. A thrall is a slave or bondman: this word is very commonly referred to A.S. *thyrlian* (*thrill*, *thirl*), to *drill*, to pierce (see Trench, *Study of Words*); the suggestion being that the Anglo-Saxons were in the habit of drilling holes through the ears of their slaves or bondmen, after the manner of the early Jews; see *Exodus* xxi. 6. There is no foundation for this, and the word *thrall* is explained by Skeat as “one who runs on errands, etc., hence a servant”: from a root, meaning ‘to run.’

8. See IV. xvi. 20, note.

13, 14. ring, sing. After *went* the prepositional infinitive with *to* is generally used. *vespers*, even-song; the evening service in churches, as *matins* is the early morning service. The two lines mean then “I used to learn the flight of time from the singing of the lark in the morning, and from the cawing of the rooks as they sought their nests in the evening, instead of, as now, from the chime of the steeple bell.” *Vesper* (Lat.) means evening, the evening star; the same word as Greek *ἑσπερος*, evening, Hesperus.

20. with evening dew, as soon as the evening dew began to fall. The use of *with* to express simultaneity is common; e.g. he rose with the lark = he rose when the lark rose: and cp. this Canto xi. 11, etc.

XXV. 1. heart-sick. This adjective is generally applied to persons; here it may be regarded as a ‘transferred epithet.’

3. Cp. xv. 30. The pronoun ‘it’ anticipates the real subject ‘tear’: the tear that had started from her eye was still trickling down her cheek. Cp. xv. 22.

4. light. Adjective used as adverb.

6. the hastier. *The* is the instrumental case; ‘more hastily by that.’ Cp. II. xix. 17.

19. morning prime, the first opening of day, the dawn: cp. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, v. 170, “that sweet hour of prime.” From Lat. *primus*, first, superlative of *pro*, before.

24. staid, supported, steadied. For *stayed*, past tense of *stay*,



to support. The adjective *staid*, grave, sober, is from the same verb, being put for *stayed* or *stay'd*, the past participle.

26. **wings of pride.** Poetically descriptive of the opening doors of the archway.

27. **portal arch**, an arched door-way; Lat. *porta*, a door or gate.

XXVI. 5. **even**, evening; the fuller form of *eve*, which is shortened from *even*: from A.S. *æfen*: *evening* is the A.S. *æfnung*, for *æfen-ung*. Supposed to be related to *of* and *after*, so that *even* means the *after* or *latter* part of the day. Cp. Germ. *abend*; and Sansk. *aparā sandhyā*, evening twilight.

8. **staid** is here intransitive; remained.

11. **presence.** Used for presence-chamber, state-room. Cp. Shakespeare, *Henry the Eighth*, III. i. 17, "the two great cardinals wait in the presence." The word also denoted a company, especially a company of persons of rank assembled together at court in the presence of the king: e.g. *Rich. III.* I. iii. 54, "To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?"

14. **princely port** = person of princely demeanour.

15. For the omission of the relative subject, see IV. xvi. 20, note.

22. **sheen.** See IV. xii. 26, note.

25. "The incident of the king's disguise is borrowed from Scottish tradition. James V., of whom we are treating, was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romantic freaks venial, if not respectable, since, from his anxious attention to the interests of the lower and most oppressed class of his subjects, he was, as we have seen, popularly termed the *King of the Commons*. For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry, he used to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces in various disguises."—SCOTT. Scott proceeds to give an account of some of the adventures that the king met with when thus disguised. These will also be found related in *Tales of a Grandfather* (1852), ch. 27.

XXVII. 1. **As wreath of snow** ... This simile has been often and justly admired. **wreath**, in the Scotch *snow-wreath*, sometimes written *wride*, a heap of drifted snow, appears to be a different word from the English *wreath*, a garland, and to be a corruption of A.S. *hrith*, a tempest, especially a snow-storm. See Palmer, *Folk-Etymology*.

3. **stay**, support; cp. xxii. 6.

5. **commands**, has power over, is capable of.

13. **Fair.** See notes, I. xxii. 19, and IV. xiv. 14.

18. forgiven, *i.e.* mutually forgiven.

21. we, our. The use of the plural is the prerogative of royalty. Cp. V. xxxi., xxxii. Scott is however not consistent, as he uses the singular also; see ll. 20, 25. vulgar. Used here in its literal sense, as derived from Latin *vulgus*, the common people. *Vulgar* has now generally a bad sense, meaning rude, uncultivated.

25. stanch'd, extinguished, put an end to. The literal meaning of *stanch* is to stop the flow of blood from a wound: Old Fr. *estancher*, Low Lat. *stancare*, another form of Lat. *stagnare*, to cease to flow, to form a still or *stagnant* pool.

29. infidel, doubter, distrustful one. The usual meaning now is, an unbeliever in matters of religion.

XXVIII. 7. the general eye, the eye of the crowd. Cp. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 589... 'the general ear.'

8. Nature's raptures, the natural joy felt by the daughter at the safety of her father.

10. proselyte, convert. Continuing the metaphor implied in the use of the words 'infidel,' 'misbeliever,' in the previous stanza.

11. See V. xiii. 16. note.

12. speed, success.

17. Snowdoun. "William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdoun." —SCOTT.

18. James Fitz-James, *i.e.* James, the son of James: he was the son of King James IV. *Fitz* is the Norman form of French *filis*, which is the same as Latin *filius*, a son.

22. traitress. The king calls her in jest by the name that he might use in earnest, if she were to betray to the world that her attractions had led him to revisit her retreat in the Trosachs. If so, the epithet is used proleptically. Or he may merely mean that her charms and attractions had betrayed him into danger.

30. talisman, a spell or magical charm. From Spanish *talisman*, which is from Arabic *tilsamán*, magical images upon which are engraved certain characters as charms against enchantment. The Arabic word is derived from the Greek *τέλεσμα*, one meaning of which was initiation or mystery.

XXIX. 2. the weakness of her breast. Her love for Graeme.

9. grace, pardon.

10. King of Kings, highest, greatest of kings. It may be necessary to explain to Indian readers that this is an epithet of the Deity.

13. cheer, entertainment. proved his brand, tried his sword, *i.e.* in a personal encounter with him.



## CONCLUSION.

The poem closes, as it began, with an address to the Northern Muse.

5. wizard elm. The epithet 'wizard' appears to be due to a misconception of the meaning of *witch* in *witch-elm*. See I. Introd. 2, note, where 'witch-elm' is explained as meaning 'drooping' elm. the fountain lending, lending to the fountain.

7. numbers, music. Cp. Introd. 1. 3. nature's vespers. Those natural sounds which tell of the approach of evening. The reference is to the evensong; see xxiv. 14 above, note: at the hour when man worships his God, nature also worships her Creator with sweet sounds.

8. fold and lea, the sheep-fold and the meadow or pasture for cattle.

9. housing, returning home.

13. may idly cavil, that may idly cavil. For omission of the relative cp. IV. xvi. 20.

18. is thine own, is owing or due to thee.

19. slow; adjective used adverbially.

26. witch-note, a note of music with a sense of witchery or enchantment about it.

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